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REMINISCENCES

OF

HENRY ANGELO,

WITH

MEMOIRS OF HIS LATE FATHER AND FRIENDS,

INCLUDING

NUMEROUS ORIGINAL ANECDOTES AND CURIOUS TRAITS OF THE MOST CELEBRATED CHARACTERS THAT HAVE FLOURISHED DURING THE LAST EIGHTY YEARS.

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LONDON:

HENRY COLBURN, NEW BURLINGTON STREET.

1828.

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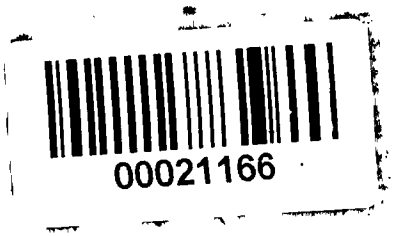

SHACKELL AND BAYLIS, JOHNSON'S COURT.

TO

HIS MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY,

KING GEORGE THE FOURTH,

THIS VOLUME OF

REMINISCENCES

(BY ROYAL PERMISSION)

IS MOST RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED,

BY HIS MAJESTY'S

DUTIFUL SUBJECT, AND

VERY DEVOTED SERVANT,

HENRY ANGELO.

PREFACE.

Of all civilized nations, ancient or modern, England perhaps has manifested the greatest fondness for portraiture, whether the human character was to be depicted with the pencil, the chisel, or the pen.

It were difficult to determine how far this national propensity may be ascribed to the good, or the bad taste of the country, as regards the culture of those arts, which are said to give the last polish to society.

If, however, the feeling originated in that *amor patriæ*, and social affection, which sculptured the veritable effigies upon the tomb, to perpetuate, by these silent resemblances, the fond memory of the illustrious dead; rather than load the sepulchre with vain-glorious metaphorical symbols, according to the custom of ancient nations—thus preferring truth to fiction—then, a moral and a wise reason might be assigned for this love of portraiture.

Chaucer drew portraits with his pen; Holbein was destined to record them with his pencil; and Shakspeare is admired, not so much for the *beau-idéal* of his wondrous fancy, as for the resemblance which his magnificent portraits bear to their prototypes in nature.

Biography, which is painting from the life, may be said to be equally congenial to the national taste; and, as long as the biographer copies with fidelity, Nature will continue to provide him with original sitters; hence it will be his, and not her fault, if his gallery of portraits shall lack variety.

The accomplished painter is expected to produce a faithful resemblance, and, at the same time, a fine picture. Raffael, Titian, and Reynolds, could unite these qualities; and, how few but these! He is a sorry artist, however, who cannot catch enough of resemblance, to show "that it is like."

The Reminiscences herein exhibited pretend to no higher claims of art than those of mere sketches of Character; which, though not drawn by the hand of a master, yet convey, it is hoped, sufficient resemblance to the originals, to show that all are not copied from the same mask.

It has moreover been acknowledged, and that by able connoisseurs, that noble, as well as ignoble countenances, have not unfrequently been more strikingly represented by a mere successful penciled outline, than by many an elaborate

painting; although that outline were a posthumous likeness, sketched from the memory.

Such, courteous reader, are many, nay, most of those which form the subject of this volume of Reminiscences, put into somewhat better drawing by another hand.

Should any one, disposed to slip the ivory knife between these pages, first desire to inquire what could possess Henry Angelo to set about making a book—the answer would be briefly this:

After having mixed, for more than half a century, in every class of society; with Princes and Peers—I say it with reverence and respect—with Authors, Composers, Musicians, Poets, Painters, Players, and having been a member of many Clubs and Communities of highly-talented worthies of all professions, I may be presumed to enroll my name among those who are said to have "seen life."

Changing these habits, and retiring upon a small annuity, from a public and very active professional employment, to a sequestered village, like Robinson Crusoe, I had, to "solace my solitude," only my parrot and cat. He, however, the ingenious wight, possessed many resources; whilst I, excepting an old guitar, long thrummed, had none: and this was the changed life of the once well-known Angelo!

One day, so the Fates decreed, I was invited

to Bath, two miles distant from my humble cot, to dine at the table of a late noble patron; and, chatting over his lordship's claret, of "by-gone days," his lordship, who had often smiled at my "merry tale," was pleased to say, "Why, Angelo, do you not scribble *your* Reminiscences?"

"The utterance of a single axiom," said a great moral philosopher, "has given a new direction to the tenor of a man's whole life." So, this single sentence of my patron, operated upon his auditor. I returned home, took pen, ink, and paper, and began these desultory sketches, which, growing to the thickness of a ream of foolscap, at length furnished materials for this volume, the precursor of another, now in the press.

Should it serve to amuse an idle hour, the writer will feel happy. And, should it be read with but half that solace to the care-worn, that it has afforded the writer, under the pressure of protracted sorrow, then will it not have been entirely written in vain!

REMINISCENCES,

&c. &c.

DOMINICO ANGELO MALEVOLTI TREMAMONDO, my father, designated the elder Angelo, who lived to a patriarchal age, was long universally and deservedly esteemed by his numerous patrons and friends, among whom he could boast some of the most distinguished persons both for rank and talent, in the three kingdoms. He was considered the first-master of equitation, or riding in the *manége*, and was no less celebrated as a professor of the art of defence, being acknowledged all over Europe to be one of the most scientific swordsmen of his day. In England, he was without a peer, and there raised the reputation of the art to a rivalry with the first schools upon the continent. He was a native of Leghorn.

His father, one of the principal merchants of that city, intended him for a commercialist, but

his inclinations not according with the counting-house, his father yielded to his wishes, and he set out upon his travels to foreign parts. To enable him to make a figure among strangers, suited to the expectations he had from the wealth of his father, he was allowed to draw liberally upon the house to which he was destined never to return.

He had been educated with care, and at vast expence, his father providing masters to teach him those accomplishments which were common to the forming a well-bred gentleman of the last age; hence, it was a general observation, in speaking of the elder Angelo, that he was quite the gentleman of the old school.

After visiting many parts of the continent, he took up his residence in Paris, then the most polite, and certainly the gayest city in the world. Delighted with the society there, and mixing in the first circle, he prolonged his stay, until, his finances keeping no pace with his expensive habits, prudence whispered him to depart.

There was one circumstance, however, which confirmed his resolution to quit the continent, and determined him to try his fortune in England, and that of a nature which materially controls the fate of man—all potent love.

My father inherited from nature a singularly graceful person: this rare gift was not bestowed in vain; he cultivated with assiduity every ex-

ternal accomplishment, and became proverbially one of the most elegant men of the age; indeed it was to these natural and acquired advantages that he owed his future fortune and his fame

A short period before his quitting France, there was a public fencing match at a celebrated hotel in Paris, at which were present, many of the most renowned professors and amateurs of that science, most of whom entered the lists. My father, who was honoured with the particular esteem of the Duke de Nivernois,* was persuaded by that nobleman to try his skill. He had long before acquired the reputation of the first amateur swordsman, and was no less reputed for his scientific knowledge in the management of the horse.

No sooner was his name announced, than a celebrated English beauty, Miss Margaret Woffington, the renowned actress, then on a visit at this gay city, who having met my father at a party, became suddenly captivated by his person and superior address, and following him hither, in presence of a crowd of spectators, she stepped forward and presented him with a small *bouquet* of roses. The company, as well ladies as gentlemen of rank, surprised at this,

* Afterwards Ambassador from France in England; author of some pleasing *Fables*, and the Life of Barthelemy, prefixed to the later editions of *Les Voyages d'Anacharsis.*

were no less struck by the gallant manner with which he received the gift. He placed it on his left breast, and addressing the other knights of the sword, exclaimed, "This will I protect against all opposers." The match commenced, and he fenced with several of the first masters, not one of whom could disturb a single leaf of the *bouquet*.

Shortly subsequent to this, the elder Angelo and Miss Woffington, took their departure for England in the same carriage; and to his intimacy with this admired actress, I may truly say, is owing that very important circumstance —to myself—my birth.

The story which led to this event is simply told. One evening at Drury Lane theatre, my father being in a private box with Woffington, she gave him her opera glass, saying, "Do look across at that young lady," pointing to a particular box in the opposite circle beneath; on his doing as she desired, she added, "Well, is she not beautiful as an angel?" Curious indeed was this—my father assenting, he fortunately discovered who this young lady was, got introduced to her mother, and obtaining her consent, wooed that daughter who became my mother. He led her to the altar of St. George's church, Hanover-square, and they lived together in connubial happiness, until my father's death, which happened not until he had entered his eighty-seventh year. Angelo and his wife

were frequently pointed to, as the handsomest couple in all the gay assemblies at Bath. My mother, when first seen by my father, I should add, was seated by her mother, the widow of Captain Masters, commander of the Chester man-of-war.

Before this period, however, my father and his *chère amie* had made a visit to Ireland, and it was during his short sojourn there, that his friendship commenced with the Sheridan family, which lasted, with mutual and uninterrupted intimacy, through life. The happiest days of my youth, indeed, were amongst those which I experienced under the roof of Mr. Thomas Sheridan, of whom and his son, Richard Brinsley, the kind and indulgent friend of my boyhood, I shall have much to say in these frail recollections of my chequered career.

He who becomes his own biographer would play the more modest part, to leave what he writes for posterity to publish. Private reasons however, were they made public, might plead my excuse for departing from this better rule; and having commenced, I hope to propitiate the favour of the reader of my reminiscences, by endeavouring to season my egotism with but a very small sprinkling of vanity. What I have said of my father, I may proudly repeat; all the surviving noblemen and gentlemen of the *old school* remember the elder Angelo—and all,

I say it to his honour, and with due deference to them, will bear me out in my testimony.

Few foreigners, who pitched their tent on England's hospitable soil, had more cause to laud the Fates than Angelo Malevolti Tremamondo, inauspicious as the name might indicate, coupled with the profession of a master of the sword. The words of Shakspeare aptly applied to him—

"To be a well-favoured man is the gift of fortune."

His reception here was such as he had not dared to hope for, even in his high anticipations of the noble-minded, generous Britons. He was at once patronized by the first families in the land, and esteemed by all his patrons. He was formed congenially with these, for he too was generous and open-hearted.

I have reason to believe that he derived from his profession more than two thousand a-year, within a short period after his arrival; and, that in the zenith of his fame, that sum was annually nearly doubled.

That he was not undeserving of what he obtained from British munificence, may be inferred by the liberality with which he diffused to others a bounteous share of the gifts which fortune had thus amply bestowed. His house was the common rendezvous of all the ingenious, his compeers, of every country, and

every profession; and, at his well-appointed table, I became acquainted with many great, good, and eminent men, whose memory I cannot cease to think of but with reverential fondness and respect.

Blessed with health, and enjoying my mental faculties, though my locks be not yet altogether gray as the goose quill which records this not very important fact, and though yet some years short of those attained by my worthy sire,—on looking back on these ancients of whom I am about to speak, I feel myself a younger Wandering Jew.

All our auto-biographers of modern days delight to talk of Garrick—even though they saw the mighty player only once in their boyhood—Others draw his posthumous picture from report: Not that I pen these observations in "*ink-pot malice*," with reference to other scribblers—the memory of his fame is the common property of all.

I knew him well: he was intimately acquainted with my father, and his wife was the beloved friend of my mother—the affection was mutual; and I owe a thousand grateful recollections to acts of kindness bestowed upon me by Mr. and Mrs. Garrick, whilst sojourning under their roof, as well at their town-house and their villa at Hampton, where I have passed many a delightful day with my old school-

fellows, Carrington and Nathan Garrick, during our school vacation.

These were the nephews of Mr. Garrick, the sons of his brother George. We were together at Eton, boarded with the same dame, and, both being very little boys, Carrington and myself were bedfellows. My father bequeathed to me a silver cup, given him by Garrick, which was made by his order, and inscribed—*Pegno d'amicizia di David Garrick al suo amicio Angelo Malevolti.* It held on the first day of its presentation three bottles of the donor's Burgundy, and was used on occasion of domestic anniversaries.

Garrick, who had pledged my father and mother, myself and sisters, and pressed it to his lips, has been remembered by the friendly token, with the accompaniment of many a tear. My father was at his funeral, my mother was with his widow at the period of the awful ceremony, and I still wear his mourning ring.

I remember being at Hampton many years before he left the stage, and after supper, to amuse us boys, his reading Chaucer's Cock and the Fox. He recited too the poem of the Hermit, by his friend Goldsmith, and fell asleep in his arm chair. Mrs. Garrick held up her finger to admonish us to silence; and, taking off her lace apron, fondly placed it over his face, when we received our candles and went to bed.

During my father's residence at Venice he became acquainted with Canaletti, the celebrated painter; and being from his youth fond of the arts, he imbibed, through him, an acquaintance with the scenic decorations of the stage; Canaletti being the best scene-painter of the age. He was frequently admitted behind the curtain, and having an ingenious turn for mechanics, he there acquired a knowledge of stage machinery, which he ultimately made serviceable to his friend Garrick. Indeed, the improvements of scenic effect, and the reformation of the costume of the British stage, may justly be said to have been, in no small degree, derived from my father's intimacy with Garrick.

About the year 1758, my father having been introduced to the Princess Dowager of Wales, mother of our late venerable sovereign, he was engaged by her royal highness to teach the young princes the use of the small sword, and subsequently to teach them to ride in the *manége*. The Princess Dowager at this period lived occasionally in Leicester House, near Saville House, occupied by her son, the late King, when Prince of Wales.

That the princes might be, as it were, under the eye of their royal mother, during the period of finishing their respective studies, a house was provided for them on the east side of the square, within two doors of the present La Sa-

bloniere's hotel. I had when a little boy the honour of receiving many condescensions and kind caresses from the late Duke of Cumberland, and his brother the Duke of Gloucester. At this period, if I mistake not, the then Duke of York was abroad. My father frequently took me thither, when he attended his royal pupils, and I rarely came away without a pocket-full of sweetmeats. Mr. Charles and Mr. Le Grand, who resided in the house, were appointed superintendents of their education.

At a carnival at Venice, my father first saw that pleasing little pictorial drama, entitled *Le Tableau mouvant*. He was so delighted with its effect, the scenes being painted as transparencies, and the figures being all black profiles, that he constructed a stage on the same plan, and it was greatly admired by Gainsborough, Wilson, and other English landscape painters.

The princes being informed of this ingenious exhibition, which my father merely got up to please himself, expressed a desire to see it, and as the Princess Dowager urged him to gratify her sons, he promised to prepare a few scenes, and to render it more worthy a royal audience.

Signor Servandoni at this time was employed as principal scene painter at the Opera-house, who being an old friend of my father's, he offered his assistance; and thus aided, a few very striking subjects were produced, a paste-

board *dramatis personæ* were prepared, a humorous little drama was written, and the dialogue was performed in the French language, to the entire satisfaction of the princes, and suite, together with a few other distinguished persons selected by the Princess Dowager.

It may be worthy of observation here, that we owe almost entirely to the taste of foreign artists, the splendid state of our theatrical spectacles. The first attempts at rendering the scene illusive were made under the management of Sir William Davenant. This spirited manager, previously to the opening of the memorable theatre at Dorset Gardens, near the Temple, went over to Paris, expressly to engage some Italian artists, who had been employed in the scenic department, at the principal theatre there; and to their ingenuity Dorset Garden owed the splendid scene. The magnificent theatre at Versailles, was not erected until the time of Louis XV.

Monsieur Devoto, a Frenchman, though of Italian parents, several years after, was appointed scene painter, by Mr. Rich, for his theatre in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields. He was also employed to paint the scenery and decorations at the theatre in Goodman's Fields, which will ever remain memorable in the annals of the drama, as the site whereon Garrick, in the year 1745, first drew the whole of the gay

world of fashion, from the polite west, to the eastern extremity of the British metropolis.

Signor Amiconi, however, had contributed his tasteful talents to the improvement of the scenery of the Opera-house, in the earlier part of the eighteenth century; and I remember having heard, that nothing had been seen equally splendid and imposing, with this department of stage effect, in England, before this epoch—one, indeed, when Handel and Bononcini composed the music for the opera, and Signor Farinelli, the *Magnus Apollo* of sing-song, and the rival goddesses Faustina and Cuzzoni, excited that memorable civil war, 'twixt "*tweedle-dum*" and "*tweedle-dee*," which was waged between the great heroes and heroines of the *beau monde*, with all the national spirit of acrimony of the Red and the White Rose, or of the more familiarly designated modern Whig and Tory.

This Signor Amiconi, together with Farinelli, and Bononcini, came to England in the same vessel, and arrived in London in the same carriage; when, in spite of all opposition, the influence of these musicians obtained for their friend and compatriot artist, the envied appointment of principal scene painter to this theatre. His singular abilities, it seems, merited this preferment, although those employed before, were sufficiently mortified at the success of this foreign rival.

His professional employment, however, was not confined to the Opera-house; Rich, on his removal to the new theatre, at Covent Garden, when he quitted Lincoln's Inn, engaged him conjointly with the celebrated George Lambert, the founder of the Beef-steak Club, in preparing the scenery for this new stage. It is not generally known, that the ceiling of this theatre was magnificently painted, and decorated with groups of heathen deities, amusing themselves, and banquetting in the clouds. Amiconi, moreover, designed the *plafond* to that magnificent staircase at Buckingham House, which has been removed in the recent alterations of that royal residence.

But, to return to Garrick, and the improvements of the scenic department of Drury Lane. It was in consequence of the little stage, produced by the elder Angelo, and Signor Servandoni, that Garrick first seriously bent his thoughts to these pictorial reformations.

One evening, after dining with my father, and sitting over the wine, Garrick, conversing upon a speaking pantomime which he had long projected, asked him to contrive a scene, such as would be likely to attract by its novelty.

The projected piece was "*Harlequin's Invasion,*" and Garrick, describing the various

situations in which the character of the "*tailor in armour*," was to be placed, it was suggested to lead him through an enchanted wood, in the pursuit of Harlequin, for whose head a reward was offered, and this hero of the sheers was a candidate for the prize.

French, an artist of no mean talent, at that time was principal designer of scenes for Drury Lane Theatre. He, however, like most of his contemporaries, was not very liberally rewarded for his studies, and that department was usually executed with little attention to stage effect.

Excited to exertion on this occasion, he produced a very fine composition, which was painted with masterly execution; the slips or screens in the usual opaque manner, but the back scene was a transparency, behind which, visionary figures were seen flitting across, upon the plan of the *Tableau mouvant*.

That which rendered this scene apparently the work of enchantment, however, was a contrivance, which originated in the inventive faculties of my father.

He caused screens to be placed diagonally, which were covered with scarlet, crimson, and bright blue moreen, which, having a powerful light before them, by turning them towards the scenes, reflected these various colours

alternately, with a success that astonished and delighted the audience. Indeed, the whole stage appeared on fire.

The success of this novel experiment gave rise to other scenes, in which transparent paintings were adopted; and French drew crowded audiences to a scene in some popular melo-drama, in which was an admirable view of Ludgate Hill, describing a night-scene, on a general illumination for some recent victory.

I must not neglect, in justice to the ingenious memory of my father, to mention, moreover, that Garrick frequently consulted him on the more important subject of costume, the absurdity of which, from its entire unfitness, and the anachronisms committed in this department, were so obviously burlesque, that the mere endurance of them was a disgrace to the taste of the age. It was in consequence of these valuable services, that Garrick presented Signor Angelo with that friendly token of his regard, the silver cup, which I have already noticed.

These improvements, however, were but the precursors of those important changes which subsequently followed, when Garrick, at the instance of my father, appointed Philip James De Loutherbourg, with an annual salary of £500, to superintend this department; an artist, to whose superior knowledge of stage ma-

chinery, scenery and costume, the history of the drama, ancient or modern, has recorded no equal.

Among the extensive list of ingenious foreigners, of whom I shall have occasion to mention, who were frequent guests at my father's table, I cannot name one, who was more generally esteemed than Monsieur de Loutherbourg.

The elder Angelo had known him abroad, and one of his earliest visits on his arrival in London, about the year 1770, was to his friend Angelo. It was at a dinner at his house in Carlisle-street, that Garrick and De Loutherbourg became acquainted. After dinner, the conversation turning on the affairs of the stage, a common theme with the enterprising manager, though then far advanced in his popular career, Garrick feeling the value of De Loutherbourg's remarks, he soon determined to avail himself of his rare talents. It is not generally known, that for this income, it was conditioned that De Loutherbourg should do nothing more than design the scenes, which were painted from his small, coloured sketches, under his superintendence, by the scene painters already on the theatrical establishment. I have often seen him at his easel composing these pictorial prototypes, when in my younger days, and shall relate what I recollect of his ingenious process, in a future page.

It would be difficult for me to attempt to enumerate half the names of the men of genius who were visitors at our house during my boyhood. Had the thought of becoming the author of the memoirs of the Angelos occurred to me, whilst my venerable sire was yet in being, with the assistance of his retentive reminiscences, and happy faculty of describing those nice features which constitute the charm of biographical portraiture, I might have made a work, not only as voluminous, but as rich in material, as that of the renowned Walpole. As it is, though late, I must brush up, or to use the more polite modern phrase, endeavour to renovate my almost threadbare memory, as the needy do a coat; and content myself, in passing muster in this indulgent age, among the shabby genteel in the crowd of auto-biographers, and proceed, boldly, *plume à la main.*

My father, as I have already observed, imbibed an early *penchant* for the fine arts, particularly for painting. My predilection for the same pursuits was perhaps acquired at as early an age.

Bartolozzi, and his friend and countryman Cipriani, whose coeval studies in their youth, and subsequent mutual labours in the vast field of art, manifested, that they were born for each other, were constantly at our house. I can remember them from their first coming to Eng-

land, and knew them intimately through life. Indeed, occasionally, they were for weeks together, inmates under my father's roof.

Desirous that I might cultivate the art of drawing, and having so favourable an opportunity, I received instruction under each of those able masters. With such advantages, had my industry kept pace with their friendly zeal, I might have made rapid advances in that delightful pursuit. I began with eyes, noses, mouths, and ears; then proceeded to hands and feet, and I believe ended my lessons by the time I had copied these *extremities*, so technically denominated, for I do not remember ever having attempted to unite all those parts in one entire figure.

The elegance with which Cipriani designed his groups, and the grace which he threw into all his contours, as I have heard, improved the general taste of the English artists; particularly those who made designs for the graphic illustrations of the various publications that then began to add lustre to the British press.

Bartolozzi, whose congenial talent demonstrated his having studied successfully in the same Italian *gusto*, spread the reputation of his own and his friend's fame, by the beauty and spirit of his engravings. Never were two artists so completely formed to assist each other. They thought and felt like twin brothers, de-

signed by nature with similar perceptions, and co-equal capacities in art. It was said, and I believe admitted by themselves, that they studied together at the academy of Florence, for three whole years, in drawing hands and feet.

Hence, though Cipriani possessed the readiest and most prolific fancy for composition, practising as a painter, yet, Bartolozzi, though an engraver, drew with no less spirit and correctness: such indeed was his knowledge of drawing, and such the freedom of his hand, that he has been known in many instances, when urged to dispatch, to sketch the figures for a concert ticket with his etching point upon the copper, without any prototype, and to finish the plate with his graving tool; some of those inimitable engravings, which are now purchased by the collectors of *virtu* at a large price, were the productions of only a few days.

Bach and Abel, two distinguished musicians and composers; the first, the celebrated performer on the harpsichord, the other, the memorable professor on that now obsolete instrument the *viol de gamba*, were equally intimate at this period with the elder Angelo. These worthies too, came together to try their fortunes in England, and for some time were inmates at our house. Well do I remember the delightful evenings which for years were frequent under

my paternal roof, when they, with Bartolozzi and Cipriani, formed a little friendly party, and amused themselves with drawing, music, and conversation, until long after midnight. Cipriani used to make sketches of heads, and groups of figures, to which Bartolozzi would, with red, black, and white chalks, add the effect. One of these, a head of a Bacchante, I now have before me, which, though the work of only two or three hours, is beautiful in sentiment, and appears the labour of a whole day. My father had a collection of these joint emanations of their genius, some of which he presented to her majesty the late Queen Charlotte, and others he gave to his honoured friend and patron the Earl of Pembroke, to whom he owed his introduction to the royal family, and indeed, that high connection which he so soon acquired in this country.

Speaking of his early patrons, I recollect, when a boy, having the honour to pass a few days with my father and mother, at Amesbury, the seat of the celebrated Duke and Duchess of Queensbury, and have the figure of these, the illustrious friends of Pope, and patrons of Gay, now distinctly before me. I recollect the duchess in her formal dress, her long stomacher, and short point-lace apron, and her grey locks combed smoothly over her cushion; and the duke, a tall, lean, upright figure, attired in the costume of

one of the old school, in his embroidered waistcoat, laced cocked-hat, and whip, as represented in the sporting pictures of Wootton, the painter, in his Newmarket racers. I moreover recollect that her grace, though then very aged, appeared to have been a great beauty, and that the servants who waited at table, were so many awfully looking, silent, old-fashioned, liveried frumps.

The duchess had honoured my grandmother with her friendly notice for many years, and had extended the same kind condescensions to my mother, from the time she could first lisp her grace's name. After her marriage with my father, she being also a favourite with the duke, he became one of the elder Angelo's warmest patrons, and honoured him with his friendship to the last.

In his younger days, the duke was a great frequenter of the *manége*, and had a stud of capital horses. His household establishment was maintained with all the grandeur of the last age. Indeed the munificence of this truly most noble pair was perpetuated for many years, in certain old families, all of whom were living in respectable style in the neighbourhood of Grosvenor-square, about thirty years ago, having derived their means in their graces' service.

Mrs. Skaites, an ancient maiden lady, was

the duchess's companion, and occupied a house in Park-street, which looked over the then Duke of Gloucester's garden. I have often heard these venerable members of their graces' household speak of the memorable evening coteries which met at the duke's, when Pope, Handel, Swift, Gay, Prior, Dr. Arbuthnot, Kent, Jervas the painter, and other distinguished professional men, were guests at the table.

Old Miss Skaites, who lived to eighty, and was nearly blind, I well recollect. She was the most agreeable ancient spinster that I have ever known. The devotion of all these worthies to the memory of their beneficent master and mistress was obvious to every one. Miss Skaites was everlastingly lisping, "*our dear lord duke*," and "*the dear lady duchess*;" and it was most amusing to hear her expressions of contempt for "that Lord March," as she always designated old Q., who succeeded to the titles and fortunes, "though not to the *dignities* of the dear lord duke." I quote her indignant phrase.

What his grace had done on his accession to the dukedom, to displease these good folks, I never could learn; but certainly he was not *popular* among the *dear duke's* old domestics.

One among many of the stories of the facetious old duchess, also related by the lively spinster Skaites, I remember being told by

Dr. Kenrick, the author of Falstaff's Wedding, at my father's table. It may be worth relating here, as a record of her grace's playful talent, in that age of wit.

The son of one of the duke's gardeners successfully wooed the daughter of the duchess's dairy maid; they had the consent of the parents, and as was the custom of the house, sought the approbation of the right noble master and mistress of the mansion. The happy day was named, and they went to church.

"So—you have a wedding to-day, my lady duchess?" said Swift; adding, "why, all the village is up in arms!"

"Yes, Mister Dean," replied her grace; "silly, silly young people, to chuse this of all days in the year—

'St. Barnaby bright,
The longest day, and the shortest night!'"

The nuptials were celebrated the 21st of June.

I should further observe, that the duchess's attachment to my mother increased with her years, and she was accustomed to call for her at our door in Carlisle-street, and take her in her antique carriage to her house in Burlington Gardens, and there detain her, whilst my father's affairs occasionally called him from home to wait on his early friend and patron,

Lord Pembroke. My father, on his return, invariably dined with his grace.

It is known that the duke and duchess's presence were *dispensed* with at the court of George the Second. Their patronage of Gay, and particularly the upholding him in his Beggars' Opera, and his sequel dramatic piece, entitled *Polly*, which was a direct satire upon the ministry, and then publishing at their expense, gave great offence to the king and queen. Her grace's most spirited answer to the message which they received from their majesties, (which is in print), is alone sufficient proof that Madam Queensbury was what Queen Caroline dubbed her, "a proud duchess." My mother, then a young woman, was visiting at Queensbury house,* at the period of the coronation of his late majesty. The duke and duchess now again made their appearance at court.

They were also at the coronation, and the duchess had a magnificent dress for the occasion. The morning after the august ceremony, her grace sent for Mrs. Skaites and her other principal female attendants, and taking her robe, and the whole of her splendid apparel, scattered the rich finery on the carpet, saying, "There, my good friends, I hope never to see

* This house stood upon the site of the present noble mansion of the Marquis of Anglesea.

another coronation—so share them amongst you." And such was her grace's kindness and condescension, that she sat down with them, and assisted in ripping the point-lace, the pearls, and other valuable ornaments from them.

I remember Mrs. Skaites assuring me that the duchess and her friends went several nights in succession to a stage box in the theatre, to support the Beggars' Opera; and that the worthy spinster Skaites, and others of the household, were present at its representation more than twenty nights during the season it came upon the stage. This popular piece had a run of sixty-three nights, a circumstance that had no parallel in the annals of the drama.

The incredible success of this opera was supposed to be entirely owing to the squibs that it played off against the court. Many of these, though let off by Gay, who was a disappointed candidate for court favour, were charged by Pope, whose wit ignited into a fiercer fire.

The song of *Peachum*, the thief-taker, as written by Gay, was less severe, until Pope altered the two last lines,

> "The Priest calls the Lawyer a cheat,
> The Lawyer be-knaves the Divine,
> *And the Statesman, because he's so great,*
> *Thinks his Trade is as honest as mine.*"

These stood in Gay's manuscript—

> "And there's many arrive to be Great,
> By a Trade not more honest than mine."

The still more audacious verses, which the "Wasp of Twickenham" could claim entirely as his own, in the song of *Macheath*, after his being taken, were,

"Since Laws were made for every degree,
To curb vice in others as well as in me,
I wonder we han't better company
Upon *Tyburn* tree."

These, it appears, were not only Pope's, but most of the satirical parts pointed at the court and the courtiers, which make so considerable a part of the opera, were contributed by his epigrammatic pen.

The opera of Polly, a sequel to this, and still more satirical and daring, the lord chamberlain would not permit to appear on the stage. Rich, the manager, whom my father well knew, had engaged to bring it out at Covent Garden, was sadly chagrined at this prohibition, as he had reckoned much upon its success.

On returning from the duke's seat at Amesbury, in Wiltshire, I had the honour to pass a few days at the mansion of my father's great patron, the Earl of Pembroke, at Wilton, where my father and mother were entertained with that elegant hospitality, for which the noble earl was celebrated. His lordship's many condescensions to me, then a boy, are yet fresh to my memory.

I recollect that there were many visitors at the house, and that there was a sort of general breakfast-room, where all the guests had their tables, and took their *déjeûnés* at their own hour, and were as independent of each other as at a public coffee-room.

I moreover remember an equestrian portrait of my father in one of the splendid apartments, as a *pendant* to one of his noble patron. The horses were painted by Morier, and the figures by Brompton.

At the Duke of Queensbury's I should mention, that whilst on this visit, there was a delightful morning's amusement on the margin of a water at Amesbury. A marquee was fitted up, and an elegant collation was served to many of the neighbourhood, and several fine carp were caught by his grace and friends; I, too, was indulged with a rod, which the duke on observing said, "That is longer than your rods at Eton—hey!" I think I could now sketch his portrait, his very tall thin figure, with a short skirted frock, gold laced hat, and high leather gaiters. His grace, I have heard my father say, was rather sparing of his conversation; but the duchess, who was then near eighty, dressed in a Quaker coloured silk, and black hood, was walking and talking, with the utmost gaiety, with every one.

In the evening there was a little music, and

my mother, at the instance of the duchess, sang Allan Ramsay's song of Patie, to the great pleasure of this ancient and most noble couple.

In speaking of this pretty pastoral ditty, it may perhaps amuse the amateurs of musical anecdote to be told, that Sebastian Bach, who gave instruction to her late majesty, set this song with an accompaniment, expressly for my mother, and I have often heard her sing it with her gentle voice, whilst Bach played the accompaniment. Abel sometimes joined his friend on the *viol de gamba*. I may be forgiven if I add, that, even in his latter years, this was my father's favourite ballad: when my mother sang it, he would often strum the accompaniment on his guitar.

The duke, I remember, had many curious portraits of horses, among others, various by Wootton, which were lean, lankey-looking cattle, some strangely marked; and others by Seymour, painted with more firmness and in a better style, as Monsieur Morier informed my father.

Morier, a French artist, though now scarcely known, was much patronized here in the reign of George the Second. That fine equestrian portrait of this sovereign, in the dress of the Guards, which hung on the staircase at Carlton Palace, was painted by this artist, from which

there is a superb print, a line engraving, I think, by his countryman, Ravenet.

All the celebrated horse painters of the last, and some of the veterans of the present age, were constant visitors at our table, or at the *manége* which my father erected on the space between Carlisle House and Wardour Street.

It was reserved for the late Mr. Stubbs, however, to raise the reputation of this department of painting to that high state of excellence which it had formerly attained in the old Flemish and Dutch schools; and I shall never cease to remember that it was to the friendship of the elder Angelo that this most distinguished early member of the British school principally owed the patronage which he obtained. Some of his earliest and best studies were made by his faithful pencil from my father's stud, who had, indeed, some magnificent horses. Certain of these he painted for my father, and, through his recommendation, he was employed by many of the noblemen and others, gentlemen of rank, who frequented this fashionable place of resort.

Indeed, such was the elder Angelo's knowledge and judgment of all matters relating to the horse, that his decision settled many intricate questions and disputations between the noble connoisseurs of horse-flesh, and the dealers in this useful beast, which otherwise

might have been submitted to the glorious uncertainty of the law. His judgment was beyond dispute, and his integrity was never even suspected; hence his opinion was usually final in such cases.

Stubbs, as every judge of the state of arts in this country must know, was the first English painter who thoroughly understood the properties of the horse.

His work of the anatomy of this noble animal alone, would have immortalized a philosopher of any other country. But Stubbs's rare and recondite talent, like that of many another contemporary genius, was not understood in the age in which he lived—or more properly, by his *compatriots*. He laboured for renown; dissected, engraved the plates himself, penned the scientific descriptions, and published it at his own expence; yet, even in the attainment of this single object, Fame, he went to the grave without obtaining that reward.

Cuvier's fame, deservedly accorded by the acclamation of all men of science, is rung throughout Europe. In England, it is lauded to the skies, whilst the "Anatomy of the Horse," decidedly the first work of its kind in the world, by our countryman, Stubbs, still remains little more known than the useless writings of old Dunscotus, or of any other puzzling doctor of the metaphysical school.

It should be told, however, to the honour of the French nation, irksome as may appear the confession, that Stubbs's immortal work is the theme of universal praise by all the scientific bodies in France. Cuvier has done himself honour by his candid testimony of its merits.

Morier, as I before observed, is scarcely now remembered, though he was much employed by the royal family, and by many of the nobility. He painted a great number of small pictures of our cavalry, in the time of George the Second, many of which are still preserved, as graphic curiosities.

I remember to have seen several, part of the royal collection, some of which, I believe, were lately in the armoury at Carlton House. William, Duke of Cumberland, employed him, and such was his esteem for Morier, that he settled on him an annuity of £200.

Brompton, a portrait painter in small, frequently joined his talent with Morier, and put the figures on the horses. A collection of these might be made from the many pictures by these artists, scattered about in the galleries of our nobility, or rather, in the obsolete apartments of the family mansions of the great, as old-fashioned pictures of military scarecrows.

It is to be regretted that there is so little interest manifested by the present generation in researches of this date. The circumstance

is the more remarkable, as at no period of our domestic history has so general a rage been created, in searching amidst the repositories of antiquity, for documents of ancient costume, as of late. The field of such inquiry has not been only carefully reaped, but as industriously gleaned. Not a musty record has escaped the peering eye of the antiquary; not a tomb that has not been ransacked, nor a monumental brass that has not been traced, to fill the portfolio of the curious in these pursuits. Yet, so incurious are these same learned inquirers into ancient costume, into the affairs of more recent times, that the singular and most interesting military garb of the days of Marlborough, and onwards to those of George the Second, is less known, than those of the ancient Romans and Greeks.

But it was ever so in glorious Old England, the seat of consistency and nobleness in all concerns but the concerns of art; and as it was from the beginning, so it is now, and likely so to be; for, *mirabile dictu!* how is it to be ever otherwise, whilst the race of folly in the pursuit of *virtu* is outstripping common sense at such a rate? Surely, we are sinking daily into that deeper degeneracy of taste, which will contend for a base head-piece to a penny licentious ballad, of the age of Charles the Second, at any price, whilst the works of

Strange, and Sharpe, and Woollett, and various other beautiful specimens of the Boydell school of calcography, are lying as worthless lumber upon the shelves of the print merchant.

The grandfather of his present majesty, Frederick, Prince of Wales, was a great collector of these military costumes; so was his royal brother, William, Duke of Cumberland, the renowned hero of Culloden, and the largest prince in Christendom, whose charger, as I have heard an old loyal Scot boldly declare, bore on his back, in the field, somewhere about four-and-twenty stone!

This prince honoured my father with his royal countenance, and used frequently to talk with him on the subject of the *manége*. I remember seeing him when a boy, at the house of his royal nephews, in Leicester-square; and distinctly recollect his weighing the carriage on one side, as he raised his ponderous body upon the step. The young princes, who were lively youths, laughed at the thought of what would have been the damage of a complete upset, when Mr. George and Mr. Le Grand, the two preceptors, ventured to admonish them for their levity.

"Would you not have laughed at such a joke, Harry?" said Prince William. "Yes, your royal highness," said I; "That's hearty,"

exclaimed their highnesses; "give me your hand:" and I got an order on the housekeeper for some sweetmeats for my honesty.

My father, however, was not pleased with my want of manners, and my mother admonished me when I returned home; and I might have fared worse, had not my kind friend, the worthy Sebastian Bach, with his accustomed good-nature, interposed by saying, "Dat is right, mine little Harry, always sbeag de druth —pravo! mine child."

My father at this period attended the young princes, during the summer season, at the Princess Dowager's, at Kew. He not only taught them to fence, but to ride in the *manége*. It was there that his late majesty, on a visit to his royal mother, first saw my father, whom he always treated with the kindest and most familiar condescension.

It has appeared recently in the public papers, though the communication was not furnished by the writer of these reminiscences, "that the elder Angelo had the honour to teach the present King, and his royal highness the late Duke of York, the science of fencing." I sometimes attended my father on these visits, at Windsor and Buckingham House. I shall, however, presume not to say more on this subject, than that of ever hearing him speak with pleasure of the polite condescension, and grace-

ful demeanour, of these very elegant and most accomplished princes.

Of the late Duke of York, I could say much in grateful remembrance of the many noble courtesies, and munificent kindnesses, bestowed on myself and family. Two of my sons owed their commissions in the army to his condescending goodness to me—Indeed, his royal highness's favour commenced by being godfather to one of them; and I owe numberless other obligations to his venerated memory. But, to return from this digression to my father, I shall mention, among other circumstances, relating to his acquaintance with artists, and arts, one, which arose out of his first interview with our late sovereign.

My father had a very fine white horse, named Monarch. The king expressed a desire to see him. It was led to the queen's riding-house at Buckingham-gate, and, after being admired by his majesty, and his equerries, by the king's desire my father mounted him, and putting him upon all his paces, exhibited the style of riding the "*great horse*," as practised according to the system of the continent.

I should mention that my father's instructor was the celebrated master of equitation, Talligori, the most scientific horseman in Europe.

The king was pleased to express his satisfaction; talked of the manner of riding in the

tournament, and of the style of riding the "great horse," as represented in the splendid folio work, by the Duke of Newcastle, published in the time of Charles the First. My father, who was ardent in the pursuit of knowledge, had studied these things with the most sedulous attention, and could exhibit every style. The interview ended by his majesty's declaring, that Mr. Angelo was the most elegant horseman of his day; and this royal fiat was never disputed, not even by Lord Pembroke, Sir Sydney Meadows, nor any of the most scientific horsemen of the old school.

It was in consequence of this interview that his majesty, when the late Mr. West was commissioned to paint the picture of the Battle of the Boyne, persuaded him to make a study of my father for the equestrian figure of King William, for that well-known composition, saying, "few painters place the figure properly upon the horse, and Angelo is the finest horseman in the world." Mr. West adopted [illegible], and my father sat for the figure accordingly, on his own horse, Monarch.

It may appear a curious coincidence, that he also, through a fortuitous circumstance, sat to the sculptor as a model for the equestrian statue of King William, subsequently set up in Merrion square, Dublin.

I remember Mr. West making some studies of

the horse, at our *manége*, on the 10th of June, 1766, and his dining *tête-à-tête* with my father. My mother and myself on the evening of that day accompanied Mrs. Garrick to her box at the theatre to see her husband perform for the last time, and to witness his taking leave of the public. There were some other ladies crowded in, on this occasion; and I remember that more tears were shed when he had finished this touching part, and the curtain dropped, than he had ever excited, perhaps, mighty as his command might be over the passions of his audience, when acting a character in the most affecting tragedy. Mrs. Garrick and my mother continued their sobbing after they quitted the theatre, which induced my father to observe, "One should suppose you ladies had been following my honoured friend to the grave; whereas, it is his labours which are buried this night, that he may live the longer and the happier; would that my labours were as well laid to rest." Alas! poor man, it was far different, for he toiled onward to his eighty-seventh year, constrained to teach until within a few days of his decease.

For my own part, being then a thoughtless young man, I witnessed this pathetic scene with little emotion. Not so, however, when, on the evening of June 1st, 1815, I was a spectator at a like ceremony, when my excellent friend, John

Bannister, took his leave of that public which he honoured, and by whom he was esteemed and respected. He too, like Garrick (whose pupil he was), on the same boards, had well played his part; true as he had always been to nature, however, he never played so effectively as when, on this occasion, he represented himself, and not the actor. Neither did his professional friends that night delight by fiction; their sympathies kept pace with his, and that audience, which melted into tears at this moment of separation.

Soon after I was placed at Eton, in the year 1764, Mrs. Garrick and my mother came thither, to see that her pet Harry was comfortably housed at his dame's, Miss Harding, afterwards Mrs. Manby, who must yet be remembered by old Etonians.

I recollect, on this occasion, *pouching* some of their cash, which the nephews of the worthy lady, Carrington and Nathan Garrick, both my seniors, and I, soon melted in Mother Winch's pastry.

Two or three years subsequent to this, Mr. and Mrs. Garrick drove over to Eton, and we were sent for, to dine with them at the old Christopher Inn, where we had a liberal treat. I can never forget his cheerfulness on that delightful day. Before dinner we were taken by him to see the *lions* at Windsor Castle; and I particularly recollect the interest with which he

inquired of the *showman* for a picture of a dramatic subject, which he was desirous to show to Mrs. Garrick. It was that wherein Lacey, a versatile comedian of the time of Charles II. is represented, the size of life, dressed for three separate characters, which he personated with great skill, namely, *Teague*, in the Committee; *Scruple*, in the Cheats, and *Gallyard*, in the Variety.

We may hence suppose, that he was the Matthews of that play-going age.

Whilst looking at King Charles's Beauties, and some other female portraits, by Sir Peter Lely, he observed that the hands of these fascinating fair ladies were unnatural and affected, and I remember his playfulness in allusion to them, on many occasions; for, years after this, he would hand a lady a cup or a glass, with his fingers distended *à la Lely*. After dinner at the Christopher, to amuse us boys over the dessert, he took some memoranda from his pocket, and read the three parts which Lacey played, in as many different voices. Mrs. Garrick, however, was no flattering critic, as she told him she should have discovered his voice, in each part, with her eyes shut.

The time arriving for their departure, Mr. Garrick kindly gave us a guinea each, with an admonition, "To be good boys, to mind our books," &c. When following him to the door

of his carriage, I whispered, or rather stammered, "Sir, please to excuse me," and offered to return him his present.

"Hey—what!" his usual exclamation, "what do you mean?" "Sir," said I, "my father has made me promise not to accept money of any of his friends." Mr. Garrick received the guinea, returned it to his purse, and turning to his nephews, said, "Mind, my dear boys, that you do as little Harry has done, do not break your faith with your father." When, shaking me kindly by the hand, he added, "I shall remember you for this." He kept his word, and made a favourable representation of my hard case, as I could not help thinking it, to my father. I, however, ultimately, was a gainer by this *singular* instance, I fear, of early duty.

That a schoolboy should refuse such a gift, no doubt surprised him; and that he retained a kind remembrance of the circumstance, was evident, on many occasions, which I have reason to remember, with fond regard, to the happier period of my earlier days.

One among other pleasing mementos of this accidentally occurred within a few years. This happened at Mr. Kean's—I think, in the year 1820—I was invited by this public favourite to make one of the guests at his table, to celebrate his birth-day. Among many others of the social party, were Mr. Stephen Kemble,

and my old friend Mr. Pope, with whom I lost a guinea wager upon the year of Garrick's death. To ascertain the fact, I sent home for my watch, to the chain of which was appended a mourning ring, which was presented to my father, who attended his funeral, and which I still bear about me. I was wrong by one year, as this memento proved. The conversation continuing about this great actor, I told the story of returning his guinea, when Mr. Pope said, "I have heard this before, to your credit, Angelo, from my first wife (Miss Younge), who heard Garrick relate it."

This said guinea was repaid with ten, or even an hundred fold interest, in my being invited by Mr. and Mrs. Garrick to accompany my father and mother to that memorable scene of splendid gaiety, the STRATFORD JUBILEE—such a spectacle, perhaps, as no age or country ever witnessed on a similar occasion.

It is something to be able to boast, in the egotistical spirit of an auto-biographer, that I, though then a boy, was present at many councils held at my father's house, in Carlisle-street, for the planning and regulating of this spectacle, in honour of the bard of Avon.

I think I yet see my father, looking another *Marlborough*—great as that hero, ordering the lines and circumvallations before Lisle or Tournay, as he stood, directing his engineers, in the

fabricating of *rockets, crackers, catherine-wheels,* and *squibs,* to play off at Stratford. He volunteered his services as chief engineer of the fire-works. Many of Garrick's intimate friends undertook the superintendence of some part of this splendid fête, and as the elder Lacy, co-manager with Garrick, said, "our friend Angelo is to make the most *brilliant* figure of the undertaking." Not that the worthy Lacy was much addicted to wit; nor did it appear that he was very cordial in his co-operation, in the general plan, which will appear hereafter.

Every thing being duly arranged, my father, my mother, and myself, were invited to meet Mr. and Mrs. Garrick at Oxford, to pass the evening with them, and a few select friends, at their inn there, previously to proceeding onward to Stratford the next day. I have already said that I was included in the party.

I never can forget with what eager delight I watched the approach of day-break, on the morning of our departure. My father's chariot was at the door at five, and we were off at six. He had intended to take post horses on the road, at a certain distance from London; but he had certainly "*reckoned without his host;*" for every beast of burthen had been engaged, at every inn, for several days before; hence his own horses were obliged to go through the journey, which distressed the poor

animals, and made our arrival at Oxford later than was intended; we did not get thither until near eight. Our friends were fearful that some accident had delayed us. This disappointment only served to augment the cordiality of their greeting.

I do not recollect the names of those who were of the party that sat down to supper at the inn, excepting the aforenamed, besides Mr. Robert Wilson, a distinguished portrait painter, the father of Sir Robert Wilson, one of the present members for Southwark. This gentleman, I have heard my father say, was eminent for many scientific pursuits. I recollect, that he was very entertaining, and made the party laugh heartily at some stories which he related of Mr. Lacey. I went to bed soon after supper, and recollect nothing more of this delightful meeting, than that a very handsome display of fruit appeared in the dessert, which Mrs. Garrick brought from their garden at Hampton; and that the supper was sumptuous. Indeed we fared nobly, during our stay at Stratford; Mr. Garrick furnishing the table, at our lodgings, which were at a grocer's in the market-place—a comfortable residence, provided by his kind and friendly attentions; and the more desirable, as hundreds of persons of consideration, among the multitudes who filled the

town could procure no accommodations, even at any price.

As this celebrated jubilee is so intimately connected with the history of the English drama, I shall attempt a brief recital of the circumstances which gave it birth.

Garrick, as I have heard my father say, had long contemplated some public act of devotion as it were, to his favourite saint, Shakspeare. An unlooked for event happened in the native town of the mighty poet, which pointed an opportunity, and from which originated that jubilee which was celebrated at Stratford-upon-Avon in the month of September, 1769.

A clergyman, of the name of Gastrill, had made a purchase of certain property of lands and tenements, in, and near the town of Stratford, the most valuable part and parcel of which, in the estimation of all but this reckless priest, was the house, called New Place, which Shakspeare built, and in which he resided until his death. To this house was a garden, and in that garden stood a tree, which had been planted and cherished by the poet—that mulberry-tree so congenially commemorated by Garrick and Arne. This ungracious son of the church occupied the house for his own dwelling; and although fully aware that this tree was held sacred by the whole town and neighbourhood, callous to all good neighbourly feeling, finding

that it overshadowed a part of his house, one evil night, he ordered it to be cut down.

The first emotion excited by the discovery of this profanation was general astonishment;—this was succeeded by a general fury against the perpetrator, and the enraged populace surrounded the premises, and vowed vengeance against Gastrill and his family. He absconded in terror; and it was said, such was the resentment of the townspeople, that they resolved, not only to banish him, but that no one of his name should henceforth be allowed to dwell among them.

It is an ill wind that blows good to no one. This was verified in the future fortune of a carpenter in the town, who purchased the tree, divided it into parts of various dimensions, and had numberless articles of turnery and carving made out of them, and obtained considerable wealth by his trade in these universally sought relics, which were held by many almost sacred. It is asserted that there are ten or a dozen sculls, at least, of the same holy saint to be seen at different convents in various parts of Spain; and it is supposed, that as many mulberry trees, within the last half century, have been converted into ink-stands, tobacco-stoppers, and various turnery ware, all as veritably relics of this identical stump. One genuine fragment, however, is in the possession of Mr. Kean,

which was presented to my father by Garrick; and given by me to this living tragedian. It was purchased at Stratford at the time of the jubilee. Garrick had a chair, curiously carved, of the same wood, which was disposed of at the auction of Mrs. Garrick's effects.

The downfal of this tree was for a long time the common topic of conversation at the public dinners and club meetings at Stratford. The corporation having obtained a part of the trunk, it occurred to one of the members of the civic body, to have some device made thereof, as an offering to Garrick. A motion being made to that effect, it was unanimously carried, and the following letter was written to him by the steward, and a member was appointed to wait upon him accordingly.

"SIR,

"The Corporation of Stratford, ever desirous of expressing their gratitude to all who do honour and justice to the memory of Shakspeare, and highly sensible that no person, in any age, hath excelled you therein, would think themselves much honoured, if you would become one of their body. Though this body do not now send members to parliament, perhaps the inhabitants may not be less virtuous; and to render the *freedom* of this place the more acceptable to you, the corporation propose to

send it in a box made out of that very *mulberry tree* planted by Shakspeare's own hand. The story of that tree is too long to be here inserted; but the gentleman who is so obliging as to convey this to you, will acquaint you herewith. As, also, the corporation would be happy in receiving from your hands, some statue, bust, or picture of Shakspeare, to be placed within their new town-hall. They would be equally pleased to have some picture of yourself, that the memory of both may be perpetuated together, in that place which gave him birth, and where he still lives in the mind of every inhabitant."

This complimentary epistle, from the townsmen of the great dramatic poet, went to the player's heart. He accepted the freedom with warmth, and the box which contained it with rapture; and, in return, presented them with his whole-length picture, painted by Mr. Wilson, the gentleman mentioned at his party at Oxford, which was placed in the town-hall, as was subsequently a statue of Shakspeare, presented also by Garrick.

It was intended, among other pageants in this Jubilee, to form a grand procession of all the characters in Shakspeare's plays, that had appeared for many years prior to this epoch, all attired in their stage costume. The elements, however, which suspend not their operations at the birth of princes or the death of con-

querors, went on with their work, regardless of the comfort or convenience of these mock kings and pseudo heroes. It appeared the rather, as if the clouds, in ill humour with these magnificent doings, had sucked up a superabundance of water, to shower down upon the finery of the mimic host; and that the river gods had opened all the sluices of the Avon, to drown the devotees of her boasted bard. To be more sober in my description of the scene, however, I may quote the saying of an old lady of fashion, who, looking up at the welkin, exclaimed, "What an absurd climate!" Lacy, as the story goes, was cruelly angry at the watery gods, exclaiming to Garrick, "See — who the devil, Davy, would venture upon the procession under such a lowering aspect? Sir, all the ostrich feathers will be spoiled, and the *property* will be damnified five thousand pounds."

I was to have walked *Ariel*, in my wings, in this real *Tempest*—flying was quite out of the question. My father, as Mark Antony, Mrs. Yates, as Cleopatra. As I recollect, there was much confusion in marshalling the procession, which at last did not perform what was projected—the rain marred all.

On the night of the masquerade, in the great temporary amphitheatre which was erected for the occasion, it was feared, that even that part of the grand scheme would experience the same fate; for the question was, how to get thither?

The floods threatened to carry the mighty fabric clean off. As it was, the horses had to wade through the meadow, knee deep, to reach it; and planks were stretched from the entrance to the floors of the carriages, for the company to *alight*. Such a flood had not been witnessed there in the memory of man. The spectacle, indeed, was deferred at least a fortnight too late. I must not forget to add, that the fire-works were in dudgeon with the water-works. The rockets would not ascend for fear of catching cold, and the surly crackers went out at a single pop. In short, as I heard, for years after this complete failure of the fête, so completely was "*the wet blanket*" spread over the masqueraders, that each, taking off the mask, appeared in true English character, verily grumblers. Garrick's long and eloquent address set the audience yawning; and the entrance of Dr. Kenrick,* who, by way of enlivening the scene, stalked in as Shakspeare's ghost, to see what they were all about, shivered as though he had passed the last four and twenty hours on the cold marble. Even the fascinations of Lady Pembroke, Hon. Mrs. Crewe, and Mrs. Bouverie, who tripped in the Lancashire witches, could not charm dulness

* Dr. Kenrick, who wrote *Falstaff's Wedding*, bearing a strong resemblance to the portraits of Shakspeare, personated his character.

from her throne; and though the dancing made the scene look somewhat more bright, it was not until the *beaux* and *belles* assembled round the magnificent supper-tables, that joy lit up the scene. Then all was gaiety, and the fête proceeded gloriously, until the morrow's dawn ended the famous jubilee.

Mr. and Mrs. Garrick left Oxford for Stratford Jubilee early in the morning, after the supper at their inn, with Mr. Wilson, in their carriage; my father some hours after, that the horses might have time to recover strength to carry us to our journey's end, there still being no possibility of hiring. I mention this circumstance to shew, that there was, sixty years ago, one honest horse-dealer, and one good judge of horse-flesh. The master of the Star Inn, *Costar*, who was patronized by Garrick, seeing that one of our horses was completely knocked up on the day intended for our departure, told my father he could help him to a bargain. "A dealer whom I know," said he, "has a pair of carriage-horses worth your notice." They were trotted in, purchased for the very small sum of thirty-two guineas, and were driven for fourteen years; and as serviceable a pair they proved, as ever were put in harness. I have heard many a gentleman of the old school speak of the elder Angelo, and his *old grays*.

I have been told that Garrick, and his co-manager Lacy, wrangled for some days after the termination of the Jubilee, the latter complaining of the wear and tear of the silks and satins, and all the mock jewels, and splendid trumpery of the wardrobe; when Garrick, to appease him, said, "Be patient, my dear Sir, I'll bring out a piece that shall indemnify us." The expenses of the Jubilee had greatly exceeded even Garrick's calculation, who was universally admitted to possess a long head, touching the affairs of *management*. Lacy always stigmatized the Stratford affair as an idle pageant. The success of the dramatic spectacle, the Jubilee, however, which was performed to crowded houses, for above forty successive nights, set all to rights; and old governor Lacy subsequently was wont to rub his hands, and declare, in toasting his worthy coadjutor, "*Davy* is an able projector;" adding, "Sirs, this was a devilish lucky hit."

Garrick wrote the piece in a very few days. Moody's character was the principal attraction in the dialogue; but the great attraction with the public, was the procession that was to have figured away at Stratford, and failed, but which formed a magnificent spectacle indeed upon the boards of old Drury.

Having but an imperfect recollection of the elder Lacy, I can say little more of him but

upon report, though he sometimes dined at my father's, and I remember once being at an evening music-party at his house, where my mother sang some of Allan Ramsay's ballads, accompanied by Bach on the harpsichord. I think he lived in Berners-street. I always heard him spoken of as a worthy man, one who was considerate and obliging to the lowest of the performers, and esteemed even by the kings and queens in the green-room. His department of the management, however, was the least arduous, as Garrick had the regulation of the stage, and consequently had that *onus* on his shoulders, which is a sort of *incubus* even to a minister of state—the disposing of appointments, not according to his own estimate of merit, but to that of the parties employed.

Willoughby Lacy, son of the aforenamed, at his father's death succeeded to the co-management of Drury Lane Theatre. This gentleman was a frequent visitor at our house, and esteemed by my father and all his numerous friends. His fortune was ample, and his income from the stage, during the life of his able coadjutor, Garrick, was considerable. His liberality, unhappily, however, for his future peace, too soon taught him that opening his doors to all the pleasant, agreeable folks in town, was shutting out that staid old friend of his father's, *Prudence*, the want of whose counsel exposed him to

expenses that triple his income would not support. He married a young lady of great beauty, and drove her to the altar in a splendid coach and four. He had a town house, and a country seat, and entertained an ever-varying circle of friends and acquaintances with elegant hospitality.

Mr. Lacy, in the decline of his fortunes, became a candidate for public favour on the stage. That public, which respected the father, and esteemed the son, were kindly inclined; but, the *genii* of the drama refused to co-operate, and after playing Hamlet, Alexander the Great, and some few other leading characters, he withdrew himself from the theatre.

In his affluence Mr. W. Lacy had a handsome mansion at Isleworth, subsequently occupied by the Hon. Mrs. Walpole. At this beautiful place, commanding a view of the Thames, our family frequently met the Sheridans and the Linleys.

I remember a joyous meeting at this place, in my gay days, on the anniversary of the birth of our generous host. The weather was fine, the company was select, the feast was splendid, and the entertainments delightful and various. At night were a ball and supper.

I recollect, among others of the gay party, were Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Sheridan, the late Mr. George Colman, father of the present dis-

tinguished dramatic writer, Captain Thompson, a well-known literary character, and Mr. Ewart, then famed in the annals of gallantry for eloping with the daughter of the wealthy old Manship, an East-India director—his friend Richard Brinsley, as the story went, playing the part of coachman in that real drama of fashionable life.

I remember, moreover, the high spirits of all the guests at the supper table; and Mr. Colman, in the fervour of argument with Captain Thompson, mounting the table, and declaiming with great energy.

Our orgies lasted until day (with the exception of a few of the more sober guests, who departed earlier), when, about five o'clock, our party of *bons vivans* sallied forth to the garden, it being a bright summer morning. Sheridan and I had a fencing match; and Jerry Orpin, brother of Mrs. Lacy, for a wager jumped from the lawn, his clothes on, into the stream, and swam backwards and forwards across the Thames. I could relate more of this protracted festival, but such frolics may not be worth recording. I must not neglect to add, however, that I passed many a day at this pleasant seat, after this period, when it was tenanted by Mr. Richard Brinsley Sheridan.

In going still farther back with the recollections of the visitors at our old house in Carlisle-

street, I remember when the celebrated patriot, John Wilkes, and the scarcely less well-known personage, Chevalier D'Eon, were guests at my father's table. These, with the elder Sheridan, frequently sat for hours over the bottle, in lengthened arguments upon the politics of the day.

Mr. Smith, Wilkes's nephew, was an inmate at our house. He was a very interesting youth, obtained an appointment in the East-India service, and was sent out to Bengal at his uncle's expense, where he died.

Mr. Wilkes then, more than fifty years ago, had a house at Kensington-Gore. I have often been there with Smith, on a visit to Madame Champignon, who was afterwards supposed to be his mother, she living at this house as the mistress of Mr. Wilkes. If so, this young gentleman, who passed for his nephew, was indeed his illegitimate son.

From Kensington I remember more than once, on a forenoon, walking to town with the great patriot. His dress, for he was a celebrated *beau*, was usually either a scarlet or green suit, edged with gold. His town house was in Princes-court, near the Park gate, George-street, Westminster. He had a good library there, and the parlour looking into the Bird-cage walk was hung with Hogarth's prints. Even at this distant period, Mr. Wilkes

had lost many of his teeth, and it required particular attention to understand him, so imperfect was his articulation.

Of this Mr. Smith I remember a story which excited a good deal of mirth and bantering at his expense, at our dinner table the day after the event.

Smith was at my father's, when Mr. Wilkes served the office of lord-mayor of London. My father was in consequence invited to the feast at Guildhall on the ninth of November, 1775. The dinner on that memorable occasion was superlatively sumptuous, and the ball more splendid than usual; indeed, so gallant a mayor had rarely filled the civic chair: hence, he boasted that the *belles* at his ball would contend for the prize of beauty with those of the birth-day ball at St. James's. So much the worse for my friend Smith, as it will appear.

He, too, was invited to the Guildhall feast, and seated as near to his relation as the etiquette of the table would permit. "Take care, and make not too free with the bottle," whispered the lord-mayor, who had beckoned Smith just before sitting down to the feast, "for I have provided a handsome partner for you at the ball." This was the daughter of an alderman, a maiden of great personal attraction, and a good fortune.

Smith, who was a smart fellow, sat on

thorns, not at the prohibition from wine, but because his feet were thrust into a bran-span new pair of fashionable pumps.

To relieve himself from torture, he unfortunately took the advice of another young spark, who was a wit, and as mischievous as a monkey, to whom he had related his misery. He had, moreover, communicated to him the promised honour of the fair partner. "O," said the other, "I'll tell you what I do on such occasions; slip your pumps down at heel, and gently shake them off under the table. Nobody will be the wiser."

Smith did as he was advised; but his feet swelling in proportion as he ate and drank, and the hall becoming hotter, when the period for dancing was announced, he could not, for the soul of him, get his shoes on again, and he had the mortification to sit behind, slip-shod, in the ball room, and see his friend tripping down the dance with the alderman's daughter.

The celebrated Mr. Horne Tooke lived in Richmond Buildings, Dean-street, Soho, within a hundred yards of our house. He frequently was a visitor there; and he used to amuse old Mr. Sheridan, and some others, by singing a parody on "*God save the King*." This playful humour was chiefly exercised at his own house; for my father, never forgetting that he was a foreigner, and obligated to the

royal family, would not allow even his best friends to speak disrespectfully of the king, or the government, under his roof.

I think it was whilst Mr. Tooke resided here, that he quarrelled with Mr. Wilkes, which gave rise to some verses in the newspapers and magazines of the day, and in which, it was said, they called each other names, by proxy. Bach pretended to side with Tooke, and Abel with Wilkes; for an amusing mock political war was carried on by our next door neighbours, these waggish musicians. Abel, who had more dry humour than Bach, used to call the quarrel of Wilkes and Tooke the squabbles of *Bot* and *Geddle* (Pot and Kettle).

We had another pleasant neighbour within a few doors, Mr. Michael Moser, afterwards keeper of the Royal Academy. Horne Tooke derived great pleasure in the society of these worthies; and to entertain them conveniently at his house, he had the partition cut away, and threw the back into the front parlour, where I have many times sat down to a long table, and enjoyed a social dinner, and a most delightful chat.

The political quarrel to which I allude was upon the Middlesex election, and the subject of conversation in every house, excepting among the foreigners; with reference to whom, I remember Horne Tooke's saying to my father,

"Thank your stars, Signor Angelo, that you are not an Englishman, for you may sit and eat your maccaroni in peace; but for all our liberty, a man cannot smoke his pipe, without the danger of having it thrust down his throat." There was, among other squibs alluding to this election, one, part of which I remember—

"John Wilkes, he was for Middlesex,
He would be a Knight of the Shire;
And he made a fool of Alderman Bull,
And call'd Parson Horne—a liar."

The elder Mr. Colman at this period residing in Soho Square, he too was a neighbour of my father's; and I remember once, at his table, how skilfully Mr. Colman, and another celebrated writer, Mr. Tickle, contrived to draw Mr. Horne Tooke into a political conversation, though at this time he had vowed never to commit his opinions over the bottle to any one, not even his most intimate friends.

Several years ago, a partisan of Wilkes's, Sayer, the then celebrated print-seller and publisher, whose premises are now occupied by Mr. Laurie, in Fleet-street, gave me a proof impression of a print (a conversation piece), entitled the "*Three Johns.*" This represented John Horne Tooke, John Wilkes, and John Glynn, the *triumviri* of patriots, then sworn friends, and inseparable companions;

so much so indeed, that a sign was painted, and still exists, over a licensed victualler's door, in a short street near Queen-square, Westminster; a house, in Wilkes's zenith of political fame, frequented by all the zealots for liberty in those disturbed times. The house is still known by the sign of the "*Three Johns.*"

Mr. Wilkes, an *Amphitrion* in the affairs of the larder, being most courteous in his attentions to the ladies, was a welcome guest at many a family table. He was considered to be one of the most polite gentlemen of his day.

My father's board was celebrated for certain Italian dishes, and Garrick and Wilkes, generally stipulated with my mother, on accepting an invitation to dinner, that they might partake of her maccaroni. To these distinguished guests, her skill was always obsequious, and she duly received, on these occasions, the compliments of these polite connoisseurs.

This politeness was not always preserved by Mr. Wilkes, however, in parties where the ladies were excluded; namely, at civic dinners, or tavern feasts; for there, where good manners were not too prevalent, he who trespassed upon decorum, was apt to get a severe trimming.

Of all the Lord Mayors of London, for the half century of Mr. Wilkes's public career,

none could be mentioned less acquainted with the polite customs of life than Alderman Burnel, who had raised himself from a very obscure grade to great wealth, and to the civic chair. He was of the Right Worshipful Company of Bricklayers.

Wilkes was an amateur of marrow pudding, and so was Alderman Burnel. At a private dinner, of about twenty-four guests, at the London Tavern, where his lordship presided, all the marrow puddings had vanished, excepting one single dish.

Wilkes was yet engaged upon some favourite *morceau*, with his eye on the marrow pudding, when, unfortunately for both parties, the alderman attacked this too, and Wilkes began to consider that his share would be none. So, not able to restrain his vexation, he exclaimed, as the Alderman was returning to the charge, "My lord—why—surely—you are helping yourself with a trowel."

Horne Tooke removed from Richmond-buildings to Frith-street, near to the house of the elder Sheridan, and there my father used to go and play backgammon with these two, and General Melville, sometimes for nearly the whole night.

Mr. Wilkes removed to the corner of South Audley-street, with one front looking into Gros-

venor-square; and the last time I had the honour to meet him, was immediately after the Mount-street rioters broke the glass of his parlour windows, which, perhaps, was the most valuable of any in the world, for the whole of the lower sashes, composed of very large panes, were of plate glass, engraved with Eastern subjects in the most beautiful taste. These were naturally the more valued by Mr. Wilkes, as they were the ingenious labour of his daughter.

When Horne Tooke heard of this memorable smash, he smiled, and observed, "Through my old friend, Jack, many a mob has done these things for others—now the visitation comes upon himself;" adding, "but I am sorry to hear this too—O! the mischievous rabble!"

Now for Paris. My first visit to this gay city was in 1772, I then having just entered my seventeenth year. My father had long intended to send me to France, that I might acquire a knowledge of the French tongue; the only difficulty with him was to know how to place me in an orderly family, my worthy parents feeling anxious to find a mentor, who should hold my morals in *surveillance*.

Mr. Abel, the musician, having affairs that called him to the continent, and who was to make a visit in his way to the French metropolis, kindly undertook this friendly office; and

the day being settled for our departure, we quitted London for Dover, embarked in the packet, and were soon on the opposite shore.

It was the custom at that time, when our coachmakers had a carriage to send to France, to get some persons travelling thither to take charge of it, by using it as their own, to save certain duties. Mr. Abel engaged to take one free to Paris.

Our journey was likely to be harmonious, my father observed, as the carriage was freighted with such a cargo of concord; for our party consisted of—besides Abel the composer, with his *viol de gamba*—three other celebrated musicians, with their instruments, Germans also. These, too, were intimate friends of the elder Angelo, namely, Mr. Vise, and Mr. Bere, the first a celebrated solo performer on the German flute, the other no less distinguished for his science on the clarionet; his contemporary, Fischer, then being the great performer on the hautboy.

These two musicians, having made a handsome provision in England, were returning to their own country. I remember each silently watching the receding white cliffs of Dover, and each wiping the tear of grateful retrospect from his eye. Besides these professors, were the elder Mr. Cramer, of musical celebrity, and his son, the present Mr. John Cramer, then about four

or five years old; I have his figure yet before me, a very interesting child, in a nankeen suit. It may easily be supposed, that the reminiscence of such travelling companions is not likely to be obliterated by time or circumstance, whilst I retain the power of revolving the scenes of my juvenile days. The pleasurable circumstances that occurred during our farther travel, the incessant good-humour of the party, the ever varying and comic vicissitudes that offered at every post, would make a little volume. To me the observations of such companions were delightful, every thing I beheld in its own nature was new; but the advantage derived from all I saw was felt with additional force, coming to me, as it were, through the medium of men of their lively imagination and general knowledge.

On our arrival at Paris, we took up our quarters at the *Hôtel d'Angleterre, rue de Colombier;* and as I was to be placed *en pension* with a Monsieur *Boileau*, this gentleman was invited by a note, to come and sup with our party, that I might be introduced.

Mr. Abel undertook to negociate the affair of my tuition under my new preceptor, and, after an exchange of salutations, as requested by my father, paid him one quarter in advance, at the rate of sixteen hundred livres per annum.

When Monsieur entered, with his profound

révérance; I remember his appearance made no very favourable impression. It is no caricature of his person, to assert, that he looked the character of the miserable vender of the deadly drug to Shakspeare's Romeo; and the part he performed at the supper-table, spoke pretty intelligibly, that his necessities were somewhat allied to those of that miserable apothecary.

Abel, who, as I have said before, was addicted to drolling, used to speak of him as the snub-nosed *maître de langue*. Certainly he was altogether a miserable-looking wight.

Abel bore a tall, big, portly person, with a waistcoat, under which might easily have been buttoned twin brothers, such as my Monsieur Boileau. The contrast of their appearance was too striking to be overlooked; so that the three worthy Germans, on comparing notes the next day, on his performance at the supper-table, wondered where and when he had last dined.

Mr. Abel procured us a very handsome supper for our party, who being all *bons-vivans*, and knowing him to be a skilful caterer had appointed him to the office of *provedore*. My famished preceptor ate greedily of every dish, and swallowed a proportionate quantity of wine. At eleven o'clock I took leave of my excellent friends and fellow-travellers, and departed with my *mentor* to his miserable quarters, which were in the dark,

narrow *rue Poupé*, comparable, for dirt and meanness, though the houses were large, with the then state of Hedge-lane, by the Haymarket, in my native city of Westminster.

The apartments of Monsieur Boileau, vastly like to those described in Grub-street, as the atties or scriptoriums of the poets of the last age, was at the top of six high flights of stairs.

My astonishment was excited as soon as he had struck a light, on beholding the first apartment, which served as his *chambre à coucher* and *salle à manger*, and my apprehensions awakened as to what might be the state of my own,—these fears were realized.—It was at the end of a long narrow passage, next to the *petit château*, which was then commonly to be found on every *étage* of these very lofty houses.

This chamber, about twelve feet square, held my narrow bed, which was at least as high as my chin from the brick floor, and the crackling of the straw, as I pressed it down, was demonstration plain that I was not about to repose upon a couch of down. The time of my taking possession of this my lofty dormitory, being the month of August, and the weather unusually sultry, these distant recollections of my first night's *rest* at Paris, do not congenially associate with either *sleep* or *repose*. In *truth*, the representations of my destined quarters had been most *false;* and my father as well as my-

self, in the strong and flattering recommendations to the said Monsieur Boileau, had been grossly deceived: though, as my worthy friend Abel dryly observed, on my complaining to him the next day, "'Tis teblish hard mine tear Harry, pote, berhaps, vot is gomfortable to a Frenchman—to an Englishman is no gomfort at all?"

It would be almost impossible for an untravelled Englishman, in writing a history of his first excursion to the continent, to avoid filling some of his pages with an account of what he had had to eat. I, however, had all but determined not to render myself liable to this remark; but, even at this distant time, my injured stomach appeals to my pen for justice, and I am bound to declare, that never did miserable mortal fare more villainously than myself, at the table of Monsieur Boileau.

Our first day's gloomy dinner, being *tête-à-tête*, was composed of a wretched soup of *légumes*, with two slices of *bouilli*; and for the *grand plat*, a *fricassée* of chicken made its appearance. Monsieur helped me to two legs, and devoured the remainder of the dish himself. This gorgeous set-out was brought from a neighbouring *traiteur's*, for my *master* kept no *servant*. Our beverage was in character, sour *vin de table*, mixed liberally with *Paris water*—

a compound sufficient to physic some half score youngsters, less dainty than myself.

This meagre fare, close fagging at translation, and constant confinement—for he treated me as a school-boy—with natural chagrin at the sudden change, wrought upon my spirits, induced melancholy, and ended in an illness which nearly cost me my life.

I got a friend to write home to relate my misery. My father at the same time received an epistle from my preceptor, denying my statements, which I discovered by an angry letter from home.

This letter I showed to Monsieur, who prevaricated, and abused my father and myself; upon which, weak as I remained, having imbibed the national notion, that one Briton is equal to half a dozen French, I collared Monsieur and gave him a shaking; which rashness on my part luckily set matters on a better footing, for the remainder of my first quarter; at the termination of which, by my father's consent, I became an inmate with an old acquaintance of our house, a Frenchman, who had resided some years in London, where having married an English lady, and having acquired a respectable independence, he retired to his own country.

This change might be compared to a removal from Purgatory to Paradise.

This worthy, Monsieur Liviez, had been one of the first dancers at the Italian Opera House, and *maître de ballet* at one of the theatres, I think that of Drury Lane.

My recollection of this good couple excites feelings of pleasure and regret: pleasure, at their constant kindness, and indulgence of my youthful caprices; and regret, that, through this amiable weakness, I profited so little by my studies.

He, though a Frenchman by birth, had acquired so great a regard for our manners and habits, that he affected every thing English; and she, being my countrywoman, (with the exception of her husband) hated every thing French: so that falling too readily into the humour of each, our conversation was almost constantly in my mother-tongue.

Never was a happier couple than Monsieur Liviez and *ma belle*, as he always fondly designated her. Indeed he frequently stood in need of her soothing attentions, for he was subject to that strange disease, for a gay Frenchman at least, *la maladie imaginaire*.

He was addicted to self-indulgence, loved his *ragoût* and *fricandeau*, made too free with the Burgundy and Champaigne, and keeping late hours, *à l'Anglaise*, smoked his pipe, and drank oceans of punch. He was a complete *bon vivant*, and a *gourmand*. These excesses, ope-

eating upon a crazy constitution, and a sensitive mind, engendered periods of hypochondria, and demanded Madame's best exertions to rouse him out of his melancholy.

During these paroxysms, he exhibited a number of comical pranks, fancied himself Apollo, and taking his fiddle, would make a circle of chairs, and play to them, as the Nine Muses, with the most extravagant grimaces.

Sometimes, during these aberrations, he was possessed with a calculating freak; and, among other numerical exercises, would reckon on his fingers, how many dinners he had swallowed within a given time, and how many more the *belly gods* would grant him, on this side of the *Styx*. "*Hélas! hélas! encore un autre dîner est passé!*" he would exclaim, on finishing his meal, and sighing and looking sad, *ma belle* would cheer him with a glass of *liqueur*, when he would fall into a doze, and murmur French, Italian, and English airs in his sleep. In truth, as Foote said of him to Garrick, "That Liviez is the true compound of French and English—the fellow is always merry or sad."

He was a great amateur of the fine arts, and had an excellent collection of prints; *Wille*, *Le Bas*, and other celebrated engravers were his intimates, and *Vernet* frequently passed the evening at his house.

His greatest delight, however, was to invite

such English artists as happened to be visiting Paris, when, after giving them a dinner of roast beef and plum-pudding, he would take his pipe, and, over a bowl of punch, pledge glass for glass with the best of the group, and half-tipsy, become as *gay* as the *soberest* Frenchman of all the good city of Paris.

My fondness for the arts was greatly increased by the constant associateship of the many ingenious professors who visited here, during my pleasant sojourn with this excellent family.

The courtship of this fond pair, whom it is apparent, the fates had decreed should become one flesh, may be worth relating.

The lady, whose parentage I have forgotten, whilst a spinster, resided with her father and mother, in Charlotte-street, who retained a pew in Percy Chapel. This was situate on the south side. Mr. Liviez went one Sunday morning to the same chapel, with a friend who had a seat on the north side, and exactly opposite. The lady and her destined spouse happened to sit outside, next to each opening.

The spinster was of a fine commanding figure. Her admirer was a handsome man.

Whilst at her devotions, frequently, as he thought, she cast a favourable glance at him, who, though nothing moved at first, at length made his responses, by the same intelligent

organ. Supposing the flame mutual, he followed the fair one home, procured an introduction to the family, through the kind offices of Madame Servandoni, wife of the celebrated scene-painter; and, after a short courtship, led her to the altar.

Strange as it may appear, after he had disclosed his tender passion, adverting to the mutual flame, he discovered that the object of his admiration had never seen him at church; for, her *dexter optic*, by an extraordinary *squint*, was thus involuntarily turned towards him, though its angle of incidence was several degrees to the sinister side of the pulpit.

This history of the commencement of their courtship, was frequently related by *ma belle* herself, who, to do justice to her memory, but for this optical defect, was really a very handsome lady. Such indeed was the elegance of her form, that Roubilliac requested her to stand as the model for his *chef-d'œuvre*, the figure of Eloquence, on the monument to the Duke of Argyle in Westminster Abbey. He obtained by her favour too, casts of her neck, hands, and arms, which were considered, for the beauty of their proportions, and general elegance of form, to be scarcely inferior to the *beau-idéal* of the Greek statues.

Mons. Liviez, being of an active turn, some time after my quitting Paris, became a *mar-*

chand d'estampes, and sent annually to Leipsig fair a vast collection of the finest prints.

Whilst I resided with him, indeed, he amused himself as a *petit* dealer in these elegant wares; and, among other speculations, employed a Monsieur Robinet, who had been a fellow-student with Bartolozzi, and had received instructions from him in the calcographic art. His chief occupation was that of *pirating* many of his master's small prints, which he copied closely.

This ingenious drudge, I recollect, used to be busied in his *atelier*, surrounded by plaster casts, and other aids to study, which was in a garret of the lofty roof, above the apartments of Monsieur Liviez, situate in *rue Battois, faubourg St. Germain.*

Whilst residing here, I received letters from many of my father's friends, the Sheridans particularly, and some from my early friend, Richard Brinsley; most of these I have lost. I have one before me, however, from the elder Sheridan, which, fondly reminding me of this happy period of my life, I cannot peruse, without the most respectful recollections of that excellent man.

London, Dec. 3d, 1774.

My Dear Harry,

I embrace this opportunity to express my great satisfaction at hearing such good ac-

counts of the progress you are daily making in qualifying yourself to appear in the world as a man and a gentleman.

The friendship I have had for many years for both your parents, and my knowledge of you from your infancy, make me exceedingly solicitous for the figure you are hereafter to make in life; which will depend entirely upon the manner in which you will employ a few years to come. I know you have an excellent heart, and will always be incapable of doing any thing unbecoming a man of honour; you are in the way, too, of obtaining many accomplishments, which will be of great use in making you figure away in life. But the solid part, which is to support you throughout, is the cultivation of the understanding. It was on this account that I heard with great pleasure from your mother, that you were studying the works of our countryman, Richardson. No author is better qualified both to improve the mind, and regulate the heart. But to make a still further use of his writing, I would recommend it to you to dedicate an hour every day to translating parts of his work from French into English, and afterwards, laying the French work aside, to translate them into French; afterwards compare both translations with the originals, and you will immediately perceive any faults which you may have committed in either. Constant

practice in this way will make you a correct writer in both tongues; and you will find this a more useful as well as ornamental accomplishment through life, than all the others put together.

I am, my DEAR HARRY,
Your sincere friend, and
Affectionate humble Servant,
THOMAS SHERIDAN.

About this period I received a kind note from Mr. Garrick, in a packet enclosing another to his friend, Mons. de Preville, the celebrated French comedian, which obtained for me the friendship of that excellent actor, and great public favourite.

This note was written in English, which he read to me, seemingly to parade his knowledge of my language. Through his kindness I obtained the gratification of an occasional peep behind the French stage, and regretted, that my imperfect knowledge of the *tongue*, precluded me from a full taste of that wit and repartee that was played off among the heroes and heroines, in that gayest of all gay scenes—the *scene* behind the curtain.

Monsieur de Preville introduced me to many of his friends, who laid me under obligations for a thousand civilities, conferred in a way too

polite and too flattering to my youthful imagination, to be forgotten even now, in the approaches to the more sober season of old age. I remember his being particularly inquisitive as to the private habits of Garrick, whom he ever spoke of with profound respect, as I have heard many of my father's friends assert, who had known Monsieur de Preville.

The person of this renowned comedian was, as nearly as I can charge my recollection, both in face and figure, rather like Foote, than Garrick, when his features (to use the phrase of the physiognomists) were in a state of rest; but, when he was conversing, they were all animation, and by starts so peculiarly lively, that one felt inclined to laugh.

Samuel Foote used to visit him during his trips to Paris, one of which happened whilst I was there. He was intimate at our house in Carlisle-street; and on his arrival at this gay city, he sent for me to the English hotel, *rue de Colombier*, of well-known fame, of yore, where he took up his quarters, and where he kindly often invited me to dine, and on one occasion, sent for me to a supper, where Monsieur de Preville was of the party.

Foote gave an excellent treat, and over the claret mimicked the manner of Garrick's acting, with that of several others, which made all his

guests laugh heartily; when turning to me, he said, "If you go home, and tell Davy, you young dog, I'll have you broke on the wheel."

De Preville returned the favour by taking the same liberty with certain actors on the French stage. It appeared to me, however, from his extraordinary grimaces, that his resemblances must have been caricatures, whilst Foote's were veritable portraits; though, perhaps, allowing for a little exaggeration, each were equally faithful to their originals.

De Preville complimented Foote upon this faculty of travestrying his friends and compatriots; Foote, however, with great candour, transferred the reputation to a rival in that walk: "No, Sir," said he, "there is a strolling chap, one Tate Wilkinson, to the exhibition of whose faculty for this Tom-foolery, I am not fit to snuff the candles."

Favoured by these attentions, and having too much liberty, through the indulgence of my parents, I made little progress in the French tongue, though that was the main object of my being sent to Paris. This error in my conduct was then rather aided than discouraged by my exchange of residence, for the old scarecrow, Boileau, was getting me fast into training; and he had the reputation of being not only an excellent French scholar, but a very able teacher. It is true that I could prate

French with sufficient fluency, long before I quitted Paris; but I had very culpably neglected to study it with reference to that rhetorical propriety, which becomes a French scholar.

My father had another object in view, however, in sending me to this city, for, intending me for his own profession, I was placed under the tuition of Monsieur Mottet, one of the most celebrated masters of defence in Europe. This well known professor was *un gros papa*, or, in English phrase, *a choice fellow;* he could sing a comic song, and was an amateur of good living. I have his figure still before me; his fine manly countenance, portly form, equipped for his scholars, with foil in hand, his frogged jacket, and flapped gold laced hat. Though thus bulky in appearance, he was sufficiently active, and an over-match for all his disciples.

Much more attached to this exercise than to my books, I made a rapid progress in the science of attack and defence, to which circumstance I more than once owed my life, and, in that period of boyish rashness, acquired momentary fame.

At this time, every person having the least pretensions to gentility wore his sword. At Paris, few youngsters, who ventured out at night, or frequented any of the places of public

entertainment, escaped one of those *rencontres*, wherein swords were point to point, as readily as fist opposed to fist in London streets.

Left thus to seek my pleasure and amusement, and not restrained by any friend, who could afford me sober advice, I had the ill luck to get into many a scrape; though, to balance the account in my favour, I had the good luck to get out of them again, without the slightest damnification. Indeed the only accident that befel my person, during my two years residence in that gay city, happened as I was amusing myself in fencing, without a mask, with Lord Mazarene, when I swallowed some inches, button and all, of my noble opponent's foil.

My first rencontre, which was with a French officer, though the tale may appear somewhat Quixotic, happened at one of the fairs, of which two were annually held at Paris: that of the summer, *Foire St. Ovid;* that of the winter, *Foire St. Germain.* The playhouse there was entitled *L'Ambigu Comique.*

One evening, whilst at this theatre, and standing up, between the acts, a military officer near me, notorious for quarrelling, trod on my toe: supposing it might be accidental, I took no other notice, than by gently withdrawing my foot. He, however, contrived to tread on that tender part again. Perceiving now that he intended it as an insult, I beckoned

him out, left the box, and he followed. We retired up a narrow street, arrived at a *cul de sac*, and drawing, began the contest, which had lasted but a short space when two officers of police, attired in blue and red, with silver lace, suddenly interposed; one seized my antagonist, the other conducted me home, where, Monsieur Liviez making himself responsible for my appearance, I was permitted to remain, after engaging to appear at the Police Office on the following morning.

Little evidence, on my part, was necessary, these officers being of the *corps d'espion*, saw what had passed at the theatre, and having followed us, took the said quarrelsome hero into custody. He was a desperate character, a public annoyance indeed, and was punished for the assault.

After this *affaire d'honneur* I became acquainted with the officer of police, who saw me home, and he proved himself my most useful and staunch friend in all my future squabbles, which, I blush to say, were too many, during my gay career in that pugnacious city.

This spontaneous protector informed me, over a bottle of claret, which I gave him the next evening, at a booth in the fair, that he was a native of Hibernia, and had held a commission in the Irish brigade, then in the service of the French king, and that his name

was Dermot Patric. He was called Captain *Patriches*.—He informed me that he and his colleague had been set to watch the motions of the officer who insulted me, who had been but a short time liberated from prison, for assaulting and wounding another foreigner, and was soon in confinement again.

I shall not relate the many scrapes in which I participated, through the rashness of a young man, much my superior in birth, and a fellow Etonian, who obtained an ascendancy over me, which makes me feel angry with myself for submitting to, even at this distant period.

He was a capital swordsman, and in everlasting rencontres; for he would take too much Champagne, induce his friends to do the same, and then go to public places, and involve himself and them in such quarrels, that if he had not had as many lives as old Callandar's cat, he could not have escaped—nor, indeed, could some others, his thoughtless companions. He died, however, prematurely, of his excesses; and, some other circumstances succeeding, which would not bear serious reflection, the pugnacious community separated; and the remainder of my pursuits there being orderly, I quitted Paris, I am happy to say, with a redeemed reputation.

On one of these occasions, wherein I hap-

pened to be made the scapegoat of the party, though we had committed no offence, the affair originating in the quarrelsome reputation of our leader, my exploit, which made some noise at the time, reached the ears of my father.

Fortunately, in this affair certificates of my good conduct had travelled before me; and I received, in return, a letter of approval from home. This generous act of my father's made me reflect seriously upon my late excesses, excited self-reproach, and put an end to my folly and vain glory.

Referring to this period of my youthful career, and turning over some of my early correspondence, I have before me a letter from a school-fellow, an Etonian, under my own age, which I cannot forego the pleasure of inserting, as it is a testimonial of an early friendship, commenced with one my superior in all things, and whom I have lived to see realise all the fond hopes and well founded expectations of his family. He having, at home and abroad, become one of the most distinguished men of the age.

" *Londres, le* 18 *Mars*, 1775,
New Burlington Street.

" MON CHER ANGELO,

" Je suppose que vous êtes tout-à-fait François à présent—c'est-à-dire, que vous êtes

maître de la langue. Je ne sais que faire pour vous écrire une lettre Françoise, sans épuiser tout mon savoir; me voilà pourtant, dictionnaire à la main, une espèce de Don Quichotte préparé à combattre toutes les difficultés qui m'empêchent. Je sais bien qu'on ne peut pas tout tout de suite. Je sais bien que la patience et l'application sont des bonnes choses, mais ces vertus ne se trouvent pas chez moi. J'ai vu une lettre que vous avez écrite à votre père; elle vous fait beaucoup d'honneur, et je vous assure qu'elle m'a donné beaucoup de plaisir; mais je n'étois pas surpris d'entendre que mon ami had acted in the manner he did, as it is every way consistent with the opinion I ever entertained of him. Give me leave to congratulate you that it is so well over—for though all your friends are charmed with the instance of your bravery, I believe I may say they do not wish to see it again exposed to the test of so dangerous an experiment. I take it you are quite reconciled to Paris. Could not you on a rainy day, or a Sunday morning, when you have nothing to do, by way of amusement, write me a line or two? Je vous en saurai bon gré. I had no right to ask it before, as I had never wrote to you. I had a wish to be on your side the water in the summer or autumn; but I am afraid I must give up all thoughts of it, as your mother has alarmed me prodigiously:

she tells me that the French intended eating up every Jack *Rostbiff* they found in Paris, &c. at that time. Now, as I (were I to have my choice) would rather eat than be eaten, and having for nobody a greater respect than myself, I am of opinion I may be better off here, than amongst your hungry Frenchmen, at Paris. I suppose you have too much discretion to dabble in politics or religion. When I first read your letter, until you unravelled the mystery, I began to be apprehensive of a Bastile affair, of which I have not the most pleasing idea. You remember, I dare say, the description in Sterne; I never hear of the Bastile but I think of that—the impression it left on my mind, at reading it, is so strong, that I think myself, even now, an eye-witness of the poor wretch's sufferings. I know it to be a fiction, but it so lays hold of the mind, and has so much of nature, that it is impossible not to be touched to the quick. There is certainly a great pleasure in being moved, in having our feelings called forth by a tale of sorrow; but it is a melancholy pleasure. I shall certainly fall into the dumps if I continue these reflections, or set both you and myself asleep. I have inquired very often about you, of your father and mother, but now hope I deserve to hear from yourself. Adieu; I think it high time to finish my pye-bald epistle; as I could not

muster French enough to go through with it, I have eked it out in plain English.

"Your's sincerely,

"_____"

Richard Brinsley Sheridan, as I before observed, was, whilst yet a youth, a constant visitor at my father's, both at his town, and country house. His engaging manners and lively wit rendered him a delightful companion, and a general favourite with all whom he met at our family table.

We were no less intimately acquainted with the Linley family; and I have a constant recollection of many circumstances relating to his passion for Miss Linley, before the celebrated duel, which he fought with his rival, Captain Matthews, in support of his own, and that accomplished young lady's reputation. My father, in return for the elder Sheridan's kindness, as an occasional preceptor to me, instructed his son, Richard Brinsley, in the use of the small sword; and it was in consequence of the skill which he acquired under his tuition, that he acquitted himself with so much address, when opposed to the captain, whose reputation was well known in the circles of fashion, as an experienced swordsman.

I moreover recollect that my father and mother felt themselves in a delicate dilemma

with the principals of both families, for some time after the elopement of Miss Linley with her enterprising lover. Old Mr. Sheridan, who had naturally planned romantic schemes for the advancement of his highly gifted son, disapproved of his marriage with a public singer; and the elder Linley, on the other hand, lost by the match the emoluments which he then was deriving from the celebrity of his sweet daughter's extraordinary talents as a vocal performer: for the young lady had become so great a public favourite, that her musical engagements would have soon realized a fortune for herself, and that father conjointly, who had spared neither money nor pains in the adornment of her mind, and in the cultivation of her professional abilities. The young poet, Sheridan, indeed, had, by his captivating manners, and superior address, deprived the family of the Linleys, in every sense, of its greatest treasure. Putting this consideration aside, the parental appeals of each house were regarded as idle complaints; for as old Jonathan Tyers, the proprietor of Vauxhall, said, "Who is to settle the precedence between the family cosequence of the green-room, and the orchestra?"

But at length the differences of these modern Montagus and Capulets, were reconciled without sepulchre, sword, or poison, and instead of the two families having to mourn two young

lovers lost, the families met in social intercourse, each continuing dear in each other's affection.

As I have heard my father and mother say, and as I have repeated, Garrick could not endure to see his amiable spouse "trip it on the light fantastic toe;" neither could young Sheridan endure to hear his sweet bride, "warble her native wood-notes wild;" though, to do justice to her memory, art had amply improved her strains. Some few months after their nuptials, our family, the Linleys, and Willoughby Lacy, spent an evening at Christmas, at Richard Brinsley's house, in Orchard-street. We kept it up to a late hour; and music making part of the after-supper entertainment, Mamma Linley asked her daughter to sing a certain little favourite air; but a single glance from her juvenile lord and master, kept her mute.

With reference to these family appeals, however, my father and mother happily steered so friendly a course, that no ill will ensued; and their joint efforts, contributed, by good management, to heal the wounded feelings of these very worthy parties, and bring about a reconciliation.

Among innumerable instances of the playful talent and ready wit of Richard, or as he was more familiarly addressed by our family,

Dick Sheridan, I must relate one, which though happening long ago, appears but recent, from my just pouncing upon the printed document, in rummaging amidst my stores of literary scraps, which I shall subjoin.

This relates to the splendid masquerade which was given at the Pantheon, soon after that superb structure, the first great effort of the science of the late James Wyatt, was opened to the public. This magnificent building was then in the zenith of its glory. My father, on more than one public occasion, was appointed honorary master of the ceremonies at this resort of high fashion. On this, however, he went merely as a visitor, in character. The preceding day, my father entertained a dinner party, when the masquerade being the subject of conversation, it became a general question what character the elder Angelo should assume. "You, who have made so conspicuous a figure in the Carnival, at Venice," said the elder Sheridan, "must shine in an English mumming." Many characters were suggested, when my father, at the instance of my mother, chose that of a mountebank conjuror. This being settled, in complaisance to the lady hostess, by general acclamation, Richard Brinsley said, "Come, Doctor Angelo, give me pen, ink, and paper, and I will furnish you with a card to distribute to the motley crowd who will surround you." The materials produced, he

wrote the folowing *jeu d'esprit*, talking, laughing, and entering into the chit-chat, all the while he composed it.

"A CONJUROR.—Just arrived in the Haymarket, from the very extremity of Hammersmith (where he has spent a number of years in a two pair of stairs lodging), *A most noted and extraordinary Conjuror*, having visited above nine different Parishes in the space of a fortnight, and had the honour of exhibiting before most of the Churchwardens between Knightsbridge and Brentford.

"It is not in the power of words (unless some new language were invented for the purpose) to describe the extraordinary feats he performs.

"He takes a glass of wine (provided it be good), and, though you should fill it up to the very brim, he will drink it off—with the greatest ease and satisfaction.

"He makes no scruple of eating a plate of cold ham and chicken, if it be supper time—before the face of the whole company.

"Any gentleman or lady may lend him five or six guineas, which he puts into his pocket—and never returns if he can help it.

"He takes a common pocket handkerchief out of his pocket, rumples it in his hand, blows his nose, and returns it into his pocket again, with the most astonishing composure

"When gentlemen are talking on any subject on which there appears a difference of opinion, he joins in the conversation, or holds his tongue—just as it happens.

"Any nobleman, gentleman, or lady may look him full in the face, and—see whether they know him or not.

"In short, it would appear quite incredible to enumerate the unheard-of qualities he possesses, and the unprecedented wonders he performs; and all for his own private emolument, and for no other motive or consideration whatever!"

This was immediately dispatched to the printers in Wardour-street, and five hundred copies were composed, and struck off, dried, pressed, and ready by twelve at night, which was considered a great effort of the press in those days, printing then not being dispatched, as now, by the miraculous expedition of a steam-engine of thirty horse power.

The masquerade, as appointed and conducted at the Pantheon, at this period, was an amusement far different from the scandalous revelry and debauchery which have characterized these entertainments of later years. Here, persons of distinguished rank and reputation regulated the issuing of admission tickets, and the company was select. The suppers, which were hot, were sumptuous; the wines were choice,

and wit was chastened by decorum. People of the first fashion of both sexes went in character, and many eminent wits also, in appropriate costume, sustained their assumed parts with that spirit and vigour which may vainly be sought in a modern masquerade.

The Pantheon, certainly the most elegant and beautiful structure that had been erected in the British metropolis, has been marked by a singularly unfortunate career. On its first opening, concerts, suppers, and balls were projected; and, though attended by the higher circles, they were soon deserted. The assemblies at Madam Corneilly's, in Soho-square, commencing in levity, and increasing to licentiousness, were more congenial to certain leaders of fashion; her apartments were nightly crowded to excess, and the Pantheon became deserted and obsolete.

Shortly after the conflagration of the Opera-House in the Haymarket, however, in the year 1789, the proprietors of the Pantheon were all put into high spirits, as proposals were made to construct a theatre in the grand saloon there, and to transfer the performance of the Italian ballet and opera to its stage. No theatre ever, perhaps, opened with greater *éclat*. The pit, boxes, and gallery were spacious, and magnificently fitted for the reception of an audience. The stage was of vast extent,

and no expense was spared to render the scenic and the wardrobe department splendid and grand, in proportion to the spectacles announced. Their Majesties frequently visited this new theatre, and every thing was proceeding with advantage to all concerned, when within a few months, one unfortunate night, this noble monument of the genius of the late Mr. Wyatt was consumed by the same destructive element, and that great architect beheld on the morrow, with indescribable grief, the entire ruin of that fond monument of his youthful genius. The rising architects, too, were deprived of the most beautiful model that modern art had yet produced for their study.

"I shall never forget," says a friend of the Wyatt family, "the grief with which I beheld the awful scene of this fatal night." Indeed, his description, which he has obligingly penned for me, is so interesting an original document, that I have permission to insert it, as I can vouch for its never having before appeared in print.

It should be observed, that the writer at this period lived in Great Marlborough-street, only two doors from the back of the Pantheon. After a short preface, the gentleman in question says: "I now will relate what came under my immediate observation. I think it was two in the morning, when I was awoke by the shrieks

of females, and the appalling accompaniment of watchmen's rattles. I threw open the window, and heard the cry of fire. The watchmen and patrol were thundering at all the neighbours' doors, and people were rushing to their windows, not knowing where the calamity was seated. Mr. and Mrs. Siddons, who resided opposite, had, *en chemise*, thrown up the sashes of their bed-room, on the second floor, and called to us, that the Pantheon was in flames. I, then being young and active, was dressed in an instant, and, descending, got upon the wall of the next garden, knowing that the stage part abutted upon the opposite wall, and vociferated 'fire!' I moreover, having heard that some persons slept in these back premises, at a venture threw some pebbles and broke the glass of a sash of the very room, in which were a man and his wife. But for this they must have perished. They came to the said window, and I bawled —'The Pantheon is on fire!' The window was at least eighteen feet from the ground—too high for a leap: I added —'Through the stage; the fire is at the Oxford-street end, fly for your lives.' They suddenly left the window, and fortunately escaped, rushing out at the stage-door, and were received at the back of a neighbouring house.

"The firemen were prompt, and with that intrepidity for which they have ever been famed,

they were soon beyond the scene room, and upon the stage, being admitted through our premises. I was with them, where I stood looking into the body of the theatre, and beheld a sight such as few ever witnessed, and certainly one, which can never be effaced from my recollection.

"The fire happened on the night, or rather morning, of one of the severest frosts within memory—so much so indeed, that thousands of people went the whole of the next day to observe the phenomenon of vast clusters of icicles, twelve and fifteen feet in length, and as big as branches of trees, hanging from the north front parapet, and the very windows, through which the flames had raged for hours; these icicles being the frozen stream, projected from the pipes of the fire engines, which were well supplied during the conflagration.

"In consequence of the cold temperature, the rush of air into the theatre was furious. The very large and magnificent glass chandeliers, that were suspended from the roof of the building, were whirled round; and the vast damask curtains, with which the upper parts of the house were enriched, majestically waved, like the spacious flags of a first-rate ship of war. Now the leathern hose from several engines in Marlborough-street, were brought through the passages of the houses, and the firemen directed

the stream from the branch pipes to the boxes nearest the spreading flames, which were yet behind the theatre, in the upper and lower vestibules of this spacious structure towards Oxford-street. But, vain were the efforts of these powerful machines. The fire proceeded from north to south, and, bursting through the boxes and gallery, I distinctly saw this finest of modern temples, with its scaglioli columns and gorgeous embellishments, enveloped in flame, which, whirling to the centre of the roof, bursting a passage, exposed the interior of the lofty dome. This vast column of fire now finding vent, raged with such irresistible violence, that the firemen, finding their efforts to save the building vain, thought it prudent to retire. No language can describe the awful sublimity of this scene. It reminded me, even at the moment, of the temple of Pandemonium, as represented in Milton's poem, when Satan is arraying his troops, on the banks of the fiery lake.

"It is a remarkable fact, that Mr. Wyatt, who was travelling to town from the west, in a post-chaise with the ingenious Dixon, his clerk, saw the glare of this memorable fire illuminating the sky, whilst crossing Salisbury Plain, and observed, 'That vast light is in the direction of London; surely, Dixon, the whole city is on

fire,' little dreaming that this awful spectacle was blazing away so fatally for himself.

"Among other circumstances of this night, I remember going round the corner of Blenheim-street to Mr. Brookes's, the celebrated anatomist, from whence the spectacle was awfully grand. The old Pantheon was of vast height, and the roof was surmounted with a spacious dome. The column of fire, about three o'clock, appeared to reach the sky. The country round was illuminated for miles. At this time, spacious iron gates opened to Mr. Brookes's garden, through which the passengers could see his collection of living birds and beasts, chained to the artificial rocks, which, until lately, ornamented his plot of ground. The heat was so violent here, that his doors and sash frames were blistered, and the eagle, hawks, racoons, foxes, and other animals, terrified by the scene, and incommoded by the heat, were panting and endeavouring to break their chains. The mob assembled, and fancying that the poor animals were roasting alive, kept up an alarming yell, and threatened to pull the house about his ears.

"Another extraordinary sight attended this conflagration. Several flights of pigeons, roused by the vast expansion of light, were on the wing, and skimming round and round, at length, like moths, flew right into the body of the flame, and perished."

Fortunately, the resemblance of the interior of this magnificent building is perpetuated in a very large picture, painted by the late William Hodges, R.A., in which is shewn the spacious saloon, with company promenading, in the costume of the time, about the year 1770. The figures were painted by Zoffany.

It is not generally known, that this superb structure was designed by the elder Wyatt, before he had attained the period of manhood, and that the building was finished in the twenty-second year of his age.

The fame, and the immediate practice, which this young architect acquired, by the building of the Pantheon, perhaps, have no parallel in the history of our architecture. No sooner was it thrown open, than Mr. Wyatt's private house was surrounded by the carriages of the nobility, and of the foreign ambassadors, and his apartments were crowded with these high personages, who were lavish of their encomiums upon his Pantheon.

He received pressing offers from the Empress of Russia, through her ambassador, to go to Petersburgh, with a *carte blanche*, to fill up, as to his pension; several other ambassadors made him similar offers. To prevent his acceptance of these tempting honours, several noblemen proposed to keep him at-home, and he received retaining fees of various sums from

several of the first personages, in consequence, amounting to more than twelve hundred per annum.

A few months after the arrival of the elder Angelo in the British metropolis, he became *écuyer* to Henry Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, who was one of the most accomplished horsemen of his day. His lordship had a spacious *manège*, near his mansion at Whitehall. No appointment could be more honourable to the patron, or to the patronized, than this, as my father was regarded by his lordship, even to the end of his life, not in the remotest degree, as a dependant, but always as a friend. His conduct obtained for him his lordship's esteem, and his manners entitled him to the respect due to a gentleman. A nobleman of his lordship's high birth and fine notions, knew well how to appreciate the worth of every man of talent, according to his grade; and I have heard my father say, that the happiest period of his life was that which he experienced whilst under the auspices of this distinguished peer.

His lordship became so attached to his society, indeed, that after my father married, at his patron's desire, he took a house in the neighbourhood of his lordship's old family seat, at Wilton, and my mother and he were almost constantly guests at this celebrated mansion, during his lordship's residence there.

It was about this period that the well-known crack regiment, Elliot's light horse, was in vogue. If I recollect right, his lordship was lieutenant-colonel of that corps.

My father had endeavoured to introduce a new and superior method of riding in the English cavalry. This was a favourite object with him, even to a late period of life—one, indeed, which was recommended by some of the first military characters of the age, to the attention of the Government, which, though admitting its utility, never could be persuaded to adopt it. This, I may be permitted to remark, is the more extraordinary, as my father had made several experiments, by selecting certain men from two or more cavalry regiments, whom he instructed gratuitously, and whose superior skill in the management of the horse, consequently, was sufficiently manifest to procure them applause, from every master of equitation in the kingdom. In proof of this, I possess many letters, from the highest personages, with which my father was honoured during the period of his unsuccessful attempt to induce the Government to adopt his plan.

It was at the Earl's *manège* at Wilton that my father commenced his instructions for this purpose, and amongst the most active men selected from Elliot's regiment, was old Philip Astley, who afterwards became so celebrated for his horsemanship at his own amphitheatre, Westmin-

ster-bridge. It will readily be credited when I relate what I remember having been said of this enterprising man, namely, that his agility in mounting, dismounting, and the mastery which he obtained over his horse, so astonished the common people in the neighbourhood of Wilton, that they thought Corporal Astley was the devil in disguise. They might naturally feel surprised at seeing a man ride full speed standing upon his horse, and then leap off, and mount again without slackening his pace; but they stared with astonishment when one day, his horse cantered round a circle, with Astley upon his back, standing upon his head, with his heels in the air. Of my old acquaintance, Master Astley, however, I shall have occasion to speak more at large in a future page, having known him from my boyhood.

My father's celebrity in the *manége* was scarcely less spread, than the fame of his skill in the exercise of the sword; though he had hitherto only practised fencing as an amateur.

On his return to London with his patron and friend, the Earl of Pembroke, he received a card, inviting him to a public trial of skill with Dr. Keys, reputed the most expert fencer in Ireland. The challenge being accepted, the Thatched House tavern was appointed for the scene of action, where my father attended at the time prescribed, two o'clock, though he had been riding the whole morning at Lord Pembroke's. His lordship, with

his accustomed condescension, walked into the apartment arm in arm with his friend and *protégé*. My father was not prepared, however, for such an assemblage, many ladies of rank and fashion, as well as noblemen and gentlemen, being present, and he, expecting only to meet with gentlemen, was in his riding dress, and in boots.

My father, who had never seen his antagonist until this moment, was rather surprised at the doctor's appearance, he being a tall, athletic figure, wearing a huge wig, without his coat and waistcoat, his shirt sleeves tucked up, exposing a pair of brawny arms, sufficient to cope in the ring with Broughton or Slack; and thus equipped, with foil in hand, he was pacing the apartment.

The spectators being all assembled, after the first salutation from the doctor, which was sufficiently open and frank, previous to the *assault* he took a bumper of *Cogniac*, and offered another to my father, which he politely refused, not being accustomed to so ardent a provocative.

The doctor having thus spirited himself for the attack, began with that violence and determined method, which soon discovered to those who were skilled in the science, that, in the true sense of the term used by the French, he was no better than a *tiraïlleur, jeu de soldat*—Anglicised, a poker.

My father, to indulge him in his mode of assault, for some time, solely defended himself

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against his repeated attacks without receiving one hit; for, as the brandy operated, a *coup d'hasard* in the doctor's favour would have only encouraged him the more. Hence, allowing his opponent to exhaust himself, and my father having sufficiently manifested his superior skill in the science, by thus acting on the defensive, with all the elegance and grace of attitude for which he was renowned, after having planted a dozen palpable hits on the breast of his enraged antagonist, he made his bow to the ladies, and retired amidst the plaudits of the spectators.

When two accomplished fencers exhibit their skill with the foil, the spectators, even who have no knowledge of the science, may easily discover the superior adroitness in the defence than in the attack. Place the foil in the hand of the rudest fellow, having no pointed sword opposed to him to check his rashness, he will run on his adversary, and after reiterated efforts may succeed and plant his thrust. It is one thing to play with foils, guarded with a button, and another to stand opposed to a naked weapon.

In France, speaking of fencers of the *première force,* such are presumed to have practised regularly for at least three years. In this country, the practice in the school is rarely more than as many months.—No wonder then that the French excel the English in this elegant and useful science. I have ever found from the experience

of others, and from my own, that the best fencers could rarely shine with bad ones, who are invariably overbearing and rash. My father's coolness and address, on this and other public occasions, may be instanced, as the most memorable exceptions upon record.

It was soon after this public display of his superior science, that the elder Angelo, urged by his friends, first commenced teacher of the science of fencing. Indeed, the splendid offers which were made him, were too tempting for a person in his state of dependance, to refuse. His noble patron, though desirous of retaining his valuable services, yet, with that generous spirit which marked all his actions, advised my father to accept the offers that were pressing upon him. This at once settled his future fortune, and his first scholar was the late Duke of Devonshire.

The reputation which he obtained for his superior manner and address, added to his knowledge of riding—an accomplishment, as well as that of fencing, which was considered indispensable in the education of a young man of fashion—induced my father to build a spacious riding-house at the back of his residence, Carlisle-house, near Soho-square. It was under this, my paternal roof, that I had the happiness of becoming acquainted with so many persons, whom it has been the pride of my life to remember with honour, veneration, and respect. Of these, what a

long and proud list might herein be made, who were pupils, inmates of the house, and boarders at my father's table. Such was the estimation in which the elder Angelo was held, that the sons of many persons of rank were placed under his tuition, and were attended by masters to cultivate their minds and form their manners, previously to their entering society, and taking upon themselves the responsibility of manhood. His income at this period was great, the household establishment was commensurate, and his table was elegant; suited, indeed, to the rank and quality of his boarders, and to the habits of his other guests (visitors), among whom were many persons of rank, and others distinguished as professors of the fine arts and the sciences. Garrick, the elder Colman, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and many illustrious foreigners also, were constant visitors at the house; hence the pupils had the advantage of conversing in many living languages, and acquiring that general knowledge of society, which no other house perhaps could afford. Indeed it was considered a school of politeness, and the best to rub off that shyness of habit, so common to youth from sixteen to eighteen, on quitting their studies, either in a public or private school, and an useful and agreeable probation, previously to entering either of the universities, or commencing their travels.

Whilst my father was in Ireland, which hap-

pened before he visited England, he became acquainted with several families, by whom he was entertained with that liberal hospitality which was, and still is, so prevalent among our fellow-subjects in the sister isle. Among others, who partook of similar civilities at Carlisle-house in my younger days, I have a distant recollection of Mr. Martin, father of the late member for Galway, a gentleman of whom my father always spoke with affection and respect. Mr. Martin having an affair of honour with a well-known gentleman, Sack Gardiner, they met, took their ground, and, by signal, Mr. Gardiner, the challenged party, fired. His pistol was directed so nicely, that the bullet grazed along, and tore the gold lace from Mr. Martin's hat; who, firing in the air, uncovering, and making his bow, exclaimed, "By the powers, Gardiner, you are no bad shot!" Another friend of my father, to whom he was under obligations whilst in Ireland, was a gentleman, cognomened Bumper Squire Jones. This gentleman had a house in St. James's-street, and came to London frequently. I remember going to dine there in my youth with the Sheridan family, and meeting Dr. Lucas, a well-known political character in Dublin. Some years after this period, I met the son of the doctor, who had been a great sufferer from the gout. He was in mourning, when, inquiring after his father, he informed me that he was lately dead. "I hope

he has handsomely provided for you," said a mutual friend, who was hanging on my arm. "Provided, Sir!' echoed Lucas, who was himself hobbling, "yes, Sir, he has left me, as the sole patrimony of a gentleman, this hereditary title,"—pointing to his toes,—"with just as much land as I can hop over, and the devil of any more."

Previously to my being sent to school at Dr. Rose's, at Chiswick, I remember my father and mother going to Lord Pembroke's, and their returning with a youth, a *protégé* of his lordship, who placed him as a boarder at our house. This was Mr. Floyd, who, after remaining between three and four years in our family, obtained a commission from his lordship, in Elliot's light-horse. It should be observed our family then resided in St. James's-place. Mr. Floyd was only in his twelfth year on entering at my father's, where he finished his education. He was a great favourite, not only of our family, but of all who visited there; so that when he was about to depart for foreign service, there was a general lamentation. My mother's attachment to this esteemed youth was like that of a relative, and for several days before his quitting the family, she was in tears. On taking leave, he, too, was much affected, but, forcing a smile, he said, "Do not weep, my dear lady; I am such a little fellow, that when the cannon balls approach, I will bob my head, and they will fly over me."

I have heard my father speak of this gallant youth, as the most accomplished horseman that had then entered the British army, and remember the proud delight with which he heard of all the gallant exploits of his pupil during his military career. This well-known officer, since become the renowned General Floyd, distinguished himself at the battle of Emsdorff, where the regiment in which he then served, the 15th Light Dragoons, broke through the line, composed of several thousand French, in the most gallant style.

General Floyd was also distinguished for the coolness and masterly manner in which, with the advanced guard of the British army of infantry in India, he repulsed the whole body of Tippoo Saib's cavalry, amounting to nearly 40,000. The general, on his return to England, did not forget his young friend, the writer of these memoirs; on the contrary, he not only sought me out, but frequently adverted to that happy epoch of his life, when he was a boarder at my father's.

At this period I, being the only son, and but in my sixth year, was the pet of the house. Mr. Floyd pretended to be the bearer of a commission in Lord Pembroke's regiment, which being formally presented to me, my mother made a complete suit of regimentals for little Harry. Thus equipped, I was in the direct road to ruin, for what with the fondness of my mother, and the sportiveness of the inmates, I became one of that

species of self-willed, mischievous monkeys, a spoiled child, when my father, who was a discreet man, very sensibly sent me to school.

I remember my *début* at Dr. Rose's, at Chiswick, and the fond entreaties of my mother at parting, in propitiating the regard of that good gentleman. I, moreover, well recollect the bantering of young Floyd, who, on my returning home at the vacation, told me that I must give up my sword, for having submitted to be whipped at school—and that I should be drummed out of the regiment. So much for my military fame; for though I was already destined for the army, according to family notions, yet the fates had ordered it otherwise.

My naval career was equally short, though not quite so fruitless, for I obtained a share of prize-money for an action which I knew of only from report. Captain Harvey, R. N., (subsequently Lord Bristol), was frequently a visitor at my father's, for whom, as well as my mother, he professed the most friendly esteem. Previously to his leaving England, not long after the period of which I am speaking, he got me rated on his books as midshipman. On his return home, after having signalised himself in the Dragon man-of-war, under the guns of the Moro Castle, he presented my mother with twenty-five guineas, as my share of prize-money for that expedition; and which I still retain in the shape of a piece of silver

plate, as a memento of my public services as a son of Neptune. For a time I strutted about in blue jacket and trowsers, and was intended for the sea; but here again the tenderness of a mother interposed, and her singing the favourite air in Thomas and Sally, "*For my true love is gone to sea,*" operating on her too sensitive nerves, frequently set her weeping; and my infantine sympathy making me do the like, the blue jacket, as well as the red jacket, was laid aside, and my *profession of arms* was doomed to be a very *harmless* profession.

I was now approaching my seventh year, when my father having the appointment of teacher of fencing at Eton College, Dr. Barnard, master of that celebrated school, received me, little as I was, as one of the scholars, where I was placed under Doctor Dampier, master of the lower school. Doctor Barnard being soon after made provost of the college, I recollect his kind condescension to myself, and several other little boys, whom he invited to dine with him. After dinner we left the table, and retired to another apartment up stairs, where we were again seated, around a splendid *dessert*. In this room I recollect were portraits of several noblemen, and other persons of rank, who had been educated there during the many years the doctor had so ably presided over the school.

Of this period, being so young, I have but a

very imperfect recollection; I have already said, that at my first going thither, Nathan Garrick was my chum; and subsequently, an inmate of the same small dormitory, was the independent and much-respected late member for Sussex, cognomened honest Jack Fuller, a gentleman whose superior fortune has neither changed that openheartedness which characterised him in his boyhood, nor set him above cordially shaking hands with an old schoolmate, whose fortunes are as humble as mine own.

The period of which I am now speaking, from 1766 to 1774, I am grieved to say, even at this distant time, might have been much more profitably spent; for the advantages which many of my then coadjutors have made by a much shorter residence at this royal seminary, compared with mine, have caused me many an inward pang, and many an audible groan. The fates had decreed, no doubt, that I should live to admire the great and good deeds of my juvenile compeers, rather than aspire to those actions, which might bring distinction to myself. "Some men are born to honours, some have honours thrust upon them," says the first of poets; would that I could add to these idle reminiscences, that either case could apply to myself. But whatever has been, or may be, my future fate, I will not be classed with those querulous autobiographers, who suppose themselves of sufficient importance for the

world to take any interest in prosing details of their own real or fancied misfortunes:—Indeed such wincing in *print*, savours so much of the ridiculous, that those who do not actually laugh at the egotisms of such moody memorialists, at least care not half a farthing about them. My motto ever has been, "*Vive la bagatelle!*"—hence I shall proceed with my recollections of the thoughtless days of my boyhood.

Dr. Dampier, master of the lower school as aforesaid, had the reputation of being of a more indulgent nature than some other eminent preceptors, who have had to manage such high-spirited youth, as those of our old college.

Every half year, a remove towards the sixth form (the highest in the school) took place. From the lower school to the upper, was from the Greek third to the fourth form: this brings to my recollection a circumstance which occurred on the approaching period. A smart youth (who has since made a figure in life), fonder of cricket than construing, having prepared for this honour, on having his exercise exhibited to the doctor, it appeared that his verses were so faulty, that the other candidates bantered him with the "certainty of his losing his remove." The doctor, was passing by, and within hearing, when the scholar, not at all abashed, said, "O! never mind, Dampier loves a good glass of wine; I'll write to my father to send him a hamper of claret,

and mark, if I do not soon swim into the upper school." The doctor retired, convulsed with laughter, and took no further notice of this effrontery.

This forward disciple, and others of the same propensity, contrived a current cognomen for the masters and assistants. These things happen in all schools; and I fear, that too many, like myself, have an aptitude of memory for these idle recollections, to the disparagement of many matters of real import, and worthy of being retained, which are entirely forgotten. On comparing notes with an old, and not very sober-sided friend, one not very unlike myself, indeed, we made out, for those of the year 1767, just sixty years ago, Barber D****s, Skimmer Jack (N*****), Mazard H***h, Perpendicular John (P***r), Quidnunc H****y, Numpy S****r.

It may furnish some of those still surviving, who were scholars at Eton at this period, with *matériel* for some fond recollections of their juvenile days, to read the following as part of the catalogue of the school, which I wrote out nearly sixty years ago; to which I have occasionally since added certain of their titles. I, however, dare not vouch for their correctness.

ETON SCHOOL, 1767.

Provost.	*Fellows.*
Dr. Barnard.	Dr. Cook
	Dr. Althorpe
Vice-Provost.	Dr. Southerwood
Dr. Burton.	Rev. M. Hethrington

Dr. Ashton
Dr. Dampier.

Upper Master.

Dr. Forster.

Lower Master.

Rev. Mr. Sleech.

Upper Assistants.

Rev. Mr. Roberts
Rev. Mr. Edwards
Rev. Mr. Davis
Rev. Mr. Heath
Rev. Mr. Sumner.

Lower Assistants.

Rev. Mr. Norbury
Rev. Mr. Prior
Rev. Mr. Hawtry
Rev. Mr. Jepson
Rev. Mr. Langford.

Captain of the Collegers.

Mr. Pote.

Oppidents.

Hon. Mr. Grenville, late Marquis of Buckingham
Hon. Mr. Mountague, Lord Bewley's son
Egerton, late Duke of Bridgewater
Hon. Mr. Fortescue, Lord Fortescue
Lord Windsor
Eden, Lord Auckland
Hon. Mr. Ward, Lord Dudley and Ward
Sir Thomas Clarges
Fitzherbert, Lord St. Helen's
Hon. Mr. Grimston, Lord Grimston
Lord Roos, late Duke of Rutland
Grenville, the present Hon. Thos. Grenville
Lord Kilwallin
Lord Lumley, late Lord Scarborough
Hon. Mr. Stanley, Lord Derby
Lord Middleton
Lord Petersham, Lord Harrington
Heniker, late Lord Heniker
Sir Charles Watson
Hon. Mr. Stanhope
Hon. Mr. Walpole, Lord Walpole
Hon. Mr. Townsend, late Lord T.
Hon. Mr. Hanger (Major), late Lord Coleraine
Sir David Carnaguie
Hon. Mr. Fitzwilliam
Mr. Hyde, Lord Clarendon
Cecil, late Marquis of Exeter
Sir G. Beaumont
Sir H. Featherstonehaugh
Lord Monson
Hon. Mr. Watson
Hon. Mr. Clive, present Lord Powis
Burrell, late Lord Gwydir
Hon. Mr. Waldegrave, Lord W.

Hon. Mr. Clinton, late Duke of Newcastle.
Hon. Mr. Fox, Charles Fox's brother, General Fox
Hon. Mr. Cathcart, Lord C.
Hon. Mr. Legge, Lord Dartmouth
Lord Maynard
Lord Ludlow
Lord Graham, Duke of Montrose
Hon. Mr. Townsend, the present Lord T.
Lord Tullibardine
Hon. Mr. Monson
Hon. Mr. Phipps, Lord Mulgrave
Hon. Mr. Manners, late Lord R. Manners
Hon. Mr. Villars, Lord Clarendon
Hon. Mr. North, a late Lord Guildford
Lord Lindsey, the late Duke of Ancaster
Hon. Mr. C. Monson.

The above distinguished names were on the school list at this period. I regret its incorrectness, for, having lost my memoranda, I am obliged to supply part from my frail memory.

Many others who have since become eminent in their various professions and pursuits, were also on the list; among these, I may presume to notice, Sir Vicary Gibbs, the present Dr. Randolph, Dr. Rennell, preacher at the Temple; Mr. Reeve, of the Alien Office; Dr. Battiscombe, M. D., Windsor; all in the fifth form. Dr. Goodall, present provost of Eton; Mr. Tickell, the author, who married Miss Polly Sheridan; the late Major Topham; Plomer, late Attorney-General; Cornwall, the Speaker of the House of Commons; General St. Leger; the late Judge Dampier, and certain others known to fame. Cook, son of the late provost of King's College, was captain of the school.

Of certain of these my co-evals, whose names are inserted in this list, how would it have de-

lighted their friends to have foreknown what would have been their future fame. Some, indeed, whose progress gave no presage of their good fortune, and others, whose superior abilities were sufficiently manifest, to warrant the most flattering hopes of their future career.

It was but yesterday that a fortuitous circumstance led me to the *studio* of an eminent miniature painter, where I was struck with a small whole-length likeness of one of this latter class, no less a personage than the present lord-lieutenant of that country, which will derive immortal honour from having given birth to him and his illustrious brother. I need not name the Marquess Wellesley. This picture still bears the countenance of that *Westly* whose abilities shone conspicuously among his youthful colleagues, and brings to my recollection our worthy tutor the Reverend Mr. Davies, afterwards head master of the school. At this time, from some necessity, what had been a wash-house was metamorphosed into his pupil room; the brick floor remained, yet, no fire was allowed. Many a cold winter's evening have we sat there shivering, preparatory to sending our exercises across to his apartment at eight o'clock. According to his humour, as we thought, they were returned marked, more or less faulty. Westly being one of the least of our colleagues, and, like most studious wights, not very robust, and being moreover a favourite,

he was allowed to wait on the master at his room, being seldom detained long in the cold. On his return, one would beg his assistance for a word to complete a verse—another a line in his theme —most would have drawn upon the stock of his talent, but he was not always in the humour to lend, when he has often decamped with a flying lexicon or two at his head to quicken his speed. If my memory may serve whilst on this subject, I think Mr. Westly had the honour to make the first English speech to his late majesty, on the royal visit to Eton college.

One event, though happening whilst I was yet one of the least in the school, is too memorable to be forgotten; that, indeed, of a rebellion of the scholars, or rather of all those who were old enough to take a share in the revolt.

This general rising occurred soon after Dr. Foster was appointed head master, and I think it originated with a youth of the name of Webster, one of the sixth form, who, conceiving himself to have been maltreated, the others, of the upper school, to the number of between two and three hundred, at length determined to quit the college. After much controversy, on a proposed morning, early, these assembled in the play fields, and from thence proceeded *en masse* to Maidenhead, to March's, a favourite inn, near the bridge, and there breakfasted. This repast, which was abundantly supplied with all good things, being ended, they

shook hands, and each set out upon his travels for home; some to London, and others to different parts of the kingdom, some few indeed for Scotland and Ireland. The school was, in consequence suspended *pro tempore*, and the younger disciples, among whom I was included, were sent home to our respective friends.

Among others, I recollect, were the late Duke of Rutland, then Lord Roos, and his brother Bob Manners, as he was called, who was killed bravely defending the Resolution man-of-war, in the action with Rodney and Count de Grasse, on the memorable 12th of April 1779. These young noblemen, someway implicated with the conspirators, were sons of the Marquess of Granby. On their arrival at his lordship's house, he affected surprise at seeing them, though he had already been apprised of their elopement. "Well, boys," said he, "what brought you here?" "We have left Eton," said they. "So I perceive," replied the marquess. "O! we have all been used so ill: Dr. Foster has driven the scholars away—and we have done as the rest—and so have come home." "Very well; very well: and you would like to go to the play this evening—hey, boys?" "O—yes—you are very good, Sir." "Yes," added his lordship; "you shall go there to-night for your own pleasure, and, to-morrow shall return to Dr. Foster, and be flogged for mine." The

marquess, who was a strict disciplinarian, like an old soldier, kept his word.

I remember the noble marquess, and have his person completely before my mind. My father had the honour of his esteem, and he frequently visited his *manège*. I recollect his portrait hanging on a sign-post near Chelsea College, close upon the spot which the renowned Wilkie has since chosen for his picture, which will immortalize himself, and these chosen heroes of Waterloo. The day was, indeed, when the name of this brave commander was almost as commonly in the mouths of old soldiers as that of Wellington—and his fine bald head was seen swinging at as many ale-house doors as that of the fat Duke of Cumberland, in his gold-laced hat, or King Charles in the royal oak. Even Wellington's noble effigies, in time, such is the mutability of mortal fame, as well as all other earthly things, may be superseded by that of some future fortunate hero!

Garrick one day dining at the elder Lacy's, in Berner's-street, where the late president West was of the party, and speaking of Sir Joshua's incomparable portrait of the Marquess of Granby and his horse, observed, "I was complimenting my friend on the nobleness and grand simplicity of the composition, when the candid-minded painter, with a simplicity no less noble and grand, returned—'Sir, I took the hint for that compo-

sition from a common wood-cut, the head piece to a worthless ballad."

It is, I believe, not generally known, that the Marquess of Granby resided at Kensington Gore, and still less known, that a pair of jack boots, such as were used in the cavalry in the time of George II., and which he wore at the battle of Minden, were hanging under the colonnades near the entrance to his house. I have often seen them, on looking over the wall from the top of the Bath coach; indeed, they were there within the last two years.

Of the many paintings that were made of this hero, no one was so generally known as that by my father's old friend, the late Edward Penny, R.A., whom he knew in Italy. This represented a portrait of the marquess *Relieving a Sick Soldier and his Family*, by the road side, a composition of little merit, but yet so popular, that a mezzotinto engraving which was made from it, and published by Sayer, of Fleet-street, had a still greater sale than the famous print of *The Death of General Wolfe*, by West, and engraved by Woollett. The first being upon a par with the general public taste, the latter being superior to the public judgment. We, however, have lived to see that general improvement in matters of art, that there are few now so ignorant as not to perceive the transcendent merits of the united talent of West and Woollett, and the feeble conjoint efforts of

Penny and Todd. Mr. Penny, whose portrait is conspicuous in the picture by Zoffany, now in his majesty's gallery, was intimate at our house in Carlisle-street. In his Quaker-coloured suit I remember him, exactly as he is represented in this artistical group. He painted portraits in small, but not so admirably as Zoffany. I recollect his coming to my father's country-house at Acton, in company with Cipriani, Bartolozzi, Richard Cosway, and another *great* man, the late Steven Gresse, who, if not professionally great, weighed I believe as much as these three geniuses, his cheerful companions. Mr. Penny related many curious anecdotes of his career, which amused our table, as my father helped him on with his tales of Italy, having known his master, *Marco Benifiali*, of Rome.

One of his travelling exploits related by Edwards, is worth repeating. In his passage from Venice to Rome, and passing through an advance guard of Austrian soldiers, he was required to show his passport, but of this he was totally unprovided, having neglected to procure that necessary document. From this difficulty, however, he was luckily relieved by the ready wit and invention of the Vetterino, who making great parade and bustle, as if to open the trunks for the desired passport, with assumed consequence observed, that "his was a *galantuomo* on his way to Rome, having affairs to *il Re Inglese*." This well

played confidence, with a bribe of a few sequins, removed all impediments, and he pursued his journey.

Mr. Penny was a native of Knutsford, near the seat of the late Sir John Leicester, and, I believe, a self-taught artist. He was enabled to proceed to Rome to pursue his studies, by the liberality of the neighbouring gentry, who subscribed a purse for that generous purpose. Penny, and Brompton, who was patronised by the Earl of Pembroke, were frequently indebted to the elder Angelo for the recommendation of sitters. There is a small whole-length of my father, an equestrian portrait by Brompton, the horse painted by *Mons. Morier*, still hanging in one of the apartments at Wilton, which was painted expressly for the earl. Indeed, our house was celebrated for the society of painters; and I believe that my father had sat for his portrait to as many of the English masters as any man of his time.

The Marquess of Granby was painted, moreover, by one of the most choice spirits of the day; one who makes a conspicuous figure also among the R.A.'s in the afore-named picture by Zoffani; namely, Francis Hayman, who was a frequent guest at my father's.

His lordship had been a patron of the celebrated Broughton, of pugilistic renown, and had in his younger days taken lessons in the art of boxing. Hayman, an athletic man, had also, in

his younger days, been an amateur performer, and could spar with the best of his contemporaries. The marquess, who had been sitting to *Frank*, as he was called, having accidentally heard of his prowess, one morning accosted the painter with, "So, friend Hayman, I understand you are an adept with the gloves?" "Once, my Lord, but the day is gone by." "I' faith!" replied his Lordship, "so it was with me; come, I see your gloves there in the corner, let us have a set-to." "I am gouty," said Frank. "So am I," responded the Marquess; "we are about the same age, and a fair match." "But I shall not be in a condition to paint," added Hayman. "Pho! pho!" exclaimed his Lordship, "you will paint as well, and I shall look all the better for the exercise." The gloves were handed down, and to work they went; turning over all the *arcana* of the painter's studio, and shaking the whole house with their weight; when the noise became so violent, that Mrs. Hayman burst in, and, to her astonishment, saw her husband, and his illustrious sitter, knocking each other's heads about like two coal-heavers.

Speaking of Sir Joshua, whom I remember seeing in company with Garrick, the elder Lacy, and the elder Sheridan, at my father's at Acton, where they dined and passed a delightful evening, it brings to memory an excellent picture, which, he painted, of my mother, in the year 1766, the

year of her marriage. She wears upon her arm a miniature of my father, painted by Nathaniel, father of the late Horace Hone. This picture, by Reynolds, is now in the possession of a relation, and hangs in an apartment within the walls of Eton College.

It is with additional gratification I can add, that the second portrait painted by Sir William Beechey, was of my father; the first which this distinguished veteran of the British school painted, being that of my father's esteemed friend, the Chevalier Ruspini, whose elegant hospitalities I have often enjoyed at his house, then situate at the corner of St. Alban's-street.

To this circumstance, whilst relating the affairs of art, as connected with our family, I must not neglect to add, that the first portrait which the late J. Hoppner, R.A., painted, was an old lady, a relative, which is now in my possession, and is the more estimable, as it was expressly painted for myself. At this period, Mr. Hoppner's demand for a head was only two guineas; he subsequently added an infant in the old lady's arms, for which he modestly demanded only one guinea more. It is, moreover, worthy of observation, that though this highly-talented artist commenced his professional career, thus diffident of his pretensions as to his scale of charges, my respected friends, Cipriani and Bartolozzi, whose judgment no one would venture to dispute, declared the

picture to be superior in merit to the works of all his contemporaries, with the exception of those of Sir Joshua.

It is not a little remarkable in the history of the progress of the portrait painters, that the most illustrious professors of this favoured branch of art, commenced with low prices. Sir Joshua painted heads for half-a-guinea. His first employers being sons of Neptune, were touched off to the life, with gold-laced hats, epaulet, collar, and three buttons, canvas included, for this sum. Sir Thomas Lawrence and Mr. Jackson entered the lists for public patronage, content to receive a still more humble remuneration for their ingenious works. I could, were it necessary, crowd the page with numerous other instances; but shall make no farther use of this species of information than to observe, that the present rising generation of artists may thank their luckier stars—for the sum obtained of late by youthful candidates, even for a monkey and two puppies, would, fifty years ago, have furnished another gallery of British Admirals, as extensive as that at Hampton Court. It is a subject for gratulation, however, to know, that we have attained that more enlightened period, when real merit, whatever be the youth of the candidate, is certain of its just appreciation and due reward.

In looking back to those times when my father's house was the general meeting-place for all dis-

tinguished professional men, foreign in particular, a number of curious characters obtrude themselves before my memory. The term distinguished, I beg to premise, is herein used in its most extensive sense; for I would avoid mixing indiscriminately in the word, those who became known by the legitimate exercise of their professional talents, in contradistinction to those who, by presumption and charlatanery, obtained a living by pretensions to science, to the prejudice of regular practitioners.

Among this class, though in some respects a man not wanting in scientific knowledge, I shall first mention the famous Dr. De Manneduke, who was at the head of that class of visionaries, who practised animal magnetism. The doctor lived in some style in Bloomsbury-square, and I believe obtained a vast income by practising on the credulity of that high class of persons termed people of fashion. He held *conversaziones* at his well-furnished drawing-rooms on Sunday evenings, which were numerously attended for several seasons, and there might be seen young ladies and old ladies fainting, weeping, laughing, and sighing, by sympathy; whilst the doctor, twiddling his fingers right in front of their visages, made them expose themselves by his senseless fascinations. These weak doings, however, were not confined to the weaker sex; the lords of the creation exposed themselves to the same absurdities and

tom-fooleries, and sat and were played upon in like manner, until worked up to a *crisis*, they grinned, or sobbed, or stared, or languished, as though they were possessed—and so indeed they were—with that capricious demon Fashion, who makes fools of too many of the great, without respect to age or sex.

The late Samuel Ireland, of Shakspearean renown, though certainly acquitted by posterity of any share in the memorable hoax connected with that abused name, was an able hand in detecting pretenders and quacks. He with a party attended at one of the Sunday evening parties at the magnetizing doctor's, and being unknown to the professor, volunteered himself a patient to be practised upon. The doctor observed his confidence, yet more confident of his own power, expressed himself delighted with so fair an opportunity of exhibiting his skill. Ireland was seated beneath a girandole; all eyes were fixed upon him, and credulity was on tip-toe to behold the paroxysms in which he would be thrown. The doctor began his incantations, made a thousand strange gesticulations, uttered all his metaphysical jargon, worked his fingers in mystical forms, and in short exhausted all the trumpery of his art, but in vain; for his patient, determined not to be conjured or seduced out of his reason, laughed his attempts to scorn. The doctor finding his efforts vain, complimented him, by declaring his nerves

proof against all excitement: "Excepting," added Ireland, "that of laughter," when he, and all the company joined in bursts of risibility; and Dr. De Manneduke retired in confusion.

Another *charlatan*, who led the fashionable world by the nose, now nearly half a century ago, was the far-famed Dr. Graham, with his Temple of Health. Nothing on modern record, perhaps, can equal the mysteries of this first-rate impostor. His house, on the Adelphi Terrace, was splendidly lighted up—his apartments were magnificently furnished, and his lectures, upon no very decorous subjects, were attended by ladies as well as gentlemen of the highest rank. A thousand strange stories were whispered of the scenes that occurred beneath the roof. Among other exhibitions, a female was lectured upon, who had no more clothing than Venus when she rose from the sea. It has been asserted that this fine formed nymph, was the late Lady Hamilton, who was denominated in the placards issued, "the *Goddess of Health*," but it certainly was not her. I remember the carriages drawing up to the door of this modern *Paphos*, with crowds of gaping sparks on each side, to discover who were the visitors; but the ladies' faces were covered, all going *incog.* At the door stood two gigantic porters, with each a long staff with ornamental silver heads, like those borne by parish beadles, and wearing superb liveries, with large gold-laced cocked hats, each was near seven feet

high, and retained to keep the entrance clear. It should be observed, that the pavement is so very narrow there, that it required but one step, on alighting from the carriage, to be in the hall.

Among other stratagems, to attract the patronage of the far greater proportion of the upper circles, who can only exist by the excitements of sense, was that preposterous *conceit*, entitled the *Celestial Bed*, by the charm of which, the doctor, whose studies were directed to indulge the passions, rather than check disease, pretended to effect miracles. Thither by advertisement, in no very obscure *inuendo* the barren and the impotent were invited; and so far will fashion carry even those, whose education at least should have taught them more wit, that among other great dons who wished for an heir, no less a personage than a noble duke paid his five hundred guineas to a *charlatan* for drawing the curtains!

With all that can be said to the prejudice of the present day, surely no quackery can equal this. Dr. Graham kept his equipage, maintained a splendid retinue, and for a short time at least, was invited to many of the first tables; and in return, contrived to give his claret and champaigne. It was said, and there seems no reason to doubt the assertion, that as much was spent in support of this most shameful folly in one season, as would have built and endowed at least a dozen alms-houses for the respectable aged poor.

The history of quackery, as practised in England, I remember hearing old Mr. Sheridan say, would make an useful and no less amusing book. "Might not a dozen volumes be written on the subject?" said my father, adding, "Sir, I could find you material enough." Indeed, I verily believe I could name half-a-score who I remember acquaintances of his, who visited at our house, and twice as many whom he visited, most of whom kept their carriages, had servants, and gave excellent dinners. These, however, were not all of the same class, nor indeed impostors; men, rather of much ingenuity, and who, though not of regular practice, yet introduced many new and beneficial modes of alleviating and even curing diseases. Indeed we owe to men of this speculative turn the adoption of such schemes as the regular practitioner would not dare to attempt, lest, by departing from the established systems, he himself might be dubbed a quack—a designation which a legitimate M.D. would deprecate, as a brave soldier would that of coward.

One of this order, and certainly of the first class, a friend of my father, I remember coming to see me in his splendid chariot, when I was a boy at Eton, and taking me and some of my school-mates to the Christopher, where we were treated in style. Samuel Foote, the patentee of the little theatre in the Haymarket, I remember, was coming out of *Pote's*, the bookseller in the

town, and was invited to join the party. My kind host I should have named first, he being no less a personage than the famed *Signor Dominecetti*, a doctor, from Italy, a *Livonise*, and townsman and playfellow of my father, for whom he had a great affection.

Few circumstances of boyhood I believe make a more lasting impression upon the memory, than that of an occasional escape from the drudgery of syntax, through the medium of a holiday like this. Hence, I retain many a minute recollection, even to what was placed on the table on these delectable treats, whilst impressions of real import, subsequently stamped upon the brain, have become clean worn out.

The doctor, I remember, was magnificently dressed, wore a frogged coat, embroidered waistcoat, had a finely frosted wig, and a bag hanging unusually low. He was prodigiously scented too —to which custom, though then, as now, too much the fashion, Foote was most averse: this, I remember, roused his splenetic wit, and excited a laugh at the doctor, who, not exactly understanding our idiom, was equally risible at his own expense.

We dined early; some friends of Foote came in at the dessert, and it was proposed to make a fishing party. A punt, with chairs and tackle, was provided at Piper's, by the bridge; and as we stood at the door of the old boatman, and

talking of the learning of the college, and asking how I got on in Latin, Foote, working his nostrils, moved back, saying, "Pshaw! confound your scents! I hate all scents!" "Vat is it for, mine Gote, you hate *sense*, Mistare Footes? You who are the greatest of wits!" "No, no," exclaimed the player, "I hate fops and fools!" "Ah, dat is good," replied the doctor, "ha, ha, ha!" We were on the water until after dusk, and caught no fish. "Varee strange!" cried the doctor. "Strange!" echoed Foote, "damme, doctor, they smelt you, and would not bite."

I pretend not to know how the English get on, who seek their fortune in foreign countries, having no other commodity but their *wits* to take to market; but this the experience of ages has abundantly proved, that foreign schemers, with even a moderate share of *nous*, and provided with a good address, are not long in obtaining public or private patronage here. If of the charlatan fraternity, so much the more speedy their success. Butler's lines, so descriptive of the gullibility of the sons and daughters of the renowned Bull family, are quite as characteristic of the nineteenth, as of the seventeenth century.

> "Doubtless the pleasure is as great,
> In being cheated—as to cheat."

Dominecetti, an Italian doctor, who came to this country about the year 1767, was one of

those adventurers whose ingenuity was practised with considerable success among that class of people who are most ready to be led away by any thing new. I remember, as long since as my first visit to Paris, that my worthy countrymen were the theme of ridicule for their predilection for foreigners. The most miserable frisure of all Paris, lived, or rather starved, at a small shop on *l'Isle Notre Dame*. Some one chalked on his door, *Go to England!* He took the advice, and made his fortune.

This Dr. Dominecetti engaged one of the finest and most spacious houses in Cheyne-row, Chelsea. He there set up an expensive establishment, and advertised elegant and salubrious vapour and aromatic baths, which were to cure a large portion of the maladies, real or fancied, which afflict those who, having more wealth than prudence, are seeking new remedies for every new dish that the culinary art can invent.

This doctor, like other fortunate schemers, soon found a nickname. Were the intellects of the fashionable world to be estimated by their aptitude to turn quacks and impostors into ridicule, they would appear wiser than their inferiors. But the empty wit of the *beau monde*, is all they have to divide for their lost money. For those charlatans who pocket their gold, certainly have the laugh against their very witty employers, for all their elegant *badinage*.

Dominecetti was dubbed "*The Stewing Doctor*;" yet he found fools enough to be stewed, who paid enormously for their folly. I remember going to his house with my father, and being struck by the profusion of plate which decorated the walls of his *salle à manger*. Whether he had found gulls abroad, or, with his gainings here, employed foreign workers in silver and gold, I know not; but the fine tankards, cups, vases, &c., were all of the foreign *façon*.

The doctor, however, is reported to have possessed a considerable degree of science in the healing art. He was, moreover, a man of most engaging manners and commanding person; and, like the generality of Italians, spent liberally the means which he so largely acquired. He gave magnificent dinners, and the choicest wines. He was fond of the fine arts, knew Cipriani, Bartolozzi, and entertained them; the elder Angelo, and his friends, always found a welcome reception at his board.

He had an immense wardrobe. In these days, foreigners of every learned or scientific profession, practising here, were remarkable for their rich display of costume. Indeed, so much so, that I could mention many of my father's friends and acquaintances, whose finances made it expedient for two or three to club expenses, for a furnished second floor in the back streets of Soho, who yet contrived to pay thirty or forty pounds

for a dress suit, laced ruffles, a bag, and sword. Monsieur Petro (designated *le grand Petro),* an old friend of my father, whom I remember well, whilst *maître de ballet* at the Italian Opera-house, danced a minuet in a black velvet suit, with diamond-hilted sword, and buckles and buttons of brilliants, before the Empress Catherine, at Petersburgh. The dance in those times, as an old beau of Bath lately observed, was truly a brilliant spectacle.

One of the most useful, and, I may add, most respectable charlatans within memory, however, was the late benevolent Dr. Bossy, the last of itinerant empirics, who dispensed medicines, and practised the healing art, publicly and gratuitously on a stage. This renowned mountebank—for such he really was, though he came to his booth, erected weekly in the midst of Covent-garden market, in his chariot, with a livery-servant behind—was a German, had considerable private practice, and enjoyed the reputation of a skilful operator.

Formerly the mountebank doctor was as constant a visitor at every market-place, as the pedlar with his pack. Almost all old customs, however, have ceased in our time, and these itinerants are now rarely seen. The travelling doctor, with his *Zany,* I believe, is now no where to be seen in Great Britain; and the mountebank himself is become almost an obsolete character.

Dr. Bossy was certainly the last who exhibited in the British metropolis, and his public services ceased about forty years ago.

Every Thursday, his stage was erected opposite the north-west colonnade, Covent Garden. The platform was about six feet from the ground, was covered, open in front, and was ascended by a broad step-ladder. On one side was a table, with medicine chest, and surgical apparatus, displayed on a table, with drawers. In the centre of the stage was an arm chair, in which the patient was seated; and before the doctor commenced his operations, he advanced, taking off his gold laced cocked hat, and bowing right and left, began addressing the populace which crowded before his booth. The following dialogue, *ad literatim*, will afford the reader a characteristic specimen of one of the customs of the last age. It should be observed that the doctor was a humourist.

An aged woman was helped up the ladder, and seated in the chair: she had been deaf, nearly blind, and was lame to boot; indeed, she might be said to have been visited with Mrs. Thrale's *three* warnings, and death would have walked in at her door, only that Dr. Bossy blocked up the passage. The doctor asked questions with an audible voice, and the patient responded—he usually repeating the response, in his *Anglo-German* dialect.

Doctor. Dis poora voman vot is—how old vosh you?

Old Woman. I be almost eighty, Sir; seventy-nine last Lady Day, old style.

Doctor. Ah, tat is an incurable disease.

Old Woman. O dear! O dear! say not so—incurable! Why you have restored my sight—I can hear again—and I can walk without my crutches.

Doctor, (smiling). No, no, good vomans—old age is vot is incurable; but by the plessing of Gote, I vill cure you of vot is elshe. Dis poora voman vos lame, and deaf, and almost blind. How many hosipetals have you been in?

Old Woman. Three, Sir, St. Thomas's, St. Bartholomew's, and St. George's.

Doctor. Vot, and you found no reliefs?—vot none—not at alls?

Old Woman. No, none at all, Sir.

Doctor. And how many medical professioners have attended you?

Old Woman. Some twenty or thirty, Sir.

Doctor. O mine Gote! Three sick hosipetals, and dirty (thirty) doctors! I should vonder vot if you have not enough to kill you twenty time. Dis poora vomans has become mine patient. Doctor Bossy gain all patients bronounced ingurables; pote mid de plessing of Brovidence, I shall make short work of it, and set you upon your legs again. Coode beoples, dis poora

vomans, vas teaf as a toor nails (holding up his watch to her ear, and striking the repeater), Gan you hear dat pell?

Old Woman. Yes, Sir.

Doctor. O den be thankful to Gote. Gan you valk round dis chair? (offering his arm).

Old Woman. Yes, Sir.

Doctor. Sit you town again, good vomans. Gan you see?

Old Woman. Pretty so-so, doctor.

Doctor. Vot gan you see, good vomans?

Old Woman. I can see the baker there (pointing to a mutton-pye-man, with the pye board on his head. All eyes were turned towards him).

Doctor. And what else gan you see, good vomans?

Old Woman. The poll-parrot there, (pointing to Richardson's hotel).

"Lying old b——h," screamed Richardson's poll-parrot. All the crowd shouted with laughter.

Dr. Bossy waited until the laugh had subsided, and looking across the way, significantly shook his head at the parrot, and gravely exclaimed, laying his hand on his bosom, "'Tis no lie, you silly pird, 'tis all true as is de gosbel."

Those who knew Covent Garden half a century ago, cannot have forgotten the famed Dr. Bossy. And there are those too, yet living in Covent Garden parish, who also recollect Richardson's grey parrot, second in fame only (though of

prior renown), to Colonel O'Kelly's bird, which excelled all others upon record. This Covent Garden mock-bird had picked up many familiar phrases, so liberally doled out at each other, by the wrangling basket-women, which were often, as on this occasion, so aptly coincidental, that the good folks who attended the market, believed pretty poll to be endowed with reason. The elder Edwin, of comic memory, who resided over the north-east piazza (improperly so termed), used to relate many curious stories of this parrot. Among others, that one day, the nail on which her cage was hung, in front of the house, having suddenly given way, the cage fell upon the pavement from a considerable height. Several persons ran to the spot, expecting to find their old favourite dead, and their fears were confirmed, as the bird lay motionless, when suddenly raising her head, she exclaimed, "Broke my back, by G—d." Every one believed it even so, when suddenly she climbed up with her beak and claw, and burst into a loud fit of laughter. Nearly underneath her cage had long been a porter's block, and, doubtless, she had caught the profane *apostrophe* from the market garden porters, on pitching their heavy loads.

On the subject of Covent Garden, an industrious seeker of anecdote might well spin out a two quarto volume history, at least; for, from the time of its erection, as long since as the

reign of King James the First, it has been the residence of a succession of men, renowned for genius, talent, wit, humour, and eccentricity, above every other spot in the British metropolis.

Among these, some distinguished few I can enrol in the list of ancient friends, or intimate acquaintances of our family.

The late John Hamilton Mortimer, an artist whose great and promising talent, but for his own thoughtlessness, would have raised him to the highest rank among painters, ancient or modern, resided for some years over the shop of the well known Jemmy Moran, the bookseller. Here he was visited by Garrick, Sterne, Churchill, Goldsmith, Quin, Caleb Whiteford, Albany Wallace, Malone, Stevens, all the tip-top dramatic writers, players, sculptors, and painters. His *studio* was indeed the morning lounge of many distinguished noblemen, and almost all the professional men of talent of his day.

Mortimer's portrait, whole-length, is introduced in the picture of the Royal Academicians, painted by Zoffany, which picture he began at his apartments, at the Great Piazza; Zoffany residing here also in the year 1764.

Mortimer and he were very intimate, until one day, whilst sitting for this portrait, Zoffany began to play off his wit against the authority of scripture, and turn the Old Testament into burlesque.

Mortimer, though a *bon vivant*, and a choice wit, having too much sense of propriety to endure this, called him an ass, which, abstracted of his professional talent, was not far from the truth. Zoffany, highly offended at this, for he was as vain as he was weak, bade Mortimer quit his room, which he did, but not without first giving him such a lecture, that he might have well remembered, had he not been too much addicted to this weakness, which lasted him, even to old age. But what gave the greater offence, it seems, was a repartee, which closed the dispute—and then the door, which Mortimer shut with a loud bang. "Why, Sir Godfrey Kneller thought upon the subject as I think," said Zoffany. "Perhaps so," replied the other, "and when you can paint half as well as he, then you may prate. To be a bad painter, and a fool to boot, is rather too much to bear, Master Zoffany."

Mortimer was a man of fine personal appearance, of great gaiety of manners, and a most delightful companion. He had, moreover, an excellent heart.

He, and a knot of worthies, principally "Sons of St. Luke," or the children of Thespis, and mostly votaries of Bacchus, met at the Turk's Head, in Gerrard-street. Here, one evening, he happened to be sitting in the common coffee room, wherein, were a mixed company, taking their punch, and smoking, the prevailing

custom of the time. Theophilus Forrest, an honest lawyer, and amateur artist, well known to all the coterie at the Turk's Head, both above and below stairs, happening to drop in, the landlord, Swinden, a worthy German, handed him a petition, from the widow of a journeyman coach painter, who had lately died suddenly, in Long-Acre, and had left her and several children totally destitute. Forrest took the petition into the public parlour, entered his subscription, five shillings, and pinned it over the chimney-piece, that it might be seen by the guests, saying, "I shall open a book here, placing his pocket-book upon the table, and be widow's clerk, till twelve, when, gentlemen, by your leave, we will close the account."

Several of the company entered their names for crowns, half-crowns, and shillings.

Mortimer was seated under a brass sconce, reading the *St. James's Chronicle*, when, calling for pen and ink, he began to sketch groups of monsters, heads, caricature figures, and grotesques, upon the margin. It is well known that he drew not only with greater rapidity, but with greater spirit and grace, than any one, not excepting, perhaps, even Guercino himself. Hence, an hour at least before the time appointed, he had entirely filled the whole of the blank of the four pages.

"What are you about, Mortimer?" inquired one.

"What an industrious fit, Hamilton!" exclaimed another; but, he proceeded nevertheless, nor would he allow any one to look at his performance until his task was done; when, getting upon the table, and spreading his work to view, he began, in imitation of Cock, the celebrated auctioneer:—"This lot, gentlemen, this matchless lot, this unique effort of art, the property of a great amateur—of wine and venison—and a renowned connoisseur in tobacco and punch, is offered to the notice of the *cognos*. It is to be disposed of without reserve. Come, gentlemen, shall I say ten pounds—five—one pound, gentlemen;—yea, even five shillings—any thing for a beginning?"

"I *offare von guinea*, mine friend Mortimare," said Zoffany, who happened to be in the next box. "Thank you, Sir," returned Mortimer, with a forgiving smile. "Charity covereth a multitude of sins." "Guinea and half," said another. "Two guineas," said Zoffany. "Give me your hand," cried Mortimer. "Pon mine soul 'tis peaudiful," added Zoffany. "Two and a-half," said Caleb Whiteford; and so the worthies, with that generous competition which is so catching in glorious old England, when the object is charity, pushed it on, until the lot was knocked down for five guineas, to some good soul, whose name I regret to say I cannot record.

Mortimer, whilst a youth, drew the human figure with masterly spirit. He was a native

genius, as is our excellent landscape painter, Constable, and like him too was the son of a miller. Rembrandt, the admired of the English school, of all the world indeed, was also the son of a miller; but he was born in a mill.

Reynolds, the first portrait painter in the world, the celebrated Wright of Derby, and Mortimer, were pupils of Hudson, all of whom rose to an eminence mightily above that of their master.

Some of our most distinguished draughtsmen owed their improvement to the liberality and good taste of the Duke of Richmond, uncle to the late duke, whose melancholy death, who has not deplored?

This nobleman, having imbibed abroad a *penchant* for art, much above the prevailing taste at home, about the middle of the last century, collected on his travels into Italy several casts of the most admired sculptured antique figures. These his grace had conveyed to England, and placed in a gallery at his mansion at Whitehall, where they were arranged, for the study of young persons particularly, and others who had chosen or already followed the profession of the graphic arts.

The opening of this gallery promised great advantage to those who wished to improve in the study of the antique. Mortimer availed himself of its facilities, and soon evinced his superior

talent by the drawings which he made therein. So did Cosway, and some others.

Joseph Wilton, the sculptor, who succeeded Michael Moser, the chaser, in the keepership of the Royal Academy, and John Baptist Cipriani, gave their attendance gratuitously to this school as preceptors; a benefit from which the disciples might have derived the utmost advancement in their art.

This establishment, which promised so much, however liberally begun, declined, and ultimately was closed, in consequence, as has been said, of the subsequent narrow views of its noble founder. It was asserted, indeed, that his grace, like some other men of high rank, was apt to be capricious. It is to be numbered among other human infirmities, that liberality and parsimony not unfrequently unite in the same person. Patronage or bounty, like all other virtues, if not steadily maintained, ceases to be a virtue. To hold out munificent expectations, and then not to fulfil them, is to court that applause which is due only to real generosity.

As this great personage increased in years, this uncertainty of temper became less equivocal. His grace indeed, is said to have bargained for art, as chandlers for their wares.

The late John Raffael Smith, who never knew or regarded the value of money, related, that

though at one period the duke was by no means an inconsiderate patron of talent; yet, late in life, he became eminently mean in the indulgence of his fancy for works of art,

Smith latterly painted small crayon portraits, with great truth of resemblance, taste, and spirit. His old patron wished to have his own likeness taken. He called on the painter, praised his style, demanded his price, repeated his visits, and at length condescended to procure him several of his friends as sitters, conditioning, however, that he should make a sketch of his grace *gratuitously*; to which Smith readily agreed.

His grace choosing his convenient time, when his country seat was full of company, invited the painter thither; and, as an additional temptation to secure his man, promised him the privilege of shooting on his manor at Goodwood. Smith, it should be observed, was an old sportsman, and in keenness, a match even for his grace, as will appear in the sequel.

Arrived at Goodwood, the painter was very graciously received. His painting tackle would be sent after him; but he did not neglect to take his gun. The duke eyed the case, and smiled.

At the dinner table, the duke skilfully diverted the conversation into the channel of painting. "You must all sit to Smith," said his grace,—"capital likenesses—admirable pictures in small. Ten guineas the terms—only think!" Smith was a

pleasant companion—open, frank, and a good relator of a story. He at once got into the good graces of the whole party, remained there several days, and returned to London, more than one hundred guineas richer than when he left it.

Smith laboured incessantly at his easel; but not a word about sporting. The duke's own portrait, being the last that was not finished, was now taken in hand, when the painter hinted, "no shooting—no more sittings; no pheasant—no picture." "*I see!*" said the duke, his common expression, and sending for one of his keepers, a knowing one, desired him to accompany Mr. Smith, and to shew him some game.

As Smith divined, so it happened; he and his dogs were set upon a wrong scent; when, wandering far enough not to fear detection, he showed the keeper that *aurum potabile*, for which, even the most sober have an unquenchable thirst. "You have no objection to a cup of good ale," said he, "hey, mister game-keeper?" slipping a guinea into his hand. "Why, Sir, as for that—to be sure, the ale is on t'other side of the park; and pointing, like young Hamlet, seemed to say—"*Go on, I'll follow thee.*" "Now," said Smith, to himself, "now, it is my fault, if I paint dukes, phizzes for nothing." He got into the preserve, with his double-barrelled Manton, and murdered at least—I dare not say how many brace of his grace's pheasants. He had engaged a fellow to

provide a small taxed cart, with a head, to be in waiting, and actually loaded it with game.

Captain William Baillie, who knew all the distinguished artists, for more than half a century, as I have heard him say, used to pass his mornings for a considerable time in going from one apartment to another over the piazza, to the respective artists who resided there. It appears from memoranda before me, that in the year 1764, no less than ten painters occupied houses or apartments on this side of Covent-garden.

It was here that Zoffany painted Foote in the character of Major Sturgeon, in the *Mayor of Garrat;* and Moody, in the character of Foigard. He also took his first studies from Garrick, for the drunken scene in the *Provoked Wife*, here; and my father accompanied him thither from his house in Southampton-street, adjacent, and Fosbrook brought the dress from the theatre, for Garrick to put on, to be painted in. This picture was not finished, however, until Zoffany had removed to Lincoln's-Inn-fields.

Richard Wilson lived over the Piazza at this period, and there painted some of his most admired compositions. He occupied the second floor of one of the houses; and Dock, a miniature painter, who had considerable practice, lived beneath.

Sir James Thornhill also resided there, several years before, and held an academy for the study

of the human figure over the north arcade. There was a very fine set of casts from the antique on these premises, which were subsequently, after the death of Sir Godfrey, by the interest of Hogarth, who was his son-in-law, presented to the St. Martin's-lane academy.

Another English landscape painter had resided there, too, previously to Wilson's going thither. This was the celebrated George Lambert, scene painter to the old theatre at Lincoln's-Inn, and afterwards, to the then new theatre, Covent-garden. Lambert, as is well known, was the original founder of the beef-steak club.

Pugh, a landscape painter, whose name is in the exhibition catalogue of this period, also lived there, a lodger at Monsieur Seth's. Baupré, a sculptor, who came over to try his fortune in England, was an inmate at M. Du Machou's, the next door; and Meyer, the miniature painter, occupied handsome apartments in the same house: he had formerly lived opposite. The general rendezvous of an evening for many, or most of these, was at the Coach and Horses, Castle-street.

Mortimer and Wilson, though dissimilar in their general habits, were great cronies at this period: so much so, indeed, that Mortimer painted for his ingenious colleague the figures in the clouds, and those on the earth, in his famous picture of the *Niobé*.

He also, as I have heard, painted the figures in

that fine composition, the *Ceyx* and *Alcyone*. Nothing, to be sure, could be more like mere daubing, than the figures of Wilson's painting, generally; which is the more surprising, as he must certainly have been able to draw something like a human figure, having practised first, and that not unsuccessfully, as a portrait painter. Wilson, who neither saw, nor practised his art with any reference to accuracy of detail, used to say, "Jack Mortimer draws the figure too well, and I draw it too ill; could he unlearn half his knowledge, and I add that half to mine, my figures would be just the thing." "Why no," said Mortimer, "that is sorry logic, friend Dick; you cannot draw at all; hence half my knowledge would make *your* figures *mine*." "Bravo, Jack Mortimer," said Wilson; "then you remain the best logician, and I the better painter—which indubitably (as you know) I am."

Wilson was fond of reading, and sometimes, when he had promised to go and have a gossip with Mortimer, he would stop below at *Moran's*, the bookseller afore-named, and forget his appointment.

Once, agreeing to meet a party at Mortimer's, the dinner was kept waiting for him. A servant was dispatched to his apartments, who discovered that Wilson was gone out with the key in his pocket. Mortimer, after the dinner was over, sent down to the shop, for some new pub-

lication. Moran returned the message with, "Mr. Wilson is reading it; when he has done, it is at your service." Mortimer and all the party descended, and there sat Wilson, totally forgetful of his engagement; when master Richard received a good rating for his negligence from all the party, who, carrying him up per-force, made him drink a goblet of port, and make an apologetical speech, ere he obtained even a morsel of the remains of what was returned to the larder.

Wilson was self-willed; Mortimer, however, could occasionally manage him; but with Mrs. Mortimer, who was a lady of mind, and of most engaging manners, he was always tractable. Wilson, naturally gloomy, from disappointment, and neglect, became almost a misanthrope. Mortimer, on the contrary, though not unacquainted with professional troubles, and pecuniary difficulties, possessed a natural buoyancy of spirits.

Wilson of an evening was accustomed to occupy an arm-chair by his friend's fire-side; and there, in his splenetic humour, he would sit and moralize, like the melancholy *Jaques*, and make his cynical strictures upon the *moral* dispensations of that *scoundrel*, man. "Come, come, my old Trojan," Mortimer would say, gently rubbing him down the sleeve, "come, old boy, I wish I could set you *purring*, like puss there," pointing to his favourite tabby cat.

I never remember Wilson's fancy being more

completely tickled, than at the recital of a piece of choice *connoisseurship*, played off at his own expense at Vauxhall.

Old Jonathan Tyers, the founder of that splendid place of entertainment, had been one of Wilson's earliest patrons and kindest friends. He was a judge of pictures, and laid out more money in the encouragement of English art, than any man of his time. Indeed, his house was so full of pictures, that after hanging them, even on his stair-case, there were still some to spare.

Mr. Tyers had a brother, a friend of Dr. Johnson, who was educated for the bar, though, I believe, he never practised. He had a small private fortune, and hated law, because he loved his ease.

At that period, when in Wilson's declining popularity, he scarcely could procure his daily bread, this gentleman (Mr. Thomas Tyers), hearing of the cruel neglect, under which he was suffering one day, said to Mr. Taylor, the artist, "I wish I knew how to send him ten pounds, and that in some delicate way, that should avoid giving him offence. Think you, Taylor, he has any small sketch or scrap, that he sets little value upon, which I might procure for that sum? I would commission him to paint me a composition; but first, I have no taste for pictures; and if I had indeed, my income is too slender to spare a larger sum. I feel distressed that so great a genius should be entirely without means."

Mr. Taylor undertook the negociation, and managed it skilfully. "I have no scrap, such as your friend deserves to possess," said Wilson; "but, if the thing were not bruited about, I would be happy to send him one of my *easel pictures*, which you know I never have sold—nor never will—for less than sixteen guineas. I am aware (for all your contrivance) of Mr. Tyers's kindness: so I shall give you a receipt for that sum."* The picture obtained, Mr. Taylor took it in a hackney-coach, the same evening, to Vauxhall, and giving it at the gate, to one of the waiters, it was deposited, *pro tempore*, in the spacious bar in the gardens, where that portly *locum tenens* of old Jonathan Tyers, honest *Joe Potter*, sat in high *conclave*, surrounded by Mr. Hook, the composer, the ladies and gentlemen singers, and other professionals, preparatory to opening the gardens. This was the regular gossiping place, and many a gay and lively coterie has assembled there.

Mr. Tyers, until late in life, had always presided there, to receive money from the waiters of the garden, and to return them their change. Joe Potter, an old friend of his, a tall, portly, pompous, self-important gent., nevertheless a good fellow, and generally esteemed, latterly, often supplied his place. It was one of trust, and Joe was

* Mr. Taylor, the patriarch of the English school, now approaching his ninetieth year, possesses this unique receipt.

trust-worthy. He was certainly a *big-wig* in his office; like many a prime minister, indeed, a greater man than his master.

"Well, Sirs," quoth Joe Potter; "what have we here? a picture, I perceive; hem! haugh! let me see," pushing his spectacles upon his forehead, and examining the landscape, by making a peep-hole of his half-closed fist, like other learned connoisseurs, to take in the whole effect. "Hem! haugh! very well, *Benjamin*, very well, Master Ben, very capital—upon—my—word!"

Now, be it known, this Benjamin, was Mr. Jonathan Tyers's coachman, who was a dabbler in painting; and such a dauber—such a spoiler of canvas—O ye gods! Joe Potter, a true Vauxhall connoisseur, where Bristol stones pass current for diamonds, could perceive no difference between a Wilson, and a daub. When the proud painter was told this genuine story, he verily laughed until he cried.

This circumstance happened, as I recollect, about the time of the memorable Vauxhall affray, when my father's late friend, Sir Bate Dudley, to whose memory I also owe a thousand kind recollections, obtained the title of the *Fighting Parson*. There are those of my standing who may yet remember the fracas in these gardens between this redoubtable priest, and Mr. Fitzgerald, who was afterwards hanged in Ireland for some mal-practices. I have not so far forgotten

the main features of this fracas, but that I may venture to relate them, for the amusement of those who have been born within the last forty years. Alas, for the periodicals! we have no such glorious *kicks-up* now, to relate in these insipid times.

Mr. Parson Bate, as magnificent a piece of humanity, perhaps, as ever walked arm-in-arm with a fashionable beauty, in the illuminated groves of Vauxhall, was promenading and chatting, with the celebrated Mrs. Hartley, her Woodstock glove gently rubbing against his sable sleeve; when the said Mr. Fitzgerald, in company with Lord Littleton and Captain O'Bourne, most ungallantly gave offence to the lady and to her protector, by severally turning short round upon her, and, with the most marked rudeness, staring in her face. This offensive behaviour was resented by Mr. Bate, and, if my memory does not deceive me, he chastised the offenders on the spot.

Mr. Bate at this time being editor of the Morning Post,* that paper obtained much celebrity by the exposure of the three gentlemen, for their rude attack upon a lady: for the *rencontre* begot a paper war, which was for some weeks, maintained with great rancour on both sides; but the superior wit and powerful satire of Parson Bate,

* He subsequently set up the Morning Herald in opposition to this paper.

were so manifest, that his opponents were beaten out of the literary *arena*.

I forget the intervening particulars, which led to a proposed meeting of the parties. They did meet, however, at a tavern, where it seems an explanation was entered into, and some apology was offered; though this was a dirty stratagem to lead to another fracas, no less than that of revenging themselves on Mr. Bate, by procuring for him, as they thought, a sound drubbing; they had, however, once more mistaken their man.

These three confederates met according to appointment; and Mr. Bate too had his friends. A strapping spark was then introduced to the party, as Captain *****, who had been prompted to insult Mr. Bate, with the hope of provoking him to a personal attack, as at Vauxhall. This mock captain was a well-known prize-fighter. The parson, not at all daunted by the insolent threats of the ruffian, fell upon him, and, with his own weapons, so completely thrashed him, that he was taken away almost senseless, in a hackney-coach.

My worthy friend, Bate Dudley, however, did not come off with such flying colours on another occasion, where there was no lady in the case; for he was incarcerated, with some other gentlemen of the press, for libelling that Duke of Richmond of whom I have spoken before.

Mr. Dudley, and his compeers, were among the first who occupied the new apartments in the

King's Bench, the old prison having been burnt by the mob, in Lord George Gordon's memorable riots of 1780.

Mr. Bate occupied the two front rooms over the entrance, and there, with many of his friends, I have frequently dined, and passed a very cheerful afternoon. Like many other sons of the church, he kept a good table, and was no mean professor of gastronomy. "Not that I am at all particular," he used to say; "two dishes are sufficient for me; a turbot and a haunch, with (if forced upon me) an apricot tart." His greatest solace during this confinement, I remember, was a hand at cribbage, in which *tête-à-tête* game he was most expert—a match, indeed, for the luckiest and the best. One night, engaged very earnestly with him, forgetting that "*we are Time's subjects, and Time bids begone,*" roused from my game by the prison watchman, I found the gates closed upon me, and I was obliged to take up my quarters there for the night—the longest certainly that I remember ever to have passed. My friend laughed at the success of his trick, and though his good lady, Mrs. Bate, kindly lent me a blanket, which she spared from her own bed, to spread upon my sofa; the horror of a prison prevented my closing my eyes.

In a prison, men must shift for themselves as they can. During my many visits there, I never perceived him out of spirits; nothing was a

trouble, and every privation seemed but to whet his appetite for wit.

In looking back to those times, one is naturally disposed to draw comparisons with the present; for though change, and circumstance proceed with individual character and general custom, too imperceptibly, to excite notice as we march along, yet, a general retrospective review of fifty years, shews men and things in a far different light.

Parson Bate, so celebrated in his day, is now almost forgotten; though at the period of which I have just been treating, and for some subsequent years, he figured amongst the prominent characters of the last reign.

Mrs. Hartley, an actress of some celebrity, was, however, much more celebrated for her beauty. I believe she was one of those ladies, whose career on the stage was without reproach. She was painted by several of the first artists, and, among others, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, in one of her best characters, which, however, I have forgotten. No female, perhaps, that ever appeared on the stage, looked more lovely than she in fair Rosamond. I should observe, that Mr., afterwards Sir Bate Dudley, married the sister of this lady, and I believe Lady Dudley still survives.

Many a pleasant day have I passed at his country-house at Bradwell, in Essex. Once, I

recollect, his guests, then on a visit there, had been promised to be entertained with a supper *à l'Italien*, in which I played the part of chief *cuisinier*, arrayed in proper costume. The pleasantry which occurred in the kitchen on this occasion was such as would have worked well into a scene for a comedy. Among other guests was a French officer, who, affecting the *Amphitrion*, and *grand critique gastronomique*, with true French *fanfaronnade*, abused every dish, and boasted his native cookery above all other, ancient or modern. Bate Dudley whispered, "Now mark you, I'll roast Monsieur;" which he did to a "turn of the spit," and with that delectable *badinage*, at which he was so great an adept, proved to all the company that *Monsieur le Capitaine* must have been originally himself a *cuisinier*. This produced mighty amusement, as a wag of the party helped on the frolic, by dubbing Monsieur—another *Captain Cook!*

The intrepid spirit of Sir Bate Dudley was instanced on so many occasions, that few were bold enough to resist his will. He was one of the county magistrates, and the most useful, as well as the most determined justice, perhaps, that ever sat on the bench. The police of his district, indeed, was the best regulated of any in the county.

At the commencement of his office, the neigh-

bourhood had been greatly infested by that worst of *varment*, to use the gamekeeper's phrase, the *poacher*. A certain lonely cottage had been pointed out to his worship, as the nightly *rendezvous* of a determined gang of these robbers. He had his secret informer, who had been a confederate; and one night, when they were met to settle their plan of depredations, Mr. Bate rapped at the door. It was immediately opened, when he beheld the ruffians, each of whom instantly seized his loaded piece.

"Put your guns away, ye rogues. Know ye not that I am Justice Bate?" exclaimed the magistrate, with a determined air, looking deliberately around; "Rogues! I know ye all. Give me your gun, fellow?" to the nearest. "You had better stand off," said the poacher. Sir Dudley immediately took him by the collar, and wrested it from him. "Lay down your pieces—every one of you: resist at your peril, Sirs. What! is there to be no end to your depredations? Lay down your arms, I say, and go home to your families, you wicked ruffians!" Appalled at his firmness, each laid his piece upon the table, and he turned them out. Then going to the door, and shouting "Constables," the fellows took to their heels; and a party of the police who were in attendance came in, and the weapons, with guns, snares, and other implements for destroying game, were collected, and borne away without

the least resistance; and by this one act of intrepidity, the bold magistrate broke up the gang.

I recollect a satirical writer having projected a farce, which was intended for the theatricals at Wargrave, to be entitled "*The Three Fighting Parsons,*" the *triumvirate* heroes to be *Parson Henley, Parson Churchill,* and *Parson Bate.* This was no less a personage than the renowned Anthony Pasquin, who, like many another scurrilous poet, projected twenty times more than he ever intended to perform.

Such a subject, however, would have been no bad theme for a farce, for the *fistical feats* of three such clerical heroes, all within the same century, would have furnished veritable scenes, not to be matched in the history of a thousand years.

Orator Henley, idolized by the butchers for his burlesque pulpit addresses, and immortalized by Pope in his *Dunciad,* was a match for the best in the far-famed school of Newport-market, or *Hockley in the Hole.*

Churchill, cognomened the *bruiser,* was equally well known to fame, for having knocked down many a fellow, who with one blow had felled an ox; but, it had been an act of such temerity for a contemporary of Parson Bate, to bring him upon the stage, that it is likely Master Pasquin, whatever he might have bragged over the bottle, would not have dared in his sober moments to attempt the raising a laugh at his expense. Even

Lord Barrymore himself, whose audacity was pretty notorious, might have dreaded a thrashing, had he been a party to the exposure of such a redoubtable Don.

Among other recollections of my friend the parson and his country amusements, he then keeping a pack of harriers, I, unluckily, over the punch-bowl at night, was drawn into an engagement to rise with Aurora the next morning, to join in the "*pleasures of the chase.*" I fear that, like many another vain boaster in his cups, I had been bragging of my feats of horsemanship, in my father's *manége*, recounting my wondrous leaps over the bar, and my prowess in shooting flying, at the head of the grand Turk. Parson Bate, delighting in a frolic, and determined to try my mettle, kept me to my engagement, and mounted me on a horse, such another as that *harum scarum* beast upon which Smollett placed his hero, Commodore Trunnion.

I pleaded headache, and invented all the ingenious excuses, of which fear is so prolific, to be off my engagement; but in vain. The parson swore I was hoaxing him; the view halloo was given; and away I was carried, through bog and fen, over hedge and ditch, scratched by bramble and briar, and worse bumped than a city apprentice at the Epping hunt. I contrived to hold on, as the sailors say; and many an ox-fence, and many a five-barred gate, were between me, my

horse, and the earth. The woods hurried by with the swiftness of the wind, and the dreaded scene before, ere I could say Jack Robinson, became the scene behind. The beast, as if conscious of my dismay, rushed at the most break-neck leaps; and the dare-devil parson, close at his crupper, helped him over with a loud crack of his whip, crying, "Go it, my Nimrod! pelt away, Harry, my boy!"

Luckily I kept my seat, until poor puss was caught, when, taking advantage shortly "*over the hedge, and on to the road,*" I put spurs to my beast, and galloped home to Mrs. Bate and the ladies, where, arriving in safety, I vowed never to follow the hounds again, and sacredly kept my word. Bate for ever after used to say, that "the elder Angelo was a capital horseman—but that Harry, his son, rode like a Centaur!"

Equally ardent and intrepid in those boisterous amusements, which suited his robust constitution, he was a bold and dexterous sailor: indeed, he was equally fond of sailing, as of sporting. His boat expeditions were not unfrequently as fearful to a novice, as his pursuits over hedge and ditch in the field.

Once he tempted me to an excursion in a boat, which to many would have appeared not sea-worthy. "Come, Harry, my boy," said he, "to-morrow will be *lamb fair* at Ipswich—we can sail to Harwich, and tramp onwards to Ipswich; we

will make a day of it, and see what is to be seen. There will be plenty of amusement, I promise you—so rise in the morning betimes."

The vessel was ready; and having provided a bottle of cogniac, with some other more substantial *prog*, we embarked. "Where is the crew?" said I. "There!" said he; pointing to a rough-visaged old boatman, and a boy to steer: adding, "Old *Tooke* and Parson Bate in this cockboat would cross the Atlantic; would we not, my old Trojan?" "Aye, Master Bate, that we would, or we'd sink afore we gave it up. Why, young man," addressing himself to me, who doubtless looked pale enough, as the black clouds prognosticated a storm, "I, and master there, would double the Cape in her—she's a tight old boat, and dances over the waves like a cork." Such a dance I was never led before, nor since, for it blew a hurricane, and we were driven about, nearly swamped, lost our kitchen, were wrecked in the mud, and scrambled on shore in the dark; our captain, old Tooke, and the young cockswain, enjoying the funk into which they had got a fresh-water sailor. Arrived at our inn, however, we found the house full, though now almost midnight, when joining a jovial party, we kept it up until after break of day. Such frolics delighted my friend Parson Bate.

I do not know that stories so trivial as these may be worth relating; the wit, however, which

my miserable plight provoked, would be well worth recording, if I could recollect the lively sallies which every new squall begot. We were all completely wet to the skin. In the midst of our difficulties, I recollect his bursting into a fit of laughter, and exclaiming, "I am just thinking of that comical dog, Ned Shuter. Angelo, do you remember his cries of London."—"No, I am thinking of home." "Well then, I'll tell you a story of him, to keep your spirits up. There was a fellow who cried 'silver eels,' with such extraordinary cadences, that all the mimics in town vainly tried to imitate him. Ned followed him through street, alley, and lane, but the man was dumb. At last, he accosted him: Why, my honest fellow, *you don't cry!*'—No, Sir, sobbed the itinerant—(Bate imitated him)—'I don't cry, 'cause my *wife* died to-day.'"

Mr. Bannister, recently speaking of our old friend, Sir Bate Dudley, reminded me of a *bon mot* relating to him, by his father, the late Mr. Charles Bannister, whose original wit is known so often to have set the table in a roar.

The reverend gentleman brought out at the Haymarket, many years since, that popular entertainment, The Flitch of Bacon, in which Mr. Bannister played the "Serjeant." This was very favourably received on the first night of performance. The morning after, he received the congratulations of his friends, some of whom were

hyperbolical in its praise. In the midst of these encomiums, the manager appeared, to join his testimony to its merits, with Charles Bannister at his heels; who, after the usual salutations, with a grave countenance began: "I am sorry to say, Mister Bate, that where I called just now, 'The Flitch of Bacon' was cut up, in the presence of a large party."—"The devil!—you don't say so!—where, Mr. Bannister?"—"Why at Cullum's, the cheesemonger, in Clare Market."

Not so agreeable had been the fate of an opera written by this author, which was brought forward at Drury Lane, although his friend Garrick had patronised it. This was entitled "The Blackamoor washed White!" He who had attacked so many with his satirical pen, in his paper, "The Morning Post," certainly the most audacious journal that had appeared, might well feel apprehensive that out of the many whom he had abused, he should have to encounter a formidable opposition to his piece. Hence, he was prepared with a number of friends, not only before, but behind the curtain, for a riot was apprehended, should the manager determine to proceed with the opera; —and a riot there was, in which the friends of the redoubtable author were beaten out of the field.

Mr. Bate had mustered several friends, who were distributed at different parts of the house, among whom I was of the number. My station

was in one of the corner boxes, on a line with the gallery. The clamour commenced with the party against the author, cat-calls, hisses, and yells; which were met by the other with clapping of hands, and exclamations of "turn them out." But what enraged the opposers, and begot them the alliance of the galleries, was a most indiscreet act on the part of Mr. Bate. His friends, whom he had got behind the scene, assisted by some well-known pugilists, in the midst of the disturbance crossed before the curtain from one stage door to the other, doubling their fists, and using other menacing gestures at the audience. This was the signal for a general charge upon Bate's party. The box in which we were crowded was attacked with showers of apples, oranges, and other such missiles; and some of the gallery heroes, leaning over, contrived to reach our box with bludgeons, which soon cleared it, with the exception of the late Dumergue, the dentist, who hid himself in the back of the box, the wax lights having been knocked out, until being discovered by the opposite side, he too was pelted from his retreat. The only hero who kept his station, was the late Captain Roper, who sat in one of the stage boxes, in defiance of all the other party. It was asserted, and pretty generally believed, that this riotous opposition had been planned and put into force by Fitzgerald, and the others concerned in the Vauxhall affray.

The piece was eventually irremediably damned; for Mr. Bate, having in his critical capacity shewn so little mercy to others, could not expect any sympathy from the public, who always rejoice when a satirist, attacked in his turn, receives no quarter.

The lovers of music are indebted to Mr. Bate, for first introducing the talent of the veteran Shield, before the public. Perceiving his excellent abilities, he preferred him to all his contemporaries, and he was appointed composer of the music for the "Flitch of Bacon."

Mr. Shield owed to his friendship too, as I believe, his introduction to Mr. Pierce, the author of "Hartford Bridge," a gentleman who married the sister of Mr. Bate, and to whom I acknowledge myself obliged for much kindness and hospitality during an acquaintance of more than forty years. The songs entitled "The Thorn," "The Heaving of the Lead," and "The Girl of my Heart," by his pen, and composed by Shield, are among the best legitimate lyrics of our native school. Mr. Pierce cannot but remember the pleasant days we formerly passed at Sir Bate Dudley's. Of Mr. Pierce's poem, "The Bevy of Beauties," I shall speak hereafter, making for the present only the passing observation, that the elegant and fascinating fair, whose charms he has therein so poetically perpetuated, and who then dazzled midst the enchantments of the splendid

but, amazydance, are now mingled with the dust in little fugitive pieces; among others, one entitled "At this time I too aspired to mingle with the linkists of the gay, and in my *penchant* for the stage, obtained of my old and valued friend, Mr. Shield, an original air of his composing, for a song which I performed at Wargrave theatricals, in the character of "Lady Pentweazel."

Among other choice spirits, worth knowing in those long past days, when Parson Bate and Garrick were intimate, and used to meet at my father's, was Captain Thompson, who so successfully altered the comedy of "The Plain Dealer, or the Fair Quaker of Deal." Lacy at this time was joint patentee of Drury Lane Theatre, I mean Willoughby, the son of the elder Lacy. He, Garrick, and Thompson, for a time were almost inseparable. Lacy wrote the most unintelligible hand that I remember to have seen—not even worse than those hieroglyphic scrawls which I have been in the habit of receiving from certain among the noblemen, whom I have had the honour to call my patrons. Captain Thompson was the only one of his friends who could decipher them, which circumstance becoming pretty generally known, his apartments were besieged, like those of a chamber counsellor, with poets, players, musicians, and many others, to read their cases; only, as he used to say, that he obtained no fees, though his practice daily increased.

Captain Thompson wrote several poems and little fugitive pieces; among others, one entitled *Execution-Day* (Washing-day), which was exceedingly amusing, very witty; and, telling some home truths, or domestic secrets, gave great offence to the matronly dames; and, as Charles Bannister observed, "got him into the suds."

The captain was a most agreeable companion. Mr. Bate and Garrick were fond of hearing him relate the humours of the nautical life. He commanded the Hyena frigate, and was a distinguished officer. His nephew too, who first went to sea in his uncle's ship, and was a great favourite of his captain and all the crew, I also had the pleasure to know for many years. I need only to add, that this is that Captain Thompson, who lost his leg in the glorious battle of the Nile, to extenuate my vanity in boasting such acquaintance.

Another of Mr. Bate's joyous *convives*, was Captain Henry Templar, whose family resided near my father's house at Acton. The Captain was a great friend and favourite of Garrick's, too, and used to amuse the English Roscius with his stories of genuine English character in the lower walks of life. He was more droll than even Ned Shuter, and assisted in forming the elder Edwin for the stage. The greatest treat in the mimic art that I remember in my former days, was on one occasion at my father's, when he gave us the eccentricities, or gaits of many of the principal

public characters of the age. Among others, a conversation between a certain lisping noble duke, and an orange girl well known at Drury-lane theatre. The captain had an extraordinary talent for retaining the recollection of wrangling matches among the basket-women at Covent-garden, and the fish-women at Billingsgate—then certainly the first seminaries in the island for the perfection of the vulgar tongue. These he would describe with enviable humour, and *verbatim*, to the delight of the convivial board.

The celebrated Captain Grose about this time had published his slang dictionary, which had been pretty generally read by the bucks and bloods of the day, much to their edification, of course. Captain Templar, a disciple in the same school of humour, got introduced to the author, and they became great cronies. It was not uncommon for the captain to ask a few friends to a bachelor's dinner, and at one of these, the author and he were comparing notes, as to their knowledge in the *vernacular*, as they termed it. Indeed, Templar engaged to do for Grose's *dictionary*, what Mr. Todd has since done for the *dictionary* of the great Sam Johnson, namely, add many new words. Templar, however, had promised more than he could perform, when, calling on me a few days after, and deploring his insufficiency, I advised him to seek in other districts, namely, Saffron-hill, St. Giles's, and, above all, Petty France. Availing himself of the hint, he visited

each place, but, after much industrious research, he obtained but little in the former purlieus, these fields having been already carefully gleaned. Petty France, on the contrary, had not been explored; when, strange to say, falling in with two or three *Westminster scholars*, with their assistance, in a few visits to this latter spot, he procured enough, and all purely original, to fill the close columns of the entire four pages of a sheet of foolscap. So proud was the captain of this achievement, and so grateful for my advice, that he sent me a complimentary letter of thanks, couched in the true *vernacular*, accompanied with a hamper, containing eight dozen of Liverpool ale.

The bare mention of Captain Grose, brings many an instance of his *facetia* to my mind. I never remember a more amusing day than that which, of all others, happened to be one of those entitled a *Fast*, or annual day of humiliation by act of parliament, for the manifold sins of the people, pending the years of war: a custom, by the way, which, during the days of peace (a period for general thanksgiving) is left alone—which neglect, perhaps, gave occasion to the old distich—

* * *

In time of war, and not before,
God and the soldiers we adore;
When peace is come, and war is not,
Soldiers may starve—God is forgot.

However this may be, the elder Angelo's, at Acton, being a celebrated *Cake-house* for all his numerous and very multifarious friends and acquaintance, on this particular *fast*-day walked thither two worthies, who, for bulk, might have been weighed against any two aldermen in our renowned old metropolitan city. These were Captain *Grose*, and Alexander *Gresse*: the first, the celebrated antiquary; the latter, an artist of celebrity in his day, teacher of drawing to her late majesty and the princesses, and a great favourite of his late majesty, King George the Third.

It is a curious fact, that these two corpulent gentlemen were great walkers; and although they did not get over the ground very rapidly, yet, by *taking time by the forelock*, that is, by rising early, they contrived to be in time to many a good dinner, within a circuit of eight, or even ten miles of town.

Sebastian Bach, and his friend Abel, who had been invited, were already there, when my father, looking out from the window, beheld these ponderous pedestrians approaching the house. Bach and Abel being called to the window, on viewing them, laughed so lustily, that my father, catching their fit of risibility, could not go down to receive them, as he was accustomed to do; for Bach exclaimed, patting Abel's corporation, which was very protuberant, "Mine Gote, mine teer friend Angelo, vot, is two more such *pellies* as this gome

down to keep the fast? Diable! if we feast to-day we must fast to-morrow, and so *trample* the act of parliament."

It has been remarked, that among painters, actors, musicians, and other men practising the arts, these fast-days, from time immemorial, have been particularly known as days of visiting and jollification; in short, considered as a holiday, rather than a *holy* day, by all, perhaps, but the righteous few, and the starched tories, with whom example is the watchword. As a day for piety and privation, at least, the recurrence of a fast was never so hailed in our coterie.

Gresse and Grose at length arrived; and after each taking a glass of liqueur before dinner was announced, we walked into the grounds, where Calze, an Italian painter, who had practised here, had painted a large piece on a blank wall, at least eighteen feet high, being the gable of our coach-house, the subject a Roman structure with an arch, through which he had represented a wide gravelled path, between a long vista of trees. This having become dingy, Zoffany was restoring it, and having seen our two fat friends through the hedge, as they turned the road to my father's front gate, he filled his painting brushes, and, from this slight glance, rubbed their portraits in with vast rapidity, and with marvellous resemblance. My father, and others, who accompanied them down the avenue that faced this artificial ruin,

were actually startled, thinking these figures the *wraiths* of Gresse and Grose. On nearing them, however, they appeared mere daubs. This frolic of Zoffany's, caused the fat, facetious Grose, great merriment, at the expense of Gresse, who could not, or would not, see the joke. Though a good-natured and friendly-hearted man, Gresse was very irritable, and could not patiently endure the least observations upon the stupendosity of his figure. This indeed is verified in a story of his late majesty and the too sensitive painter, which happened whilst my father was in attendance upon the royal family.

Gresse, on his first introduction as a teacher at the royal palaces, had been told by Muller, page to the then young prince Edward, that the etiquette was, if by accident he met the King, or any member of the royal family, within the palace, to stand respectfully still—let them pass, and take no notice, unless those great personages condescended to notice him.

It happened, that during his many professional visits at Buckingham House, at Kew, and at Windsor, during the first two years' attendance, he had never by any chance met the King.

One day, however, whilst waiting to attend the Queen, and amusing himself in looking at the painted ceiling in the great audience chamber, a door suddenly opened, and by a side glance he perceived himself in the royal presence. It was

no less a personage than his majesty King George the Third, who entered alone.

Struck, no doubt, with the extraordinary bulk, and general contour of the figure of the artist, for he stood with his hands behind him, grasping his cocked hat, and his legs straddling wide, with his head thrown back, the King advanced to the middle of the room, and eyed him with apparent surprise. Gresse, remembering the point of etiquette, dropped his head to its natural position, and stood stock-still.

After his majesty had taken this survey, he walked round, whilst Gresse, wishing a trap-door to open under his own feet, remained, nothing short of a waxen figure, beneath a tropical sun. At length the King, unconscious, we may reasonably suppose, of the misery of the sensitive artist, walked to some distance, and turning round took a view of him right in front. Gresse, determined to show the King that he really was not a statue, regardless of further etiquette, made to the sovereign a most profound bow, which the King understanding, as it is supposed, he immediately retired.

To Calze, and his painting of the Roman ruin, also, a tale is attached which may not be entirely unworthy of relating, as it tends to show that then, as now, certain slippery foreign geniuses practised their tricks with advantage upon the unsuspicious character of John Bull.

Calze practised principally as a limner, for such was the then usual designation of a portrait painter. He was, however, a general sort of genius, and undertook various branches of the art. He was capricious and litigious, though, by fits, as generous as the most liberal of his compeers. Like most Italians, however, being no economist, he got into pecuniary difficulties, and to get out of them again, would sometimes fix the consequences upon an employer, or even a friend.

Zoffany, who ever had his wits about him, had known Signor Calze well, and advised my father, before he left England, to beware of his tricks; saying, "*mine friend* Angelo, I would advise you to obtain in writing, that this fine temple, at the bottom of the garden—this ruin—is not to be rebuilt up at your expense; for (putting his finger on his nose), if the *Signor* should happen to want some monies, though this is painted, *con amore*, it may chance to end *al contrario: Guarda lo chi è*—Take care he not send a you se long bill." My father smiled at the precaution, and was incredulous, saying—"No—no, my dear Mister Zoffany—he can never treat me so."

My mother, however, who had more penetration, by a little playful management, procured a written testimony from him, of the work being done, as a tribute in kind.

This was opportune, for, some few years afterwards, a demand was made, by Calzes' order, on the elder Angelo, for this very painting, when this written acknowledgment alone, secured him against the injustice of the charge, which was of no inconsiderable amount.

The obligations of this thoughtless, not to say unprincipled painter, to my father, were many. First, for introducing him to the patronage of certain of his own patrons; and secondly, for teaching him to ride in his *manége*, and to fence. He also paid him liberally for some small portraits of his friends.

Among others of his patrons with whom he quarrelled and went to law, was Baron Nollekens, the Swedish ambassador, for whom he painted a *Madame le Maître*, the baron's *chère amie*, in no other costume, as was whispered, than that of Eve's before the fall. Calzes, it appears, and the fact was credited, presuming on this circumstance, demanded twice the sum originally stipulated for the work; and, on the imposition being properly resented, the audacious painter threatened to expose the said *French Venus*, which he supposed would have rendered the baron supremely ridiculous, though he was no deity. Indeed, he would have stood no Adonis in this *exposé*, for his Excellency had a humped back.

Calzes' profligacy obliged him to quit England, where, after having played many pranks at the

expense of Lord Lyttleton, to whom he was introduced by my father, and to the prejudice of other persons, he went to Prussia, and was patronized by the court. His conduct there, also, was so entirely disreputable that he was obliged to decamp from Berlin; and though he wrote to my father, detailing his misfortunes, as he designated them, I know not what became of him after this period, now more than half a century since.

To return to Gresse, however, of whom I would say something more; I have lately, in turning over my portfolios, met with a most characteristic sketch of him, taken by a pupil of his, still surviving, and a distinguished member of the English school. He is represented dozing in his arm-chair, after dinner, a custom which his plethoric habit induced daily, for some years before his death.

Gresse, after this accidental first interview with our late sovereign, as I have before observed, became a great favourite of his majesty; so much so, indeed, that the king condescended to visit his house, which he built at Cookham, and in which he resided occasionally, during the summer season. As this house, which was dubbed *Gresse's Folly*, had neither external elegance, nor much internal beauty to boast, however, it is likely that the king was excited by that playful humour in which he occasionally indulged, to

view it as a curiosity, being the residence of so *great* a man.

I have heard Gresse relate, with much delight, the conversation which happened at this royal visit. His majesty went into every apartment, noticed the contrivances of the kitchen, commented on his pictures, and then visited his garden, and domestic out-buildings. "You have chosen too low a site though," observed his majesty. "Take care, Master Gresse, or you will be carried off in a winter flood;" which prognostic, by the way, had nearly occurred within a year after.

On going up a staircase, constructed with a too sudden turn, which led to the huge man's dormitory, the king whispered to one of the attendants, "I wonder how Gresse climbs up this narrow flight; but, a greater wonder will be how they will get him down if he dies here, for there is no flexibility in a coffin—hey—my lord —hey!"

Gresse, though his father was a Swiss, was born in London. He prided himself on this circumstance, as did also King George the Third. Indeed, his majesty, in talking with him upon his parental country, condescended to remark: "But you and I were born Britons; that is something to boast—hey, Gresse!"

Gresse on this occasion related a story, as a case in point, at which the condescending

sovereign laughed heartily, and went immediately to tell it again to her majesty and the princesses.

Gresse, with a brother artist, during the furor of the French Revolution, made an excursion to the Isle of Wight. Gresse sketched topographical views with spirit and great accuracy, and this expedition was expressly made to add subjects to his portfolio. He was seated on a projecting rock, immediately under that lofty cliff so admired by painters, and designated *Shanklin Chine.* This picturesque spot, immediately on the coast, is at the back of the island, and fronting France.

At this period, the fishermen who inhabit this spot, and indeed the lower ranks of the people generally, suspected all strangers, peering about the coast, whether mineralogists or painters, to be French spies. On this occasion, Gresse and his friend having their sketch-books open, watchfully looking about, and entering their observations on the pages, they were discovered by the daughter of an old fisherman; who peeping over, cried, "I've caught the monsieurs in the fact."

His friend, who really was as much too thin and lank, as the other was too bulky, being half-way up the Chine, was seen first, when somewhat alarmed, as other fishermen joined, and menaced him by the opprobrious term of French rascals, and beginning to pelt him with stones, he scrambled down to Gresse. The assailants followed; when,

halting at an open space, and one showing a rusty musket, and hailing Gresse, he drew himself back, and projecting his magnificent corporation, he patted it with both hands, and looking up, vociferated, "Away with ye, smugglers—rogues!—Does this look like any thing French?"

My father had several drawings made by Gresse from the statues in the gallery of his patron the Earl of Pembroke, at the mansion at Wilton; these were for a work, now become exceedingly scarce, it seems, which was entitled "Kennedy's Account of the Pictures, Statues, &c. at the Earl of Pembroke's at Wilton." I have but an imperfect recollection of the work. His biographer says, "that Gresse drew these in his youth for old Mr. Boydell, and etched the figures himself;" adding, that "Bartolozzi improved them with his inimitable hand." This is likely enough, for that most ingenious and liberal engraver gave up half his time, at least, in rendering those important services to his friends. Bartolozzi had a great esteem for Gresse, who had been a favourite pupil of his estimable colleague, Cipriani; indeed he lived with this painter many years, and was a very close imitator of his style. Gresse had studied under other masters; so many, indeed, that Bartolozzi, who was doing some professional service for a friend of Gresse's, he unfortunately differed with the engraver, who, Italian-like, was hasty, and Gresse harping on the word *style*, he exclaimed,

"Cot-dam, Mister Gresse, hold your tongue; you have copy so many mastare, you have not left no style at all."

His father, a native of Rolle, on the Lake of Geneva, who settled here, perceiving his son Alexander's predilection for drawing, and having sufficient means, determined to educate him for an artist.

It often has happened that the fond pride of parental zeal has failed in these points, whilst the youth, left to the bent of his own genius, makes a rapid progress, and becomes an original master. Gresse had all the advantages which the instructors of the age could afford, and yet made no near approaches to excellence; whilst many youths, his coevals, with nature only for a guide, traced out a path of their own to the Temple of Fame.

Gresse was entered a student at the Duke of Richmond's gallery. He then became a member of the St. Martin's-lane Academy. He had previously been a pupil of Scotin, a Frenchman, and an eminent engraver, who understood the human figure well, and not only engraved, but designed some of the most excellent book prints that were published about the middle of the last century. From Scotin, he was transferred to receive the tuition of Major, another engraver, one of the English school. Next he studied landscape painting under the then famous Zucarelli, and

lastly, became a disciple of the aforenamed John Baptist Cipriani.

It is amusing to look back to this period, and to compare the then state of art, particularly that department in which the English so eminently, so peculiarly excel, water colour drawing—or, as it is now more properly termed, water-colour painting —and indeed of the arts generally, with the present state.

I have already observed, that my father was acquainted with almost every artist of eminence, foreign as well as native, who practised here during the latter half of the last century. His great fondness for painting and drawing induced him to seek the company of these, in preference to the members of most other professions; as I have heard him say that they were regarded, either as a body or individually, the most amusing and interesting of any society that he had formed: equally lively with the actors; more amusing than the musicians, without the levity of the former; better informed than the latter; and more sterling in their general reputation than either. I remember one of his remarks, which I do not recollect having struck any other person, in speaking of painters and musicians. "I have observed," said he to the elder Sheridan, "that among painters, in every age, have been found no inconsiderable number who have cultivated the art of music; but, how few musicians have troubled their heads with the

study of painting. Indeed, scarcely a painter could be named, who did not at least, delight in listening to the strains of the musician, vocal or instrumental; whilst there was not one musician in twenty who cared a straw for pictures."

Bach and Abel, who were as intimate—as inseparable, indeed—as Cipriani and Bartolozzi, were almost the only exceptions to this remark. These two distinguished musicians were connoisseurs of pictures and prints, and in my younger days, I remember the many happy hours, for many a winter season, that these four worthies passed under my father's roof, in Carlisle-street.

Gainsborough, as is sufficiently known, was an enthusiastic admirer of music; and though certainly no musician, yet his love for sweet sounds was such, that he had tried his native skill upon almost every instrument. He was too capricious to sit to study any one methodically, though having a nice ear, he could perform an air on the fiddle, the guitar, the harpsichord, or the flute. Under Fischer, his son-in-law, he did take a few lessons upon the hautboy, or clarionet, I forget which; but made nothing of it. He, however, could modulate to a certain degree on a keyed instrument, and used frequently to chaunt any rhodomontade that was uppermost, accompanying himself with the chords on my mother's *piano-forte*.

Bach, who had a true German share of dry

humour, used to sit and endure his miserable attempts, and, laughing in his sleeve, exclaim, "Bravo!" whilst Gainsborough, not at all abashed at his irony, would proceed, labouring hard at any particular key, be it major or be it minor, and drolly exclaim, "Now for Purcell's chaunt; now a specimen of old Bird." "Dat is debilish fine," cried Bach. "Now for a touch of Kent, and old Henry Lawes," added Gainsborough; when Bach, his patience worn out, would cry, "Now dat is too pad; dere is no *law*, by goles! why the gompany is to listen to your murder of all these ancient gombosers;" when, getting up from his seat, he would run his finger rattling along all the keys, and, pushing the painter from his seat, would sit himself in his place, and flourish voluntaries, as though he was inspired.

Once Bach called upon him in Pall-Mall, and going straight to his painting room, he found him fagging hard at the bassoon, an instrument that requires the wind of a forge-bellows to fill. Gainsborough's cheeks were puffed, and his face was round and red as the harvest moon. Bach stood astounded. "Pote it away, man, pote it away; do you want to burst yourself, like the frog in the fable? De defil! it is only fit for the lungs of a country blackschmidt." "Nay, now!" exclaimed Gainsborough; "it is the richest bass in the world. Now do listen again." "Listen," added Bach, "mine friendt, I did listen at your

door in the passage, and py all the powers above, as I hobe to be saved, it is just for all the vorld as the veritable praying (braying) of a jackass."

"D—n it!" exclaimed Gainsborough, "why you have no ear, man; no more than an adder. Come, then, (taking the clarionet)"—"Baw, baw!" exclaimed the musician, "vorse and vorse; no more of your *canarding*, tis as a duck; by Gar! 'tis vorse as a goose!"

Mr. Jackson, of Exeter, the composer, so celebrated for his canzonets, must not be forgotten, as another exception to this observation, however. This distinguished musician was almost as fond of painting, as Gainsborough was of music; and, as I have heard, was no mean performer with the pallet and pencils. His description of Gainsborough's enthusiastic, and, I may add, eccentric turn for instrumental music, is so lively and characteristic of the man, that I cannot forego the advantage of inserting it here.

"Gainsborough's profession was painting; music was his amusement: yet there were times when music appeared to be his employment, and painting his diversion. As his skill in music has been celebrated, I will, before I speak of him as a painter, mention what merit he possessed as a musician.

"When I first knew him at Bath, where Giardini had been exhibiting his then unrivalled powers on the violin, his excellent performance made

Gainsborough enamoured of that instrument, and conceiving, like the servant-maid in the Spectator, that the music lay in the fiddle, he was frantic until he possessed the very *instrument* which had given him so much pleasure, but seemed surprised that the music of it remained behind with Giardini.

" He had scarcely recovered his shock (for it was a great one to him), when he heard Abel on the viol-di-gamba. The violin was hung on the willows. Abel's viol-di-gamba was purchased, and the house resounded with melodious thirds and fifths, from morn 'till dewy eve. Fortunately my friend's passion had now a new object—Fisher's hautboy.

" The next time I saw Gainsborough, it was in the character of King David. He had heard a performer on the harp at Bath;—the performer was soon left harpless.

" In this manner he frittered away his musical talents, and though possessed of ear, taste, and genius, he never had application enough to learn his notes; he scorned to take the first step, the second was of course out of his reach, and the summit became unattainable."

This sprightly sketch of the musical eccentricities of the painter, with all due respect to the memory of Mr. Jackson, is somewhat of a caricature; for Gainsborough not only did know his notes, but could accompany a slow movement of

the harpsichord, both on the fiddle and the flute, with taste and feeling.

Had Gainsborough outlived the witty musician, he might, perhaps, with equal truth have given the world as satirical, not to say as unfriendly, a posthumous description of Jackson's attempts with the pallet and painting brushes.

Another writer, speaking of his legitimate professional studies, with reference to these remarks has said, with as much truth as with friendly zeal for his posthumous fame: "However frivolous or childish his conduct might be in his musical pursuits, he was steady and manly in the prosecution of excellence in his own art, though not without some of that caprice peculiar to his character."

There are few men highly gifted with what is generally comprehended under the term *genius*, who have not occasionally exhibited traits of eccentricity, or manifested some of those aberrations from sober study, which seem to justify the lines of the satirical poet:

> "Great wit to madness sure is near allied,
> And thin partitions do their bounds divide."

I never think of this extraordinary genius but with feelings of admiration and fond regard. He visited at my father's when I was a boy. I knew him intimately when I became a man, and I trust the reader will not consider me too garrulous,

now that I am growing a greybeard, if I dedicate a few more pages to his memory.

Many years, indeed more than half a century ago, my father received a commission from the Prince Carignan, at Turin, to furnish him with fifty high-bred English horses. These being procured, and my father being invited to the court of the Prince, he embarked the horses, with a sufficient number of grooms, and set off soon afterwards, taking my mother with him, to the continent.

This happened not long after my old friends, Bach and Abel, made their second visit to this country, their first being but for a short period.

Not long before this, my father had purchased Carlisle House of Lord Delaval, the brother of Sir Francis Delaval, the friend and patron of Samuel Foote. This house being spacious, he had apartments for many purposes; one in particular he used as a constant chamber for the evening *conversazione* with his numerous friends. Bach and Abel resided together in the adjoining house. These two eminent musicians, who, as I have said before, were inseparable, were fortunately making a rapid accession of patrons, having almost as large an acquaintance, among the great folks, as Angelo himself. Foreigners, at this period at least, residing here, mingled together with less ceremony than the natives. Professional men, in particular, were almost all free of each other's quarters.

When my father took his departure for this journey, he offered the use of his country house to these his two worthy friends, gratuitously, saying, as he shook each by the hand, "I leave you in possession—use every thing as your own."

During this period, Bartolozzi and Cipriani were constant visitors, and Gainsborough almost as frequently came over. I have before related how Bach and Abel obtained drawings from these former two artists; I may now add, that Abel laid an impost upon the talent of Gainsborough. Doubtless, it was in exchange for the notes of his *viol-di-gamba*, that he obtained so many drafts upon the genius of the painter, whose prolific crayons supplied him with so many specimens of his art, that on his return home my father found the walls of his apartment covered with them, slightly pinned to the paper hangings.

These, many of them the best of his sketches, being executed *con amore*, Abel subsequently parted with, not for filthy lucre, but for the indulgence of that vanity, which led many a wiser man than Abel, to keep a mistress. *Signora Grassi*, for whom he took a house in Frith-street, wheedled him out of these treasures of art, and bestowing handsome frames upon them, they were made the decorations of the Signora's drawing-room. Thus Abel, before he had a house of his own, supplied this dulcinea with a handsome one, and of course, at a considerable expense. The woman,

though no beauty was a wit, and called this apartment her *painted Paradise.* Fischer, Gainsborough's son-in-law, though a man of few words, in making a visit there with his friend Abel, objected to this designation, by exclaiming "Abel, you are a fool: and mine fader Gainsborough is a plockhead; for the only painted thing in the house is mine lady's cat-face!" The lady was not present, but for her and himself Abel made no other return to Fischer for his German politeness, than a most grave and profound bow.

Abel died—and his dulcinea going abroad, she parted with the house and furniture, together with this collection of Gainsborough's, which were sold by auction, if I can trust my memory, at Langford's rooms, now occupied by Messrs. Robins, in the Piazza, Covent-Garden.*

Whilst my father was in attendance at Buckingham House, where he had the honour to give lessons to his present Majesty, and his late Royal Highness the Duke of York, then Bishop of Osnaburgh, Gainsborough was busily engaged in painting separate portraits of the royal children. He used to tell my father, he was all but raving mad with ecstacy in beholding such a constellation of youthful beauty. Indeed, he used sometimes to rattle away in so hyperbolical a strain upon the subject of his art, that any indifferent observer would have concluded the painter was beside his wits.

"Talk of the Greeks," he would exclaim, "the pale-faced, long-nosed, unmeaning visaged ghosts! Look at the living, delectable carnations in this royal progeny. Talk of old dame *Cornelia*, the mother of the *Gracchi*," addressing himself to his own painted resemblances of the sons and daughters of his royal employers. "Sir, here you behold half a score of youthful divinities—look on, ye Gods!"—"Hist!" my father would say, "Mister Gainsborough! You will be overheard, and we shall both be sent to St. Luke's!"—"St. Luke's, Sir!" replied the madcap; "know ye not that I am a painter—ergo, a son of St. Luke? ha, ha, ha!"

When occasionally taken there by my father, to see the palace, I have often beheld this series of portraits, and certainly they might be safely matched for nobleness of countenance, purity of complexion, and sweetness of expression, against any family, the children of the same parents, and win the prize of beauty.

This interesting collection of portraits, entirely busts, and in uniform frames, decorated the walls of a small apartment of her late majesty, Queen Charlotte of inestimable memory, where she, as I have been informed, delighted to sit, thus surrounded with the faithful resemblances of her numerous and beloved children.

The last time I was permitted, by special favour, to take a look at this apartment, which happened

but a short period before the death of her majesty, I could not avoid reflecting on the mutability of all earthly things; and, referring to the change which the silent workings of Time had wrought upon myself, I was led to note the impartiality of this irresistible destroyer, who defacing alike the palace and the cot, spares no more the beauty of the inhabitant of the one than that of the other. The sweetest, the most lovely female countenance of the youthful group, always appeared to me to be that of the then Princess Royal—that now virtuous Queen of Wirtemberg, who, so long absent in a foreign land, has lived to experience the rare felicity, as a princess, of revisiting her native home!

Of the reminiscences of these past days, as relating to this royal house, I could fill many a page. More than once have I seen the whole of the royal family together, at Windsor, at Kew, and at Buckingham-house. I have beheld at the ball-room, St. James's, our honoured Sovereign, and the Princess Royal, in the zenith of their youthful graces, dance in the presence of the court.

Once I made a list of those persons who had the honour to teach the royal family, in their respective professional capacities. This I have lost. Had I then contemplated the probability of my living to assume the egotistical office of my own biographer, I doubtless, should have been more careful of the preservation of such a docu-

ment. In lieu of this, I will endeavour to recollect who were appointed to this honourable distinction.

His present majesty received lessons in landscape drawing from Alexander Cozens, designated the elder, by birth a Russian, who first practised here as a landscape painter, but was afterwards appointed professor of drawing at Eton School.

Biachio Rebecca, an Italian, instructed some of the princesses to draw the human figure, and taught the Princess Elizabeth the art of etching on copper.

John Alexander Gresse gave instructions to the queen and princesses in imitation of that light and elegant style, which was so successfully practised by Cipriani.

Her majesty took some lessons of Gainsborough, during the then fashionable rage for that artist's eccentric style, denominated Gainsborough's moppings.

Rustan, a Flemish artist, also taught the princesses to draw heads, hands, and feet, in chalks.

Mr. Cooper was long employed by her majesty as teacher of landscape drawing in chalks to the princesses.

Miss Black was engaged as teacher of painting in crayons.

His late Majesty received instruction in architectural drawing from Sir William Chambers.

Joshua Kirby, father of the celebrated Mrs.

Trimmer, was teacher of perspective to his late majesty, whilst Prince of Wales; and Goupy had the honour, during the king's minority, also to superintend his studies of figure and landscape drawing. By Quin, his majesty, when a youth, and his royal brothers and sisters, were taught elocution, an honour upon which the venerable comedian prided himself to the day of his death.

The elder Angelo was teacher of the art of fencing to the young princes.

Sebastian Bach was music master to the queen, and Monsieur Denoyes was dancing master to the royal family.

At the beautiful villa at Frogmore, the favourite morning retreat of her late majesty, there is a small apartment, the walls of which are hung with a collection of framed drawings of animals, done in pen and ink, the works of the princess royal, which, and I speak on the authority of competent judges, are most faithfully copied. They are principally from the designs of Rubens, Snyders, and Rydinger, and are drawn with a correctness and spirit, that might be owned by a professional hand, and that of no mean repute.

The designs of the Princess Elizabeth—for her royal highness was superior to the drudgery of copying—were many of them tasteful, and in the Italian gusto. A series of etchings, from her own compositions, which I have seen, making a thin folio volume, contain several female figures,

grouped with that grace which many a professor might envy. Her royal highness's versatile talent led to many experiments in the decorative branches of art. An apartment at Buckingham-house, and two or three at Frogmore, were painted in the Asiatic style, wherein the japan work is wrought with considerable knowledge and skill, by her own hand.

Among other studies, this ingenious princess attempted mezzotinto engraving, under the gratuitous instruction of Mr. Matthew Wyatt. I have seen a head, the first effort of her royal highness in this difficult art, which has considerable merit.

His late majesty, in his youth, was particularly fond of drawing, and early imbibed a well-cultured taste for architecture. Sir William Chambers spoke highly of his capacity, and the late Mr. James Wyatt also bore testimony of his Majesty's practical knowledge of that sublime art. A small temple, erected in Kew Gardens, which is much admired, and is engraved in the folio works of Sir William Chambers, is said to have been entirely the design of the late king, whilst Prince of Wales. The old gate entrance from St. James's-park to Carlton-house gardens, the two piers of which were lately standing, were also erected from the design of the same august personage.

So clear were his Majesty's perceptions of archi-

tectural construction, as I have been assured by Mr. Wyatt, that, during the alterations of Windsor Castle, made several years ago, and proceeding upon, whilst the king was at Weymouth, his majesty corresponded by letter with that great architect, and pointed out to him, by his acute recollection of every part of the site, capabilities for alteration and improvement, that had escaped the vigilance of those employed upon the spot. This fact, however surprising it may appear, has been corroborated by the assertions of other authorities. The localities of the late king's memory are said to have been such, as almost to exceed belief.

Indeed this useful faculty has been peculiarly an attribute of this august family, of which I have heard my father, who was an attentive observer, relate many instances; others, I have heard from those who were of the royal household, some from the late president of the Royal Academy, and some I can vouch for myself.

Garrick told my father that, once having the honour of conversing with his majesty on the state of the old English drama, he was astonished at the king's knowledge of the earliest plays, and more so at his memory of their respective authors, and the dates of their first appearance. "A species of information," said Garrick, "of which few literary men knew any thing."

I have been told, with what truth I know not,

that his majesty, whilst in his minority, made for himself a common-place-book, wherein he arranged subjects, upon all branches of science and important pursuits, to fit him for general conversation; and that his majesty recommended to all the preceptors, to store the minds of the royal children, with as much general information as the memory would bear. Owing to this early exercise of the faculties, we may presume it is, that there is no subject (and I speak from pretty extensive authority) upon which those who have had the honour of an interview with any member of the royal family have treated, but they have found them competent to enter into.

Whilst Mr. West was painting the series of pictures, recording the history of the warlike Edward the Third, for his majesty's presence chamber at Windsor Castle, in an apartment of which the painter partly executed them, the king frequently honoured him with a visit, and talked upon the subject.

Mr. West had made small studies of each, in every one of which he had been particular with the costume, ensigns, and armorial bearings. In some, Mr. West had found it necessary to depart from his first plans, as he obtained new historical facts, particularly in the armorial bearings. "But, in no instance," said Mr. West, "not even the most minute alteration that I made, ever escaped the vigilant memory of his majesty." "I

perceive, West," he would say, " that you have altered this—ay—and that. It stood so-and-so; I thought you were wrong." Indeed, the king was learned in heraldry, and often set the heralds themselves right, in certain questions upon their own science.

It is said that in every close community, however high, or however grave, there is always some current humour *sur le tapis*; or, more familiarly speaking, some current joke. Even the universities are not exempt from the observation. Hence the philosophic Sam Johnson has said, " Sir, every college has its joker and its joke, though that which may be a good joke within a college, may be no joke without a college." Such things have happened even within the walls of a palace.

Rebecca, whose ingenuity in the decorative art, and particularly in his skilful tact for painting deceptions, was well known to have excited the mirth of our late sovereign at Windsor, I have often heard relate circumstances of the current humour of the palace.

Most of the masters in attendance had some pertinent designation, or appropriate nickname, and even those of still higher grade did not altogether escape. There are few men, whatever may be their rank, who do not occasionally assume, when within the verge of a court, somewhat of an artificial character. All are desirous for the royal

smile, and all are prone to catch the trick of playing the courtier.

Kings and queens, princes and princesses, may surely, then, be forgiven, secluded as they are from common life, if they indulge in a little innocent merriment on these occasions.

Men rarely step out of themselves, as it were, without rendering themselves ridiculous.

Rustan, the drawing-master, was no courtier; he was one of those blunt, honest worthies, whom no court could polish, and no favour could spoil. He stood, nevertheless, high in the good graces of the royal family, for genuine integrity is no bad commodity to carry even to court.

The studies of heads, hands, and feet, which he laid before his royal pupils, were frequently colossal, drawn upon coarse cartridge paper, and were loaded with chalk. He drew with rapidity, and his lines were bold and vigorous; and being a sad sloven in his process, and cutting the chalks for all his royal scholars, his fingers, and sometimes his face, became so smutty, that he might well have passed for a small-coal-man. Rebecca, however he came by his authority, quoting his nickname, always spoke of him as "*Count Smudge.*"

The elder Cozens, another who was not over nice in his process, and, singular as it may seem, was no less honest than the aforenamed. He

used to rub his colours on plates, for washing in his *blots;* a style in which he taught, by the way, as whimsical, if not quite as effective, as Gainsborough's *moppings:* he was dubbed, from the various colour of his fingers, so Rebecca said, *Sir Dingey Digit.*

Gresse, doubtless from his ponderosity, was designated Monsieur Mini; and Cooper, who was a handsome, well-bred man, somewhat proud and cynical, and though a Scot, certainly no courtier, was cognomened *Squire Crab.* My father, as I have heard, but neither from Rebecca nor himself, went by the title of Chevalier Perpendicular. One, whom I could name, was honoured with the title of old *Guy;* and another with the very appropriate *nomen,* old *Fox.*

A painter, of no small celebrity, and who experienced largely of royal favour, was dubbed Rattle; whilst a late old courtier, who shall also be nameless, but well known in the palace, being a great snuff-taker, and no remarkable amateur of clean ruffles and frills, was dubbed the dirty baronet. The last cognomen, however, which was bruited about within the atmosphere of the palace, was fitted upon a gentleman who had rendered himself famous for retrenchments in the royal household. He was dubbed, but not by his betters, of course, with the significant title of General *Cut-us-off!* To be serious, however, for this may be compared to the dangerous frolic,

"playing with edge-tools," I am constrained to declare, that my firm belief is, and I am ready to affirm the same before his worship the Mayor of Windsor, that these cognomens, or nicknames, originated in the waggishness of certain well-fed, well-favoured wights, part and parcel of the royal household.

And well-favoured, ruddy-faced wights they were, who attended on the royal personages in the days of our good old king, which may be illustrated by a story in point.

The late Adam C*******, whose chequered history excited the sympathy of many good men, by the recommendation, as I believe, of Lord Bredalbane, obtained an introduction to the Princess Elizabeth, who engaged him to give her lessons, in what on the Continent is denominated *gwash*, or painting in body water-colours.

This gentleman, by birth a *Scot*, early in life, entered the military service, obtained a majority, it seems, and was with his regiment in the East Indies. Having, whilst a youth, in his native country, imbibed a religious turn, and indulging in some peculiar notions, his piety led him to reflect upon the profession of a soldier, as one entirely unfitting to the strict tenets of christianity, turned field-preacher; and, being bantered by his military companions, he "*smuggled himself*" on board a homeward-bound vessel, and returned to England, leaving his comrades in wonder at

what had become of him: the general conclusion, however, being, that he had been devoured, either by a hungry tiger, or swallowed, sword and all, by a voracious alligator.

Naturally attached to graphic pursuits, he at length took up the more tranquil profession of a painter, which he pursued with much more ardour than success, and verified the axiom, that the love of art, and the capacity for art, may be widely different in this, as in all the other mental pursuits.

He had tried all branches, and attempted all styles; historics, landscape, familiar subjects, marine pieces, compositional, and topographical; in oil, in water, in crayon, and in *gwash;* he was, moreover, an amateur performer on the violin; which accomplishment he should have rested upon, as he made a better figure with the bow, than with the painting-brush. He was most abstemious, and so thin withal, that the "*wags of Windsor*" compared him to a *fiddle-stick.*

One morning, whilst attending her royal highness, or, rather, waiting for his royal pupil, in the princess's chamber, and alone, the king, in the outward passage, called loudly for one of the pages, and, suddenly opening the door, beheld the drawing-master. It was a frosty day, there was little fire in the apartment, and he stood, the personification of a frozen anatomy. The king gazed upon him with surprise, C*******, contrary to etiquette, made his bow, and answered,

"Not here, your majesty;" when the great personage retired, gently shutting the door.

Whether his majesty recollected his first view of the great Alexander Gresse, and, suddenly impelled by the contrast, felt himself thus moved, is not known; but certain it is, that he immediately sent his page, to inquire who the gaunt stranger might be, and to tender him assistance.

"The King has been inquiring for you, all impatience," said C*******; "run, fly, why *dinna* ye go, man?"—"I've seen the King, and he has been inquiring about *you*," said the page, laughing in his fat throat.

"Aboot me!" echoed the artist; "well, and what *aboot* me?"—"Only that he desired me to hasten to a ghostly looking old gentleman, who looked as if he were about to die," returned the page.

"Goost! goost!" exclaimed C*******, "weel, he might take me for a goost, contrasted by his own royal visage, and surrounded by such a hoost of claret-faced, well-fed gentry, as ye; goost, indeed! I say goost too!" Neither was this worthy old Scot much of a courtier.

Not unfrequently his majesty heard of what passed on these accidental *rencontres;* which recitals frequently produced much private mirth in the domestic royal circle. It appears, from many circumstances which I have occasionally heard, and on authorities that might be relied on,

scenes often occurred thus characteristic of independence and honest bluntness, which have delighted our late sovereign.

There are amongst the many who crowd the courts, some of every humour, and in every grade. None among the medley, perhaps, are so generally disliked, as those who meddle in other's affairs: indeed, the standing motto of every great establishment should be, "*mind your own business;*" although none but the impertinent would require the admonition.

Old Stragael, a blunt, high-dried, honest German, had the care of his late majesty's clocks. Now every one who remembers the habits of the royal establishment must know, that the King, exacting punctuality in all things, was an economist of time; hence all his clocks were "*good goers.*"

Stragael was one day busied in one of the King's private apartments, in making some new arrangements on the face of a small clock; and standing upon a stool, placed upon a table, his hands extended above his head, holding some instrument or tool, in a position by no means to be envied, or unnecessarily prolonged.

The King had caused him to remain in this uneasy posture, unwittingly, when, perceiving that it was becoming irksome, with his accustomed kind consideration relieved him, by saying,

"There—I thank you—that will do—perfectly well, indeed—thank you, Stragael."

Among the group who were about his majesty, composed of the queen, some of the princesses, two or three lords, equerries, pages in waiting, and others, Dr. le **** happened to be there. This gentleman was one, who would, to use the common adage, "*have a finger in the pie.*" In fact, he was a general meddler.

The king had done with the business, and Stragael was on the point of being relieved, when Dr. le **** observed—"There now—I think, Mr. Stragael, if you raise it a little higher—and now—"

Stragael, who had been biting his lips at his interference before, now could refrain no longer; when, screwing his head round, and looking fiercely down from his station, his hands still elevated, he inquired with a sarcastic grin—"Bray, Tocdor le ****, are you a clog maigre (clock-maker)?"

"No; Sir, I am not."

"Hem!" ejaculated Stragael: raising his voice —"Den—tocdor—you—are—a—fool!"

The king quitted the apartment, and, as soon as out of hearing, laughed most heartily, enjoying, as did every one else, the rap of the knuckles which the doctor thus deservedly obtained for his impertinent interference.

To continue my recollections of some of those artistical worthies, who have been already mentioned as part of the ingenious corps, who had the honour to instruct the royal family in their respective branches of art, I must not neglect to mention some of the lively tricks of Biachio Rebecca, whose eccentricities were productive of great amusement in the occasional revelries at Windsor and Frogmore.

This artist, whose talent was sufficiently versatile, was famous for painting deceptions. His invention was prolific, and there were scarcely any of the royal household whom he had not deceived by some graphic trick. His Majesty, who delighted in a little frolic, was frequently in the secret, and the merriment that was occasionally excited at the expense of certain over-clever persons about the court, was most amusing.

Some of his schemes, indeed, were so humorous and frolicsome, that he might be said to revive in himself, the habits of the court jester of olden times.

Once, at an evening concert at the castle, during the performance, the King being privy to the deception, one of the pages delivered to his majesty a pretended, new extraordinary gazette, which being perceived, the music was suspended by a signal from the leader of the band.

His Majesty, opening the paper, and pretending not to clearly see the print, delivered it to Lord

********, an old beau, who constantly boasted, though past his grand climacteric, that he could read small print without the aid of a glass. "Read it out, my lord," said the king. Her majesty, and all the company, of course, were eagerly listening, in silent expectation of some glorious news. His lordship turned the page in all directions, drew closer to a branch of lights, but being none the nearer to the object, and reddening with embarrassment, conscious no doubt of his boasted optical powers, at length declared, "that, from some sudden impediment, he could not read."

"Do you then favour us," said the King to another old courtier, who was senior to the last; who, taking his reading-glass, and finding himself in the same dilemma, went to one of the music stands, and, applying the paper close to the wax-light, and his eye still nearer to the columns, exclaimed, "Strange! neither can I make it out, your majesty."

"Strange, indeed!" echoed the King; who, taking this extraordinary gazette, and reading, or pretending to read a paragraph previously conned, folded the paper, and put it into his pocket, leaving the two old beaux to the full enjoyment of their embarrassment, and the company not a little surprised at the adventure, when his majesty desired the leader to proceed.

This gazette, it afterwards appeared, Rebecca had procured to be so struck off at the printing-

office by a confederate, that all the letters were twice impressed, which would have defied the compositors themselves to have read, or even guessed at the meaning.

These pranks, however, were only played off at the expense of such as, from some foppery, frivolity, or conceit, had laid themselves open to the imposition.

Another of the tricks of this whimsical artist, produced a good dramatic effect in the palace. There were two pier-glasses of extraordinary dimensions, recently set up in one of the public apartments, which attracted the attention of all the visitors, they being the largest that had been cast in any British manufactory.

The painter knowing that an injunction to be guardful of these, had been given to the people, male and female, appointed to show the state apartments, conceived that a glorious frolic might be created by one of his tricks, namely, to make an artificial fracture on each, before the hour prescribed for opening the show-rooms. He got in by stealth, and, with a wax-candle, beginning from the centre, threw out his irradiating lines, and apparently fractured each glass.

The head showman, whose appointment is immediately under the lady housekeeper, entering, *ex officio*, to see that all was in order, exclaimed, "Heaven and earth!" and, calling the housemaids, who were in the next rooms, busied with

their dusters and brooms—"Which of you devils did this?" pointing to the glass. The women were dumb.

"Ah! it's of no use to deny it; surely the devil is in ye! What in the name of wonder have ye been at? What will Lady ——— say to this?"

"La! how shocking!" ejaculated one. "How unfortunate!" exclaimed another.

"Yes," said the showman; "a pretty commence!"

"Well! you cannot lay it to us!" said both, simultaneously.

"That's more than I know," answered the showman. "Nobody did it, I dare say:" when, turning round, one of the vestals shrieked, and added, "Why the other is broke as well!"

"Then we shall lose our situations, that's flat," said the other; and weeping, wiped her tears with her duster. They all stood pale as death, and silent as the grave, when—lo! his Majesty entered from the Queen's staircase.

The maidens remained speechless, and the showman's tongue clave to the roof of his mouth. He bowed—wrung his hands, not knowing what he did; and, gasping for breath, with one hand on his bosom, in the true stage tragedy style, addressed his Majesty's most gracious royal attention, first to the upper, and then to the lower end of the state apartment, to the two never-to-be-

forgotten fractured glasses. His Majesty beheld the mischief, said nothing, and departed.

Presently—for no calamity is long a household secret, and, in palaces, "even walls have tongues"—the smash reached the ears of the lady housekeeper, who was at her toilette; she left her own glass, and hurried to the wreck of these mighty mirrors. What her ladyship said, I must not tell; other than that, in her soliloquy, something escaped like this: "Alas! alas! unhappy those whose fate it is to dwell in courts! Happier those, who live in humble cots!"

The lady housekeeper solemnly retired by the *grand escalier* to lay the misfortune at the feet of the Queen. The domestics stole down the back staircase, to empty their budget of calamity in the laps of their fellow-servants; whilst, the coast being clear, the prankish painter crept silently in, and with a damp sponge, and a dry doyley, wiped the fearful fractures—clean out.

By-and-by come the King and Queen, and all the royal family—the lady housekeeper, the lords in waiting, the equerries, and the pages, a solemn silent train; excepting, indeed, that among the latter, one, and he an ancient, declared in a solemn whisper, that from the hour of his birth, up even to the present blessed moment, he never heard of such a thing in all his born days!

But who shall describe the astonishment of the group, when, all prepared for exclamations

suited to the importance of the convocation, lo! the great, magnificent glasses, were found whole!

Alexander Cozens was teacher at Eton whilst I was a scholar there. He and my father were coeval professors of their respective arts at this college, and were intimate. I received instruction in drawing under him; and the late Sir George Beaumont, who was of the same class, was also his pupil. It will readily be believed, when I say that he soon distanced all his compeers. The two brothers Willis were clever with their chalks, and Lord Maynard was an adept at sketching groups of horses, a talent much envied by all.

It may not be giving to "Homer more than is to Homer due," perhaps, to suppose, that thus early in life, that genial feeling for the picturesque of landscape, which subsequently developed itself in those charming paintings which Beaumont's pencil struck out, was first called forth, in his youthful musings, amidst the scenery in the delightful regions of Windsor.

Sir George, though as lively as his compeers, was fond of wandering alone in the sequestered spots adjacent to the college, and doubtless there felt the charm of those poetic effects which abound at sober eve, where all is rich in those attributes of art and nature, which constitute the picture—ancient towers and turrets, woodlands, glades, and water.

I have already incidentally adverted to Cozens's

blottings, as somewhat of the same species of graphic fantasies, as Gainsborough's *moppings*. It may amuse those who, born in later times, now that these tricks of art are almost out of date, to be told something of the process of each.

In his method of teaching landscape, Cozens appeared to have caught the process from a hint thrown out by Leonardo da Vinci, who, great as were some of his finest works, was occasionally a whimsical experimentalist. This renowned painter, who could do every thing better than all other men, recommended selecting themes, or subjects for landscapes, from the accidental smokings or stains upon plaster walls.

There happened to be an itinerant natural philosopher at the time Peter the Great was working, *en charpentier*, in Deptford dock-yard. He knew that the czar was a patron of genius; so he obtained an interview, and, in his royal presence, with a piece of an old bottle, a few pigments, and a lighted broomstick, he made *sur le champ*, several artificial stones, rubies, emeralds, and sapphires, which the czar had set in gold, and presented to many personages as marks of his favour. That which is supremely extravagant, in all works of art, is sure, for its day at least, to meet with patronage.

The glorious discovery of making fine landscapes, with blots, was too captivating to pass unnoticed.

Cozens dashed out upon several pieces of paper, a series of accidental smudges and blots, in black, brown, and gray, which being floated on, he impressed again upon other paper, and, by the exercise of his fertile imagination, and a certain degree of ingenious coaxing, converted into romantic rocks, woods, towers, steeples, cottages, rivers, fields, and water-falls. Blue and gray blots, formed the mountains, clouds, and skies.

As for myself, and most others, we were incorrigible blotters; but when these dingy daubs, this chaos of colour, were to assume shape and form, which form had none, it was

> "Endless labour all along,
> Endless labour to be wrong."

Beaumont, I believe, was the only disciple who could make any thing of the matter.

An improvement was incorporated upon these first principles, I recollect, which was in splashing the bottoms of earthen-plates with these blots, and to stamp impressions therefrom on sheets of damped paper, which process in the hands of a set of such thoughtless urchins as congregated of an evening, if continued, would have enriched Master Pote, the stationer, and helped to impoverish our papas; for many an idler had spoiled half a quire of paper in a few hours at this delectable daubing. Mrs. Manby, our dame, or rather her servant maids (for she, good lady, was no scold), used

to make a daily *rumpus* at our evening plate service, begrimed as they were with all the colours of the rainbow.

I have heard that her Majesty, and certain ladies of her suite, took some lessons of this master of the art of blotting. It should be observed, that where his pupils failed, his masterly hand touched their works into something like an *appearance*, as he used to say, and superadded on the seas, lakes, rocks and promontories, ships, boats, trees, and figures, as circumstances permitted. It is due to his memory to add, however, that some of his own performances thus wrought, were admired, even by artists, both for composition and effect.

Mr. Cozens published a small tract upon this novel method of composing landscapes, in which he demonstrated ingeniously enough, all that could be taught upon so eccentric a process.

He was an ingenious man, and obtained considerable patronage among that class, who are prone to seek everlastingly for some new and easy path to science.

Cozens also published a folio treatise upon a subject which had a title at least to secure attention, namely, "The Principles of Beauty, relative to the Human Mind." This was illustrated by large outlines of profiles of the human face, which by applying the representations of various head-dresses, printed upon transparent paper,

could be varied, and thereby made to exhibit different effects, and suitable or unsuitable contours, by the costume as applied to the outline of the features. This work he published fifty years ago; and presenting the first copy to the Queen, her Majesty, whose ingenuity was well known at court, derived great amusement from fitting them, and added some improvements of her own.

Another work of this ingenious foreigner, was, "The Various Species of Composition in Nature; Sixteen Subjects, in Four Plates;" to which was subjoined, "Some Observations and Instructions."

To this may be added, a thin quarto, entitled, "The Shape, Sketches, and Foliage of Thirty-two Species of Trees, for the Use of Painting and Drawing;" published in 1771. This work, though not very pictorial, was nevertheless useful, as it appeared at a period when people of taste began to inquire into the nature of landscape studies, and such treatises helped to create an interest in these delightful pursuits.

Alexander Cozens was very attentive to his scholars, and took no small pains with the writer of this short memoir of his old drawing master; but nature had not *designed* him, like his honoured colleague, the late Sir George Beaumont, to become an adept at *designing*.

Speaking of this first of modern amateur painters, and very friendly patron of certain pro-

fessors of their art, from my recollections of his youth, and onwards through life, I remember that he was the best swimmer of all the school. He was remarkably inclined to be fat, and consequently so buoyant, that he could, and frequently did remain in the water for one or two hours; and having been persuaded that the frequency of bathing would reduce him in size, he for one period might be said to be amphibious, living almost as much in, as out of that element.

Speaking upon this subject, since Sir George's death, to a gentleman who knew him well, he related a story of Sir George, which he had from the worthy baronet himself.

Whilst abroad, if I can trust my memory, and in a boat on some lake, where the water was particularly clear, and of vast depth, he was seized with a sudden impulse to make an attempt to descend to the bottom. To enable himself to sink (for he had no fear of not rising again), he took out a stone of several pounds weight, in a boat, and stripped. The stone was secured with a line, and he took the remaining end and twisted it loosely round his left arm; and thus equipped, dived from the gunwale of the boat.

Sir George, like most expert swimmers, or rather divers, had acquired the power of opening his eyes under water, and seeing. On this occasion, he kept sinking, until the depth was so profound, it darkened, and he was suddenly sur-

rounded by black obscurity. Fortunately, his presence of mind did not forsake him, he untwisted the line, let go the stone, and ascended like a cork; but did not reach the surface until nearly exhausted, nor until his friends, who had in vain endeavoured to dissuade him from his rashness, had given him over for lost.

It is now time, however, to say something of Gainsborough's *moppings*, as, not long after the period of which I am writing, these his graphic vagaries, were in high fashion.

Never could a spot have been pitched upon for the experiment to be played off more successfully, than at Bath, where Gainsborough resided during the fashionable season for many years. I saw him at his easel there, dashing out his designs, so long since as the year 1768.

Had a man of less celebrity than he, attempted such a method of sketching landscape, even there, it might have failed; but he had established his renown, by a slight and imposing style of painting which, however difficult, excepting in the hands of a genius like himself, yet seemed to be effected without an effort of art.

Gainsborough had in his experiments exhausted all the legitimate methods, and all the tricks of painting, in his oil pictures. He had established a reputation for a style of drawing, as desultory in its way, when not acknowledging bounds to his freaks, instead of using crayons, brushes, or

chalks, he adopted for his painting tools his fingers and bits of sponge. His fingers, however, not proving sufficiently eligible, one evening, whilst his family and friends were taking coffee, and his drawing thus proceeding, he seized the sugar-tongs, and found them so obviously designed by the *genii* of art, for the express purpose, that sugar-tongs at Bath were soon raised two hundred per cent.

He had all the kitchen saucers in requisition; these were filled with warm and cold tints, and dipping the sponges in these, he mopped away on cartridge paper, thus preparing the masses, or general contours and effects; and drying them by the fire, (for he was as impatient as a spoiled child waiting for a new toy,) he touched them into character, with black, red, and white chalks.

Some of these moppings, and grubbings, and hatchings, wherein he has taken unusual pains, are such emanations of genius and picturesque feeling, as no other artist perhaps ever conceived, and certainly such as no one ever has surpassed.

It is to be numbered among the unaccountable circumstances relating to his Majesty, in his patronage of the native arts of his country, that Gainsborough should have received the royal countenance as a portrait painter, in preference to Sir Joshua Reynolds: particularly, when it is known, that Reynolds was very instrumental in procuring his gracious Majesty's favour towards the plan

of that national academy of painting, of which his Majesty was the royal founder; an act of munificence that will enrol the name of our late venerable monarch, with the greatest of those sovereigns, who have been renowned for their protection of the fine arts.

Many reasons have been assigned for this sovereign's neglecting to employ Reynolds, none of which appearing satisfactory, I shall not venture to add mine own, presuming that some sufficient cause prevented him, as the King certainly was an excellent, and an unprejudiced connoisseur of art; and Reynolds, on whom his Majesty conferred the honour of knighthood, was a well-bred gentleman and a moral man.

Gainsborough's gaiety of manners, and lively, though respectful conversation, was agreeable to his royal patron. The Queen also always spoke of him with esteem. His portrait of her Majesty in the court dress, in the possession of our present Sovereign, is one of the most comprehensively incomprehensible, strange, fine pictures in the world: a sort of marvel of art.

Quin, who on retiring to Bath, spent much of his time with this extraordinary painter, used to say, in his *brusque* manner: "Sometimes, Tom Gainsborough, the same picture, from your rigmarole style, appears to my optics the veriest daub—and then, the devil's in you—I think you a Vandyck."

Gainsborough, though, for all this apparent playfulness of style, had often told Quin, who again assured my father of the fact, that nothing could equal the devilism of portrait painting. Indeed, he told me, at his house in Pall-mall, that he was sure the perplexities of rendering something like a human resemblance, from human blocks, was a trial of patience, that would have tempted holy St. Anthony to cut his own throat with his palette-knife.

Quin, though a benevolent and kind-hearted man, was a great cynic, and to judge by his conversation, might have passed for a misanthrope. When, just relieved from a fit of the gout, he would crawl to the painting room of Gainsborough, and tapping at the door, would inquire, "Is old Grumpus at home?"

"Come in," was the reply; when, the painter placing a chair for his gouty friend, and a stool to rest his foot upon, he would put on a grave doctorial look, and resting his chin upon his maulstic, inquire, in the Bath medical phrase, *secundem artem*—"Well, how is toe?"

If a portrait happened to be on the easel, as Quin said, he was in the humour for a congenial growl at the dispensation of all sublunary things. If, on the contrary, he was engaged in a landscape composition, then he was all gaiety—his imagination in the skies. Dependent then, upon either of these circumstances, did these two strange men

and boon companions, shape and model the tenor of their discourse.

Every body at Bath was, or had been afraid of Quin, saving and excepting Gainsborough and Beau Nash; though this renowned *arbiter elegantiarum* sometimes had been hugged by the bear (Quin).

Beau Nash, when my father saw him at Bath, was nearly in his ninetieth year; and I remember his describing him in manners as the finest old gentleman that he had ever seen. "He reminds me," said my father, "of the oldest of the old French *régime*."

Quin, in speaking of him to his late Majesty's uncle, the Duke of Cumberland, designated him "*Old Neddy with his nags*," which greatly amused his royal highness, who laughed heartily at many good things which the satirical comedian uttered in his latter days.

This alluded to King Nash (as he was called), at one time driving his post chariot with six greys, out-riders, footmen, and french horns. "Ah—ah!" as my father used to observe, "this was something like! hey, Mister Sheridan?—and for a master of the ceremonies too!" Nash, for all this splendour, when in the zenith of his fame, though benevolent, kind, and liberal to excess, became peevish because he lived to be neglected, and was only neglected because he lived to be poor.

Gainsborough occupied, what I think was the centre division of the house, built by the Duke of Schomberg, on the south side of Pall-Mall; and, if I mistake not, that which is now in the occupation of Mr. Pain the bookseller, heretofore known as honest Tom Pain of the Mews-gate.

This noble mansion seems to have been, some how, consecrated to the arts; for here resided Jervas, the most fashionable portrait-painter, and successor to the vain Sir Godfrey Kneller, who had been lauded to the skies by Dryden. Jervas, still more vain, here taught Pope to paint, who repaid him in kind—with poetic flattery.

Jervas had been a pupil of Kneller's, though not for a long period. He was a miserable painter compared with his immediate predecessors, either Sir Peter Lely or Sir Godfrey. From his increasing patronage among the great, and the hyperbolical praises which were lavished upon him by Pope and other contemporary wits, his vanity grew so ridiculously extravagant, that it became proverbial—"as great a coxcomb as Jervas." As an instance of this, for he had been an industrious copyist, on having completed a copy from a picture of the great Titian, on looking alternately at each, with self-adulation, he laid down his palette, and taking a copious pinch of snuff, he exclaimed, rapping the box, "Poor little *Tit*— how he would stare!!"

Kneller, though having acquired an ample fortune, and commensurate fame, could not help feeling provoked, when he was informed that this favourite of fashion had actually set up his carriage with four horses. "Diable!" he exclaimed, swearing in all the languages he knew, sarcastically adding,—"It is vell—very vell; pote, mine Gote! if his horses shall not *draw* no better as himself, mine friendt, Squire Jervas, will never get to his journey's end."

The next painter who succeeded to these premises, was John Astley, also a portrait painter, and a no less favourite of fortune; one, indeed, who not only was most successful in obtaining patronage among a vast circle of fashion, but, moreover, in winning the hand of a fair lady, by which he became the participator of a considerable fortune; and, at her death, became possessed of the Dukenfield estate, worth more than £5,000 a-year.

Richard Cosway, R.A., the celebrated miniature painter, after it had been long occupied by Gainsborough, became succeeding tenant of this mansion, so fortunate to the sons of St. Luke, and retired from thence to Stratford-place, with professional honour, and certainly the highest and most extensive patronage, of any modern "*painter in small.*" Caleb Whiteford, of witty celebrity, used to say, "Had I been a portrait painter, I

should have tried my luck in Shomberg-house, Pall-mall."

I must now return, to say something of the younger Cozens, son of my old and kind preceptor in drawing; though the recollection of this very ingenious artist (much superior to the sire in talent) reminds me of his melancholy fate; as the last time I saw him was just before he was removed to a private mad-house, where he died.

Mr. John Cozens, being born in London, must of course be classed with the artists of the British school.

I can well remember the period when he held the highest rank, as a professor of water-colour drawing, of any artist in the kingdom. That *atmospheric* effect, or what has been better denominated *aërial* perspective, so much admired among the amateurs of this art, was first successfully practised by Cozens; all the lady and all the gentlemen artists were talking of Cozens's style, and he became the most fashionable drawing-master of the day.

It is a curious fact, that, from the period of his drawings, that rapid improvement succeeded, which soon metamorphosed a cold, meagre, feeble style of landscape drawing, to that vigorous character which has ultimately ranked it with oil-painting.

Dr. Munro, who patronized Cozens, was, at this

time, about forty years ago, one of the most liberal encouragers of the water-colour art. He had certainly the finest collection of drawings of any collector in the kingdom.

Among these were several of the best works of Cozens, mostly scenes in Italy. Both father and son travelled for the purposes of study, from England to that classic region of landscape, and the son stored his portfolios with subjects, which he was appointed to execute for several noblemen and gentlemen, who had travelled thither. The late Lord Warwick, Mr. Richard Payne Knight, and Mr. Beckford, were his patrons; and I believe it may be said with safety, that he was the first artist practising here, who had received commissions to go abroad, and to make drawings, on the liberal allowance of choosing his own subjects.

Mr. Cozens, previously to the year 1794, unfortunately showed symptoms of mental derangement; which increasing, Dr. Munro, whose skill in the treatment of this most afflicting malady was universally acknowledged, took him under his care, and, I believe, to his honour be it said, provided for him almost gratuitously until 1799, when he died.

Mr. Beckford possessed nearly a hundred of his drawings, which were disposed of by public auction at Christie's, in Pall-mall, but not for

the amount of the sum paid for so large a collection, the whole averaging little more than ten pounds each.

The truth is, however, that the vast strides towards the *goal* of the same art, which had been made by Girtin and Turner, during the intervening period—for this sale occurred in 1805—left these works of Cozens at an immeasurable distance, with reference to all the striking features of painting. This is the more remarkable, as both these extraordinary young men, coevals, had built the first principles of their respective styles, more obviously on the works of Cozens, than of any other artists.

Dr. Munro, then living on the Adelphi-terrace, held, in the winter season, a sort of evening academy, not for emolument, of course, but, as it seems, out of his pure love of art, and from a consequent desire to render assistance to a number of youths of promising talent and genius. To these, his portfolios were open, and he, being himself an amateur painter, presided, and superintended their progress.

Such a distinguished little society should not pass unrecorded; and, for want of a better, be mine the chronicle to preserve its memory from oblivion.

I know not exactly the names of all the ingenious youth who studied here, though I can

mention three, whose works have since become an honour to the arts, and a credit to the age and country which gave them birth. It will need no persuasion to establish this, when the names of Turner, Girtin, and Varley, are mentioned as belonging to the list—three young men, coevals, whose original talent, even Italy, in its great pictorial age, might have been proud to inscribe on its illustrious roll of genius.

It is not unworthy of remark, that many, if not most of the best painters of ancient and modern times, have been the disciples of comparatively indifferent masters. In later times, Reynolds, Mortimer, and Wright, were the *élèves* of Hudson; Wilkie was the pupil of Graham; Beechey, Owen, and Smirke, were taught the practical part of their art, in the *atelier* of the coach-painter; Turner was the pupil of Malton, and Girtin of Dayes: all of whom soared as loftily above their preceptors, as the eagle above the fowls in the poultry-yard.

There were other prototypes, however, besides Cozens, from whom these three ingenious painters in water-colours derived the first rudiments of pictorial composition. These were Paul Sandby —denominated, and not improperly perhaps, the father of water-colour art — Michael Angelo Rooker, and Thomas Hearne; all admired, known to, and patronised by Dr. Munro. Brought up,

as I may say, in the bosom of art, though no artist, I delight to revel in the memory of these artistical coteries.

Paul Sandby, whom I knew from early life, I frequently used to visit, at his residence, St. George's-row, on the Uxbridge road; and have seen him there, seated at his window, when nearly four-score years of age, with all the enthusiasm of a youthful artist, sketching some incidental effect of light and shadow, from the opposite scene, Hyde-park.

I remember walking with this venerable artist more than forty years ago, one fine afternoon, in company with Cipriani, to take a friendly dinner with George Barrett, another of the old English school of landscape-painters, who resided in a most delightful spot, at the upper end of a field, adjacent to old Paddington church.

Barrett painted in oil, and in body water-colours, and had higher patronage, and more employment, than any landscape painter of his day. He was well-informed, an enthusiast in his profession, and a delightful companion.

His friend, and very liberal patron, the late Mr. Locke, of Norbury Park, near Dorking, determined to afford Mr. Barrett a field for the display of his talent, erected a spacious apartment at his seat, which this artist painted somewhat in the manner of a *panorama*, describing the romantic scenery of one of the lakes in Cumberland, which

is said by all the connoisseurs to be a work of great ability, and of extraordinary effect.

Lately, curiosity invited me to this favourite spot of my younger days—but how altered the site! Paddington was then a rural village. There were a few old houses on each side of the Edgware-road, together with some ale-houses, of very picturesque appearance, being screened by high elms, with long troughs, for watering the teams of the hay-waggons, on their way to and from market; each, too, had its large straddling sign-post stretching across the road.

Paddington-green was then a complete country retreat; and the group of magnificent elms thereon, now fast going to decay, were studies for all the landscape-painters in the metropolis.

The diagonal path led to the church, which was a little gothic building, overgrown with ivy, and as completely sequestered as any village church a hundred miles from London.

The present cockney-looking structure was built, and this venerable pile was demolished; though the curious may yet find, by exploring about a hundred feet north, its ancient site; for the large black marble slabs, and other stones, that formed the floor, are still visible, with their inscriptions, though nearly choked with weeds and grass.

Chatelain, a foreign artist, who practised here as a drawing-master, in a small work of etchings,

entitled *Views of the Environs of London*, has preserved a correct representation of this church, as it appeared sixty or seventy years ago.

Paddington, from the amenity of its scenery, formerly was much resorted to by the lovers of the picturesque. Many painters, known to my father and myself, have resided here during the summer season; and here that inimitable, though most eccentric painter, George Morland, made his first rural studies from nature.

Many years ago, every body, on passing through Long-acre, was attracted by a picture, or rather pictures in succession, of the "Weary Sportsman," painted by this artist, whilst a boy, and exhibited in the window of old Kingsman, frame-maker to his late Majesty.

This represented the interior of a hedge alehouse, with its brick floor, and long oaken table, at which sat a farmer-looking sportsman, his shoes covered with dust, his gun in a corner, a dead hare upon a bench, his dogs reposing, and a servant-maid bringing him a foaming jug of home-brewed ale.

This composition was so popular, that copies were multiplied and sold, as fast as they were exposed; which produced a great deal of ready cash to the elder Morland, who had apprenticed his son George to himself. I mention this circumstance of the picture, as the scene, according

to report, was taken from a rural inn, then existing at Paddington.

Morland I remember seeing when he was a boy. His father, who painted in crayons, and was but an indifferent artist, nevertheless knew much more of the various processes of the art, than most of his competitors; hence, what his own capacity wanted, as applying this knowledge of the science in his own works, was amply compensated by the superior genius and quick capacity of his fond pupil. The father, proud of having produced such a son, naturally boasted the precocity of his abilities; but this adulation too soon laid the foundation of that insolence and self-will, which the young painter cherished and indulged as he approached manhood, and was the main cause of his profligacy, premature mental and bodily decay, and ultimate ruin.

As an instance of his juvenile insolence and self-importance, I remember being told by the late Nathaniel Hone, the enamel painter, that he, calling one morning on the elder Morland, to see some copies by his son, from certain pictures of the old masters; the father, in his usual strain, very injudiciously began lauding his abilities, and on leaving the room to fetch some of the copies in question, exclaimed, "Is not my son a hopeful boy?" At this period he had just entered his thirteenth year. Attired in the costume of a man

of twenty, in buck-skins and boots, he was standing, with great importance, with the flaps of his coat on his arms, his hands in his breeches pockets, and his back to the fire.

Thus left alone with him, Mr. Hone, who had known him from his infancy, said, "Well, master George, and how do you employ yourself now?" "In kissing the maids, d—mme!" was the urchin's reply, accompanied with a look of the most supercilious contempt. On the elder Morland's return, Hone observed, "I have been talking with George during your absence, Mr. Morland, and certainly he is—a hopeful boy!"

Thomas Rowlandson, John Bannister, and myself, having early in life evinced a predilection for the study of drawing, we became acquainted whilst boys, and were inseparable companions.

Every one at all acquainted with the arts, must well know the caricature works of that very eccentric genius, Rowlandson; the extent of his talent, however, as a draughtsman, is not so generally known. His studies from the human figure at the Royal Academy, were made in so masterly a style, that he was set up as a rival to Mortimer, whom he certainly would have excelled, had his subsequent mode of study kept pace with the fecundity of his invention. His powers, indeed, were so versatile, and his fancy so rich, that every species of composition flowed from his pen with equal facility. His misfortune, indeed, was, as I

have been assured by capable authorities, who noticed his juvenile progress, that of possessing too ready an invention:—this rare faculty, strange as it may seem, however desirable to the poet, often proved the bane of the painter. The poet, as Milton says, "can build the lofty rhyme," even with a dash of his pen. The painter, however easily he may conceive the structure of a mighty building—be it a temple, or be it a ship—must describe the subject perfectly with all its parts; he must set to work *doggedly*, as the great lexicographer, Johnson, said, and labour at the thing with the patience of a philosopher. Rowlandson was no philosopher, and so his uncontrollable spirit, sweeping over the prescribed pale, took its excursive flights, and caught its thema upon the wing. Hence I think it may safely be averred, that he has sketched or executed more subjects of real scenes, in his original, rapid manner, than any ten artists, his contemporaries, and etched more plates than any artist, ancient or modern.

Few persons, judging from the careless style of drawing and etching which he so fatally indulged in, too soon, after acquiring the first rudiments of his art, would believe the possibility of his being the author of some of his earlier designs; for although all are too slight, yet there are certain subjects of his composition, carried through with a compatibility of style so truly original, and so replete

with painter-like feeling, that Sir Joshua Reynolds and Mr. West pronounced them wonders of art.

The subjects for his humorous designs were not sought in England alone. He travelled early in life to France, Flanders, and Holland; and stored his portfolios with sketches, highly characteristic of the habits and manners of the people, at every town through which he passed. Paris, as viewed under the old *régime*, opened a prolific source for his imitative powers. Nothing can exceed the fun and frolic which his subjects display, picked up amongst every class, from the court down to the *cabaret*. He mixed in all societies; and, speaking French fluently, made himself acquainted with the habits of thinking, as well as those of acting, in that city, where every thing, to an English eye, bore the appearance of burlesque. Hogarth had already pronounced Paris, "all be-gilt and ******!" Rowlandson found it so; and, taking that as a sort of maxim which governed all things physical, as well as moral, in the polite city, he burlesqued even the burlesque.

His drawings of the Italian and the French family, from which John Raffael Smith made engravings, had great merit. My friend, John Bannister, has one of the originals. I remember the last time I saw poor Edwin, the comedian (I mean the elder), was on occasion of his wishing me to procure for him these originals. He was

too late in his application, and was obliged to solace himself with the coloured prints, which were touched upon, by the hand of Rowlandson. They were handsomely framed, and hung in his dining-room on the first floor, over one of the houses on the north-east Piazza, Covent-garden. They subsequently became the property of Lord Barrymore.

It would be difficult to enumerate the many choice subjects which he depicted, even in this first tour to the continent. Those descriptive of Parisian manners, would now be viewed with tenfold interest, as the general external appearance of things was infinitely more original and amusing, before the period of the commencement of the Revolution, than since. Indeed, I can speak of these changes from my own observation, whilst two years in that city, and in the midst of its ever-varying gaieties, more than half a century ago.

During my residence there, Rowlandson came over, in company with an Englishman of the name of Higginson, whom he got acquainted with at Dover: a pleasant companion, but, as it fell out, one who seemed to live upon his wits.

Their arrival at Paris was immediately after the death of Louis the Fifteenth, at the moment of the putting on of public mourning. Mr. Higginson had letters of introduction (like Sylvester Daggerwood) to several persons of distinction, and, re-

siding at an hotel adjacent to my quarters, he sent the *valet de place* with a civil note, to request the loan of my black suit, which he knew would fit him to a T. On the written assurance that it would be returned in time for me to pay a promised visit in the evening, I readily consented. Rowlandson lost sight of him for two days and nights; on the morning of the third day he returned, and I went, not over well pleased, to demand restitution, when, on entering his apartment, he received me with—"Ah! *mon amie*, is it you?" seated under the frosting powder-puff of a French friseur, having his hair frizzled and powdered, *à la mode*, in my mourning suit. Rowlandson sketched the group, and subjoined a motto, "Free and Easy." I had many of the drawings made by my friend *Rolly*, at this time.

Mr. Mitchel, however, possessed the best collection of Rowlandson's French and Dutch scenes. Among those were many in his most humorous style, particularly a Dutch Life Academy, which represents the interior of a school of artists, studying from a living model, all with their portfolios and crayons, drawing a Dutch Venus (a vrow) of the make, though not of the colour, of that choice specimen of female proportion, the *Hottentot Venus*, so celebrated as a public sight in London, a few years since.

This very whimsical composition, however, cannot fairly be classed with caricature, for we

may refer to the scarce print, scraped, or scratched, on copper, by Mynheer Rembrandt, now in the custody of Mr. John Thomas Smith, at the British Museum, as a grave refutation of such an aspersion of the verity of an English artist. In this favourite print of the peering old connoisseurs, Madame Potiphar is represented according to the *gusto* of Dutch epic design, twice as voluminous of flesh as even the beauties of Rubens. Rowlandson, then, is rather within, than without the prescribed line of Dutch and Flanderkin beauty.

This friend and patron of Rowlandson, Mr. Mitchel, the quondam banker, of the firm of Hodsol and Co., was a most facetious, fat gentleman—one of those pet children of Fortune, who wonderful as it may appear, seem to have proceeded through all the seven ages (excepting that of the *lean* and slippered pantaloon), without a single visit from that intruder upon the rest of mankind, ycleped *Care*. In him centered, or rather around him the Fates piled up, the wealth of a whole family. He was ever the great gathering *nucleus* to a large fortune. He was good humoured, and enjoyed life. Many a cheerful day have I, in company with Bannister and Rowlandson, passed at Master Mitchel's.

Under the auspices of this great banker, Rowlandson subsequently made a tour to France, and other parts of the continent. His mighty stature

astonished the many, but none more than the innkeepers' wives, who, on his arrival, as he travelled in style, looked at the larder, and then again at the guest. All regarded him as that reported being, of whom they had heard, the veritable Mister Bull. His orders for the supplies of the table, ever his first concern, strengthened this opinion, and his operations at his meals confirmed the fact. Wherever he went, he made good for the house.

On this tour, Rowlandson made many topographical drawings, in general, views of cities and towns; amonst others, the High-street at Antwerp, and the Stadthouse at Amsterdam, with crowds of figures, grouped with great spirit, though his characters were caricatures.

The most amusing studies, however, which filled the portfolio of his patron, were those that pourtrayed the habits and customs of the Dutch and Flemish, in the interior scenes, which they witnessed in their nocturnal rambles in the inferior streets at Antwerp and Amsterdam. Some of these compositions, drawn from low life, were replete with character and wit. One of the most spirited and amusing of these, represented the interior of a treischuit, or public passage-boat, which was crowded with incident and humour.

Mr. Mitchel formerly resided in Beaufort-buildings, Strand, and occupied, for many years, the same house tenanted by the father of the late

Dr. Kitchiner, of eccentric memory. Here, after the closing of the banking-house, he was wont to retire, and pass a social evening, surrounded by a few chosen associates, whose amusements were congenial, and whose talents well paid the host for his hot suppers and generous wine. Often, even beyond the protracted darkness of a winter's night, has he and his *convives* sat it out till dawn of day, and seen the sun, struggling through the fog, from the back windows, shed its lurid ray on the rippling waters of the murky Thames.

Well do I remember sitting in this comfortable apartment, listening to the stories of my old friend Peter Pindar, whose wit seemed not to kindle until after midnight, at the period of about his fifth or sixth glass of brandy and water. Rowlandson, too, having nearly accomplished his twelfth glass of punch, and replenishing his pipe with choice *Oronooko*, would chime in. The tales of these two gossips, told in one of those nights, each delectable to hear, would make a modern *Boccaccio*.

John Raffael Smith was another of the *convives* of this hospitable banker. Smith was a man of humour, a painter, engraver, and publisher; and, at times, a general merchant or speculator in all wares. He had pursued so many avocations, trades, and callings, that he used frequently to apply to himself the old appellation, Jack-of-all-trades.

Not many years after old John Clarke had opened his premises in Exeter Change, Smith, with whom he was on very friendly terms, became his tenant for the corner shop, outside, on the south-east aspect to the Strand; which he opened as a linen-draper, and soon obtained his *fair* share of the custom of the fair of the neighbourhood. It was during his residence there, that he became acquainted with Charles Dibdin, and having then some practical knowledge of the arts, Dibdin advised him to sink the shop, and become a "*professor* and *a gentleman*."

Wanting little persuasion, he took apartments in a neighbouring court, on the site of which of late have been erected additions to the English Opera House, and there commenced his occupations as a painter and engraver.

Some years subsequent to this period, his family increasing, he found it expedient to enlarge his business, by adding to his other avocations, that of printseller and publisher, and employed assistants, and took pupils, to help him forward with his numerous plates.

Among other services which John Raffael Smith rendered to the arts, was that of his educating that distinguished member of the Royal Academy, Mr. James Ward, in that department by which he first obtained celebrity; namely, as an engraver in mezzotinto. The progress of this ingenious and highly talented pupil, greatly in-

creased the reputation of the master, and mainly contributed to the establishing that mart for coloured prints, which Smith opened, in King-street, Covent-garden.

About this period, another great change was effected in favour of this country in the print trade, entirely through the spirited exertions of a few individuals, among whom, perhaps, Smith may be mentioned as the most prominent.

Already, the balance of trade in the print line, had been greatly in our favour by the individual exertions of the late Alderman Boydell, a trader, whose liberal and persevering exertions had done more for the painters and engravers, his compatriots, than all the patronage of the great, from the foundation of the English school. His publications, however, were of a higher class of merit than those of which I am now speaking. His encouragement of Wilson and Woollett, having at once raised the reputation of English art, by diffusing to every part of the world, the joint labours of these two incomparable artists, whose congenial talents seemed created to perpetuate each other's fame.

In addition to Wilson, the reputation of our school was alike augmented through his means by the publication of West's General Wolfe, the Battle at La Hogue, and other splendid line engravings. It was after this period of successful

exertion, that the trade in coloured prints commenced with no less success.

About the year 1788, the genius of George Morland, of whom I have already spoken, burst forth as a phenomenon in the graphic hemisphere. This highly-gifted young man, in the opinion of the connoisseurs, appeared likely to rival the works of the old masters of the Flemish and Dutch school; as his practice, under the tuition of his father, although a painter of no great celebrity, was similar to that of these distinguished ancients.

Morland, whilst a child, having demonstrated an extraordinary precocity of talent by his chalk sketches from nature, his father set him early to a regular study of the fundamental rudiments of drawing. His progress was rapid, and having achieved this first and indispensable step, he procured the best examples of the old masters, and set him doggedly to copying, with his pencils and palette in oil paints.

It was a maxim of the elder Morland's, who well understood the theoretical part of painting, being a man of research, that the youthful disciple should, as soon as he was capable of using his crayon, proceed to drawing and painting with the legitimate tools, which he maintained to be the painting brushes and paints. Hence, his son had made many admirable copies from the best Dutch and Flemish pictures, at that period of his

youth when others, his coevals, had not been allowed to lay aside the chalks.

It was by this mode of practice, that he acquired that manual dexterity, which enabled him to proceed to nature for those prototypes which constitute the charm of painting—and which he appeared to copy, until habits of dissipation enfeebled his hand, with that delightful ease, which seemed to require scarcely an effort of art.

Such was the good fortune of his early career, that his pictures were sought with an avidity that has no parallel in the history of British arts.

The subjects which he selected were simple, rural, and picturesque: such, indeed, as were generally felt, because they were universally understood.

The first personages were anxious to become his patrons; and he had twenty customers, among the dealers, out-bidding each other for his pictures, even whilst they were in progress. But, alas! that gift of Heaven, genius, was a "pearl inestimable, which he cast away."

Smith, who was a choice spirit, and a clever fellow, ingratiated himself into the favour of the young painter, and having the address to bend to his humours, acquired that influence over him which no one else dared attempt, namely, that of suggesting subjects, and even directing the course of his study. Morland's best pictures were those executed under his friendly and ju-

dicious influence: it should be added, in justice to Smith, that he paid him liberally for his works.

Morland's fame increasing, it became difficult to obtain even a single specimen of his painting. Availing himself of this universal rage for his designs, for they were sought with ardour by thousands, who, before his appearance had never given a thought to his art, Smith set up a manufactory for engraving and colouring, and produced, by the aid of his able assistants, excellent imitations of his originals, and opened a market for them in every part of the world.

To return to the history of James Ward, the celebrated painter, and one of the R. A.'s, whose studies of animal nature vie with the finest productions of the old masters, I shall attempt a brief sketch of his progress, from his commencement as an engraver, in the *attelier* of John Raffael Smith.

The powers of mezzotinto engraving, had already attained to a high degree of excellence in the works of Fisher, White, Smith, Faber, Earlom, &c., as exhibited in numerous portraits of Lely, Kneller, and some few other distinguished portrait painters, of the age before. The many fine prints, scraped from the portraits of the English Titian, Sir Joshua Reynolds, in addition to these, sufficiently prove the vast capacities of this style of calcographic art.

Morland's picturesque subjects, opened a new

field for its culture; and the congenial feeling of Ward, then a youth, transferred the character, general effect, and even the touch of his pictures to the copper, with marvellous skill.

It was fortunate for Smith, that the brother of this juvenile artist, the late William Ward, A. R. A., evinced also an early predilection for the arts. He, too, became a pupil of Smith's, and this ingenious fratri worked together from the pictures of Morland, with co-equal merit and success.

The habits of the preceptor, however, were not very moral; and the example of George Morland, and the numerous convives of Smith, were such as would have had a pernicious influence on youth differently constituted to these brothers. On the contrary, the excesses, so prevalent under that roof, awakened in the minds of the two Wards that sense of reflection which taught them to abhor the vice which surrounded them, and made them mutually determine to pursue their studies with energy, and become able artists, and good men. Smith, who now drove on a thriving trade, kept open house for a curious *mélange* of guests. His was a capital table for those who thirsted for the juice of the grape. His cellar was well stocked, and latterly, with the best French wines, which he poured forth in liberal libations. He inundated France with English coloured prints; and, it has been said, that he who first opened the market there—closed it too; for not confining himself to

the traffic for money, he sent cargo upon cargo, of prints of all descriptions, and took part of the amount in merchandize—and among other commodities, received vast imports of claret, Champaigne, and other wines. He was famed for his Burgundy, and many a convivial treat have I experienced at his table, where this choice nectar has been served to his Bacchanalian guests, with the unsparing goblet of old Silenus, to whom, indeed, John Raffael Smith was not unhappily likened, by the eccentric Morland.

An amusing collection of anecdotes might here be strung to my reminiscences, of what occurred, in the common usages of this uncommon house. The banterings between Smith and Morland gave rise to endless jokes. It was now George, and now Jack; and Peter Pindar, the wag, delighted to set them on.

Smith, who, as Peter used to say, was like a rabbit, fat and lean alternately, among other oddities, whilst practising as a portrait painter, in crayons, received his sitters, whatever their rank, in a morning gown, his collar open, and a paper cap.

One forenoon, the Right Honourable Charles James Fox, whilst sitting to him, was startled by the sudden entrance of George Morland, who being half drunk, and not seeing the mighty orator, seated in the painter's throne, hiccoughed —"Well, old Thomas Dilworth—I'll take a chop

with you to-day!" The appositeness of the designation, struck Mr. Fox, who at once perceiving the similitude of Smith to the wood-cut bust of that honest old schoolmaster of Wapping, as prefixed to his spelling-book, shook his sides with laughter.

Peter Pindar used to quote, with great glee, a *jeu-de-mot* which Smith's appearance provoked, one day, whilst he was sitting to his friend and crony, in his painting room. Morland wanted to borrow some money, to take him out of town. Smith, knowing the principles of the applicant, refused. Morland was importunate, and Smith was stout. It should be told that Morland called him into the adjoining apartment. When going away, Morland, already drunk, exclaimed, "So you won't cash up, hey! Then go to the devil, you *drapery-faced* hound." "The pith of the exclamation," said Pindar, "consisted in the truth of the picture: Smith had recently recovered from a long fit of illness, and his fat cheeks had really sunk into folds."

Peter Pindar, however strange it may seem, though so eminently satirical with his pen, was not emulous to shine as a wit in his colloquial intercourse, either with strangers, or his most intimate associates. Indeed, his usual manner exhibited so little of that character, which strangers had imagined of the writer of his lively satires, that they were commonly disappointed.

I could name a motherly lady, the wife of a player, at whose house he formerly was accustomed to pass an evening, who used to say, "Dr. Wolcott's wit seems to lie in the bowl of a tea-spoon." I could not guess the riddle, until one evening, seated at Mitchel's, I observed, that each time Peter replenished his glass goblet, with cogniac and water, that, in breaking the sugar, the corners of his lips were curled into a satisfactory smile, and he began some quaint story—as if, indeed, the new libation begot a new thought.

Determined to prove the truth of the discovery, which I fancied I had made, one night, after supper, at my own residence in Bolton-row, he being one, among a few social guests, I made my promised experiment. One of the party, who delighted in a little practical joke, namely, Wigstead, of merry memory, being in the secret, he came provided with some small, square pieces of alabaster. Peter Pindar's glass, waning fast, Wigstead contrived to slip them into a sugar-basin provided for the purpose, when the doctor reaching the hot water, and pouring in the brandy, Wigstead handed him the sugar-tongs, and then advanced the bason of alabaster. "Thank you, boy," said Peter, putting in five or six pieces; and taking his tea-spoon, began stirring, as he commenced his story.

Unsuspicious of the trick, he proceeded, "Well,

Sirs,—and so, the old parish priest. What I tell you (then his spoon was at work) happened when I was in that infernally hot place, Jamaica (then another stir). Sir, he was the fattest man on the island (then he pressed the alabaster); yes, damme, Sir; and when, the thermometer at ninety-five, was dissolving every other man, this old slouching—drawling son of the church, got fatter and fatter, until, Sir—(curse the sugar) some devil black enchanter has bewitched it. By —— Sir, this sugar, is part and parcel of that old pot-bellied parson—it will never melt;" and he threw the contents of the tumbler under the grate. We burst into laughter, and our joke lost us the conclusion of the story. Wigstead skilfully slipped the mock sugar out of the way, and the doctor, taking another glass, never suspected the frolic.

Dr. Wolcott was not only fond of the arts but he had a practical taste for the palette. He, at one period used to attempt to imitate the style of Wilson, with whom he was acquainted, and whose works he admired.

I have heard, that his late Majesty's neglect of Sir Joshua, and this great landscape painter, first helped to prompt Peter Pindar to his abuse of his Majesty's taste, through the medium of the King's *protégé*, the more honoured and the more favoured Mr. West. However this may be, the doctor always seemed to express himself with

great warmth on the subject of that unmerited neglect, which soured the temper of this unfortunate artist.

One story to the point, I remember, as characteristic of the sarcastic humour of the relator.

"Old Richard Dalton," said the satirist, "he who was commissioned to bring over Zuccarelli to this country; he, that good soul, the keeper of the King's pictures, thinking that one of the landscapes of gruff Dick's (Richard Wilson) was worth all that the Italian ever painted, took a favourable opportunity to put in a kind word for Wilson to his royal master.

"Zuccarelli, who designed tasteful landscape subjects, and painted them in a light, florimel sort of manner, as every body knows, was not only patronised, but recommended by his most gracious Majesty. Dalton, whose judgment had some influence on the King, one day observed, whilst making a catalogue of the royal collection, "may it please your Majesty, might not a picture of Mr. Wilson's fill that space?" The suggestion was graciously received, and Wilson was honoured with a commission to prepare a landscape of a certain size. The picture was completed, and dispatched to Dalton, for the inspection of the sovereign. When lo! after this royal connoisseur had cast a cursory glance upon the performance, he exclaimed, "Hey! what! Do you call *this*

painting, Dalton?—take it away; I call it daubing —hey—what! 'tis a mere daub!"

"Poor Dalton felt for the reputation of the painter, and was not quite easy touching his own, himself being a professor of the art. He bowed, looked sheepish, and was silent.

"And what does he demand for this daub?" rejoined this royal connoisseur. "One hundred guineas, and please your Majesty." "One hundred guineas!" echoed sovereignty, with astonishment. "One hundred guineas—hey—what, Dalton! Then, you may tell Mr. Wilson it is the dearest picture I ever saw. Too much—too much; tell him I say so, Dalton."

"A few days elapsed, when, Wilson not hearing from the keeper of the King's pictures the fate of his work, and standing in need of the cash, though too proud to own his necessities, he waited upon his friend, and in his bluff manner began, "Well, Dickey Dalton, what says Majesty?" Dalton answered, "Why—a—with regard to the picture; —as for my own opinion, you know, Mr. Wilson—that—indeed—"

"*Damme*," said Dick, "his Majesty don't approve. Speak out, man; I know your friendly zeal."

"Why—in truth, my dear friend (wishing to suppress the objectionable *daub*), I venture to think, the finishing—is—not altogether answerable to his Majesty's anticipations."

"Humph!" ejaculated Wilson. "Not every leaf made out, hey? not every blade of grass! What else?—out with it, man." "Why, then, his Majesty thinks—that the price—is a great deal of money."

"O!" replied Wilson, and seizing Dicky Dalton by the button-hole, whispered, "tell his Majesty I do not wish to distress him; I will take it out at a guinea a week." "Wilson, however, pocketed the hundred guineas," added Peter; "but he never pocketed the affront."

For the truth of this story I will not vouch, as my old friend Peter was not over scrupulous in his data, when speaking of what concerned the domestic affairs of the royal palace. This anecdote, however, to give to every one his due, had been previously related by old Parsons, the comedian, one night in the green-room.

That the talents of this distinguished painter was not entirely overlooked by the royal family, can be proved; for, that memorable picture, which I believe established his fame as a great landscape painter, entitled NIOBE, which made so prominent a feature in the first exhibition at Spring-gardens, in 1760, was purchased by the late William Duke of Cumberland, the late King's brother, and is now, I believe, in the possession of his royal nephew, the present Duke of Gloucester. With reference to the warmth of Dr. Wolcott's expressions, when declaiming on

the neglect of Reynolds and Wilson, in this illustrious quarter, it alike excites our surprise and regret, that the two greatest painters then existing, both natives of England, should have been so unfortunate, as to have not been favoured with the royal countenance.

That Dr. Wolcott felt what he said upon this subject, however he might have delighted in fiction, as a satirical poet, is evident, in his addenda to "Pilkington's Dictionary of Painters." He therein pays due honours to the manes of his old friend Wilson.

On the institution of the Royal Academy, Wilson was chosen one of the founders; and at the death of Frank Hayman, he succeeded to the appointment of librarian to that body. He was well qualified for the office, being not only a scholar, but moreover a trusty guardian of the valuable collection of books on art, consigned to his *surveillance*. The students who were used to assemble at the library, had sufficient evidence of this. Indeed, he was dubbed by a waggish disciple of the palette, "*Old Cerberus.*"

My friends Bannister and Rowlandson were students at the Royal Academy, at this period; and both being sprightly wights, Wilson kept a watchful eye upon their pranks. The one was apt to engage the attention of the fellow disciples, by caricaturing the surly librarian; never forgetting to exaggerate his mulberry nose; whilst the

other, born to figure in the histrionic art, a mimic by nature, used to divert them, in his turn, by playing off the irritable "*Old Dick*."

"You remember him well, I presume," said Sir George Beaumont, in a recent conversation with Mr. Bannister, referring to this distant period. "O, yes," replied Bannister, "I have him before me," and then, walking round the table, his hands behind him, he acted Wilson to the life. The librarian's voice was no less gruff than his manner, which Bannister exemplified in the following dialogue.

Wilson hobbling round the library table, and suddenly stopping—"What are you about, what are you doing?" "I am sketching, Sir."

"Sketching! take your hand off the book, boy. And what are you about?" (addressing another.) "Drawing from this print."

"Drawing! Don't paw the leaves, sirrah!—You'll spoil the book. What! have you got eyes in your fingers, boy?"

Dr. Wolcott, as I have been informed, received some instruction in painting, under the eye of Wilson, and had a few of his easel pictures. Three of these have lately come into the possession of his great admirer, my friend Bannister, which in addition to those he collected before, amount to seven. Among these are two which are particularly interesting to the connoisseur, as they are among the very last efforts of his declining pencil.

The execution is feeble, compared with his

meridian labours; but, the mind of the great painter is demonstrated in each. They are vigorous in effect, and in colour intensely deep.

I remember being taken to his painting room when a boy, by Signor Servandoni, a friend of my father. Wilson then lived, if my memory does not deceive me, over the north arcade of the Piazza, Covent-garden. I have a distinct recollection of his then large nose, which, some years afterwards, grew to so remarkable a protuberance, that the idle boys used to follow him, and call him "*Old Nosey.*" Many a luckless urchin has felt the weight of his cane, for joining in this audacity.

The external appearance of this eminent artist growing upon my imagination as I proceed, I will endeavour to draw his portrait. First, I recollect his conversing with the Signor, partly in English, and partly in Italian; and though his manner was vehement, it yet appeared friendly. At this period, he exhibited a heavy, and somewhat of a sottish figure. His person was tall, his visage was bloated, his eyes were severe, and he had a considerable protuberance, buttoned under a waistcoat, of the same colour of his breeches and coat, carried a stout cudgel, and wore a cocked hat. Neglect and disappointment had soured his temper, and his general manner was that of a misanthrope. The imputed bearishness of Johnson, was kindly qualified, by an observation of a German doctor, who in reply to a calumniator,

said, "Sir, he has noting of de bear, pote his skin."

That worthy veteran of the art, Northcote, went farther in his kind estimate of Richard Wilson, whom he knew. "His mind," said he, "was as refined and intelligent, as his person and manners were coarse and repulsive." Hence, we may feel satisfied that Wilson was truly a rough diamond.

George Michael Moser at this period held the appointment of keeper of the Royal Academy. His exertions in the formation of this national institution, entitled him to this distinction. Mr. Moser was an old friend of my father's. My grandfather, too, had some knowledge of him before his arrival in England.

It should be mentioned, to the honour of this very ingenious artist, who was a native of Switzerland, and some others, who were also foreigners, that to their joint exertions are principally owing the establishment of an academy for the cultivation of the arts of painting and sculpture in Great Britain. Of these I shall have occasion to speak in a subsequent page.

It may here suffice to say, that Sir Godfrey Kneller presided at an academy for the study of drawing the human figure; and that *George Vertue*, the engraver, so celebrated for his researches in the history of English art, drew there in the year 1711.

Sir James Thornhill, on the death of this celebrated portrait painter, Kneller, desirous of continuing so excellent a plan, established an academy for the study of the human figure, at his house over the arcade (improperly designated the piazza) in Covent-garden.

It will doubtless surprise the present enlightened generation to be told, and on indisputable authority, that, so generally ignorant were the public of any necessity for studying the naked human figure from the life, as the means of obtaining a knowledge of art, that suspicions were excited against the artists, among the parishioners of Covent-garden, relating to these scientific meetings, which Vandals and Huns might have blushed to own. Indeed, such was the apathy towards the fine arts, even among those of education and rank, who should have countenanced these elegant pursuits, that a proposal made by Sir James Thornhill to Lord Halifax, for the foundation of a Royal Academy, was rejected by the government; although the estimate presented to his lordship, including exhibition rooms, apartments for the professors, &c., amounted to little above 3000*l*. It was proposed to erect this building on the site of the northern extremity of the King'-mews, Charing-cross.

Moser, after the death of Sir James, presided at a private academy, established for these useful purposes, by a coterie of artists, chiefly foreigners.

This little meeting was held regularly of evenings, at a convenient apartment, in Greyhound-court, Arundel-street, Strand. It was this friendly, artistical confederacy, which merged into the superior institution, the St. Martin's-lane Academy—the precursor of the present royal establishment for the promotion of the fine arts, at Somerset House.

Among other distinguished English painters, who studied at the academy in St. Martin's-lane, were Hogarth, Mortimer, Hayman, Wale, Meyers, Cosway, Rubeinstein, and Peter Toms, the drapery-painters; and Roubilliac, the sculptor, who must be included, though last, not least, in the list of foreign worthies, who so zealously co-operated in forming the establishment of our national academy.

Joshua Kirby, the father of the celebrated Mrs. Trimmer, read his manuscript lectures on perspective, to the members of the St. Martin's-lane Academy, in the year 1754. This ingenious person, who had originally been a coach and house-painter at Ipswich, became an author, and published, among others, that most useful and scientific work, Dr. Brook Taylor's Method of Perspective Made Easy, quarto, 1754.

His last work, the Perspective of Architecture, &c., by far the most splendid of his productions, was brought out under the auspices of our late sovereign, who, among other instances of his

munificence to this very worthy and ingenious man, contributed to the work, by paying the expenses of all the copper plates, which are finely engraved.

Kirby had the honour to instruct his Majesty in architectural drawing, whilst he was Prince of Wales. His royal pupil honoured him with a large share of his esteem, and rewarded his merits, by bestowing on him the appointment of keeper of the gardens at Kew.

Mr. Kirby's ingenious and exemplary daughter, the late Mrs. Trimmer, who acquired so general a reputation for her pious publications, had the similar good fortune to experience the condescending favour of the Queen.

I have heard my father speak of Mr. Kirby, as a person universally esteemed by the artists of his time. Gainsborough and he were intimate friends from their boyhood, and had often studied together, amidst the sylvan scenery adjacent to Sudbury. Every one acquainted with Gainsborough, knew that he was a rattle. It was, therefore, highly amusing to witness the contrast of character in him, and his friend, the mild, modest Kirby. Kirby worshipped the talent of Gainsborough: he considered him the greatest genius of the age; and, looking on as he performed his moppings,*

* Drawings, or rather sketches, so denominated from the singularity of the process by which they were executed, as explained in another part of this volume.

in an ecstacy would exclaim, "Marvellous! inscrutable! miraculous!" In return for which honest expressions, the other used to dub him "*old pudging Josh.*"

I remember Gainsborough once saying, in speaking of the landscape efforts of his old crony, Kirby, whom he really loved, and capricious as he was, whom he never slighted, that if, on their sketching excursions, an unusually unpicturesque building, or a fantastically formed tree, occurred, Kirby immediately sat down to delineate it, as an addenda to his portfolio. "His lines are all straight," said Gainsborough, "and his ideas all crooked, by Jove! How the devil the old frump ever consented to Hogarth's travestie frontispiece to his Treatise on Perspective, I never could devise; had I proposed such a thing, he would have pronounced me mad."*

To return to Somerset House, and the office of my old friend, Michael Moser, I must not forget to mention a little circumstance which he related of John Bannister, whilst a student at the Royal Academy.

At this period, the drawing-school of this royal foundation, was held in a part of the old palace,

* The plate, designed and engraved by Hogarth, prefixed to Kirby's Treatise on Perspective, is one of the most humorous of all this incomparable painter's graphic waggeries, in which he has aptly introduced that burlesque on propriety and fitness, which is the result of want of scientific principles in art.

Somerset House, just behind the site of the present institution. Moser, as keeper, had apartments there, which included accommodations for the establishment of a housekeeper, and other female domestics.

Bannister and Rowlandson, as before observed, were prankish youths. The latter once gave great offence, by carrying a pea-shooter into the life academy, and, whilst old Moser was adjusting the female model, and had just directed her contour, Rowlandson let fly a pea, which making her start, she threw herself entirely out of position, and interrupted the gravity of the study for the whole evening. For this offence, Master Rowlandson went near to getting himself expelled.

Bannister, who at this time drew in the plaster academy, not having gained the step that admitted to the drawing from the life, used to amuse Moser with his mimicry. He was, indeed, a pet of the worthy keeper.

One evening, observing that he had vacated his seat at his desk, he went to seek him, and, hearing an unusual giggling and confusion in the basement story, he descended to learn the cause; when he discovered the young artist romping with the servant maids.

"What are you doing, Sir, hey?" inquired the keeper, taking him gently by the ear; "why are you not at the *cast*? You are an idler, Sir." Ban-

nister met his reproof with an arch smile, and whispered, "No, kind Sir, I only came down to study from the *life*."

Bannister having manifested a taste for drawing whilst a school-boy, his father, not wishing to bring him up to the stage, or indeed to thwart his inclinations in the choice of his future profession, procured him early admittance as a student in the Royal Academy. His progress there was flattering, as I have been informed by his coevals; and his love for the study of painting, which has abided by him through life, gave presage of future excellence, had he continued his course. Indeed, it is likely that he would have continued to follow his art in the landscape department, had not a fortuitous circumstance intervened, which entirely changed his future destiny.

The elder Bannister, whose vocal powers were the theme of public praise, during the many years of his performance on the stage, was greatly esteemed by Garrick. His son, John, who was a smart, intelligent youth, was no less a favourite with this renowned manager, who being a sagacious adviser, persuaded the elder Bannister to place him as a pupil with Monsieur de Loutherbourg, whom he had recently appointed principal scene-painter to Drury Lane Theatre, with a salary of five hundred pounds per annum; a larger sum than any of his predecessors had enjoyed.

The father consented, and it was agreed that the young artist was to live in the family of his master, who was to receive fifty pounds annually for his board, for four years.

The young painter was making considerable progress, when, from some adverse circumstances in the affairs of the father, De Loutherbourg, to secure the stipulated income, which was not punctually maintained, demanded the whole sum in advance.

Every one acquainted with the late Charles Bannister, was well aware that prudence and economy, in money matters, were not to be found in the catalogue of his good qualities; which every one regretted, as all acknowledged the genuine goodness of his heart.

There happened to be, at this critical juncture, an old lady of rank, the Honourable Mrs. Dutton, a friend of Garrick, residing in Grosvenor-square, who had taken a marked interest in the affairs of the elder Bannister and his family. The young artist was a great favourite with this lady, who, hearing of this unlooked-for impediment to his future prospects, dispatched her servant to the father with a note, to desire an interview. The elder Bannister waited upon her, and, candidly confessing his inability to continue his son with De Loutherbourg, she generously said, "Well, Mr. Bannister, the youth shall not be frustrated

in his hopes—I will pay the two hundred pounds."

Shortly after this agreeable interview, the lady ordered her carriage, but, being very fat and unwieldy, she had much difficulty in getting in; at length, being seated, she bad the coachman drive her to De Loutherbourg's. She had not proceeded far, when recollecting that she had commenced her journey without the cash, having left the two one hundred pound notes on her dressing room desk, she pulled the check-string and ordered him to return. Unhappily, in alighting, the worthy lady slipped, injured herself on the step of the coach, was carried into her house—and, alas! borne out again, within a fortnight, in her coffin. Thus ended the hopes of the young painter, and thus terminated the life of the good Mrs. Dutton.

Philip James de Loutherbourg, indubitably the most renowned scene painter in the world, was, as I have already said, introduced to Garrick by my father, who knew him at Paris, some years before his arrival in England.

This distinguished painter, and universal genius, was a native of Alsace. He was a handsome man, of polished manners, and a great acquisition to the English Royal Academy, which elected him one of their members.

At the period when my friend John Bannister was his pupil, De Loutherbourg resided in Great

Titchfield-street, where he fitted up one of the apartments at the back of his house, as an armoury, which displayed a choice collection of ancient armour, and military weapons, from which he made those very pictorial compositions, the vignettes for several works, which were illustrated by his inventive pencil.

In this armoury his pupil Bannister delighted to sketch, and, like most juvenile artists, being tempted to compose heroic subjects, rather than to copy what his preceptor dictated, one morning he was caught in the midst of his romantic pursuit, to the surprise and sore displeasure of Monsieur his master.

De Loutherbourg was exceedingly particular in preserving order in the arrangement of all the arcana of his art. His armour was kept bright, and to touch it even was a sort of profanation. He was, moreover, although a kind-hearted man, irritable at trifles. Judge then, what Master John must have felt, being surprised by the entrance of the enraged painter, whilst in the act of strutting about, playing the hero, attired in *this* precious helmet, and *that* invaluable corslet: his gauntlets too, grasping a sword such as the world could not match! In fact, the thoughtless student had been so entirely led away by his Quixotic phrenzy, that he had piled into fanciful groups upon the floor, for pretended study, almost the whole contents of the collection. The painter

swore in half a dozen languages, whilst his pupil disrobed himself of his military costume rather more expeditiously than he put it on, and decamped. I have heard Bannister say, that it struck him some time after his quitting Monsieur, that it was this mischievous aberration from his duty, that induced the painter to press for the amount of the premium, under the hope of not obtaining it, that he might have a plausible excuse for getting rid of such a Pickle of a pupil.

In the year 1802, having considerably increased my professional connections on the east of Temple-bar, I was advised by my old and estimable friend, John Nixon, to hire an apartment in the neighbourhood of the Mansion House, where I could receive the sons of certain wealthy commercialists, who, reviving the customs of olden times, were desirous of bestowing that liberal and polite education on youth, which, among other gentlemanly accomplishments, included the art of attack and defence with the sword.

In consequence of the flattering support which I was promised by many of the first merchants, and others, I opened a spacious apartment at the ancient Paul's-head Tavern, in Cateaton-street, a house, the curious history of which would fill a volume.

At this time I had many gentlemen, pupils, who rode in the City of London Light Horse Volunteers, a corps, which for its general appoint-

ments, and particularly for the beauty and value of its horses, could not be surpassed in Europe; and, for the wealth of its members, could not be matched by the whole world.

The liberality and polite attentions which I experienced during my occasional residence under the roof of this formerly celebrated tavern, will be numbered, I hope, among the last circumstances of my life that may be obliterated from my frail memory. I may add, that many of the most joyous hours of my long and chequered career were those which I passed there.

There is something wrapped in the single word *social*, that seems to be purely British. Be this as it may, I had a suite of rooms on the attic, at this well-appointed tavern, with such conveniences as a Benedict, occasionally driven by his professional engagements to play "a bachelor's merry life," might well envy. Harry Angelo, and I say it with no small satisfaction, who had long partaken of the elegant hospitalities at the first tables in the wealthy city of London, and under a thousand obligations to his superiors in fortune, could here return the compliment:—not with soups and ragoûts, served in plate, but in the more humble shape of a skilfully cooked cods-head, with a well roasted pork-griskin.

Here my little table never exceeded plates for four, and the guests, of whom I might well be vain, were select: for the said inviting term,

social, gave that zest to my humble board, that made it verily a feast. The lord-mayor, and the sheriffs, I say it with pride, have been minus many a guest—and their savoury turtle, inviting venison, and sparkling champaigne, have been often neglected, even for a broiled steak, and a bottle of old port, at my snuggery at the top of the house in Cateaton-street. In looking retrospectively to the choice friends who had there placed their legs under my board, and kindly praised my cheer, I may apply the lines of the poet:

"I priz'd every hour that went by,
Beyond all that pleas'd me before;
But how they are pass'd—and I sigh,
And I grieve, that I priz'd them no more."

I shall record, as first among these my respected convives, the name of John Nixon: alas! friend John, would that it had been left to some future pen to have described thy wit and pleasantries! But, I must not attempt to be poetic, lest I wander from this my *attic* into *terra incognita*. I will speak of these worthies, and their social revels, in sober prose.

This gentleman was an Irish factor, and resided for many years in Basinghall-street, where, over his dark warehouses, he, and his brother Richard, kept "Bachelor's-court." The elder brother, John, however, was the principal mover of all

the convivialities, and Bacchanalian revels, celebrated in this old-fashioned dwelling; which was not too large for comfort, and yet sufficiently spacious in the first floor, at least, to spread a table for twelve. Who that were witty, or highly talented of the days that are gone, who loving a social gossip, over a magnum bonum of capital wine, had not been bidden to his hospitable board?

John Bannister was one whom I may here mention *par éminence*, who alone could secure a delightful party to any private banquet. At this house, perfectly at his ease, he could drop in, morning, noon, or night, and experience that delightful welcome, which is sweetened by the knowledge, that the warm-hearted host could entertain a friend joyously, without pinching the future day's larder, to repair the expence of the past. The Nixons were wealthy, and had the felicity to be well enabled to enjoy life, according to their own liking—with no incumbrances or family checks to gainsay that which they willed to do.

It would be difficult to point to a more friendly *fratri* than the two Nixons, and no less so to find the *agrémens* of household economy better managed than theirs. It was there that was practised the bachelor's style of housekeeping, on the liberal scale of the old school, in the far-famed city of good cheer.

The kitchen was on the same floor with the dining-room, as in days of yore, in which presided a steady and well-appointed female cook. The dinners were excellent, and served hot, and the guests were waited upon with an adroitness that might vie with the attendance at a private dinner, in the green parlour of the far-famed old London Tavern.

The Nixons were old bachelors only in one faculty; namely, in punctuality. The dinner was placed on the table to the minute: and whoever or whatever the quality of the guest, who was beyond his time, he might be content to eat his fish half cold.—"For, as this is *Liberty-hall*," said the facetious host, when certain defaulters would murmur, "as this is Liberty-hall, my dear Sir, I take the liberty to eat my mutton while 'tis hot."

John Nixon was a man of talent and taste; he was an amateur performer in various arts, and his avocations were multifarious.

As a man of business, he was highly respected; as a man of pleasure, universally sought; and as generally esteemed. Sedulous in his commercial pursuits in the counting-house, his maxim was, that there is time for all things, and he found leisure daily, when the ledger was closed, to open his heart to the enjoyments of friendly intercourse. "I have no objection to placing my knees under another man's table," he would say, "the social convive, but I had rather seat him at my own."

John Nixon was a choice member of the celebrated old British Beef-steak Club, and was appointed honorary secretary, and sometime providore to that society of native gourmands. He was a first-rate connoisseur of wines, and a capital judge of a rump of beef. "My lord duke," he would say to the noble president, "he who would invite Jupiter to a feast on a steak, should select a prime cut of little more than half an inch thick, from a Norfolk-fed Scot," and this is statute law, in that glorious club, to the present day.

Among other pursuits for which my friend Nixon was known to the *haut ton*, was his fondness for the stage. He was an excellent amateur performer, and shone one of the stars at the private theatricals at the margravine's, at Brandenberg-house, where he and I have frequently played together. The character of the old woodman, in the *Gauntlet*, a dramatic piece, written by the margravine, he performed with great effect; as, indeed, he did several other comic parts.

On these occasions, the *dramatis personæ*, who came down from London to render their gratuitous services, were invited to dine with the margrave and margravine, when the dinners were elegant, and their attention to their guests most engaging. One of these parties, I particularly remember, was very gay, being assembled on the birth-day of the margrave; all the amateurs who performed on her ladyship's splendid little stage,

were invited to celebrate that anniversary. The festivities over the dessert were not a little enlivened by the wit and humour of John Nixon.

It was at the table of this celebrated lady, that Nixon acquired the cognomen of the well-bred man, which originated in a pun upon his outward and visible appearance as he entered the banquetting room, when all the other guests were seated at table.

My old friend usually wore a blue coat. Leaving town in haste, by mistake, he slipped on his dress suit of that colour which he wore at the beef-steak club, the buttons of which were gilt, and bore the impression of their symbol, the gridiron. On his entrance, the noble host and hostess began to titter, and, as he took his seat, the company discovered that he wore a pie-bald coat. The laugh was now general, when Nixon, not at all embarrassed, told a tale of his adventures on the road, the knocking up of the post horses, and his proceeding in a baker's cart, where he got so completely powdered—that he not only kept the company in a roar, but the servants, catching the general propensity, rattled the plates, knives, forks, &c., on the side-board, and almost fell on the floor, so completely convulsed were they, by attempting to suppress their risibility. The Margravine, in allusion to his completing his engagement in a baker's cart, dubbed him the well-bred (bread) man.

The names of several of the performers, who figured on this stage, are well known to fame on more occasions than for joining in the elegant pleasures of Brandenburg-house. The late Mr. Walsh Porter, whose taste was visible in the superb decorations of Carlton-house, was one; Sir Robert Ker Porter, since so universally distinguished as an enlightened and enterprising traveller, was another; Sir Walter James, who was capital in Sir John Brute; General Arabin, the first on the list of the old school, of whom it was said, that in Lord Townley he was the gentleman, and—Garrick the actor! and some others, who will be mentioned hereafter.

His original talent (to return to John Nixon) for the humourous department of the graphic art was well known. He was an honorary exhibitor at Somerset-house for many years, where his scenes of humour at Bartholomew-fair, and village fetes, abounding with character, often amused the public. He had the reputation of introducing, through his inventive faculty, that most amusing species of caricature, the converting spades, hearts, clubs, and diamonds, into grotesque figures and groups, which he designed with a whimsicality of appropriation, that Gillray, or even George Cruikshank himself, might have envied.

Whilst upon the subject of the Paul's-Head tavern, I must not forget to say something of

Daniel Arrowsmith, and of the concerts, vocal and instrumental, which were frequent here about half a century ago; and which, indeed, had continued from about the year 1710. The last of the Anglo Corelli school, as I have mentioned, used to meet at this place.

The ingenious person above named, occurs to my recollection, from the circumstance of his benefit ball and concert, given at the Paul's-Head tavern about the year 1780, in which he performed in character, Purcell's cantata of "Mad Tom," rushing out from a closet, between the first and the second act, in a tattered blanket, with a straw sceptre and crown, and rattling his chains, to the extreme terror of the ladies. Indeed, no actor could have better played the part. He was *encored*, and retired amidst general applause.

Arrowsmith, at this period, was butler to John Poney, Esq., sword-bearer to the lord mayor. His master being a bachelor, and a man of fortune, discovering the talent of his faithful Daniel, who had lived in his service many years, patronized his musical talent, and aided him by his purse and his vast connections to establish himself as a professor and teacher of music. This splendid ball was got up at his expence, and Arrowsmith having acquired a considerable sum under his kind auspices, next became a public actor on Drury-lane stage, and subsequently was

engaged as one of the principal singers at Vauxhall, where Mrs. Kennedy, Arrowsmith, and that capital bass, Sedgwick, entertained the public for several seasons.

Arrowsmith was a highly gifted man; and during his abode in Took's-court, Chancery-lane, in the house of his indulgent and very munificent master, he cultivated his multifarious abilities with extraordinary perseverance. He read and recited the works of our best authors with great propriety. No one, perhaps, could read Milton so well as he, excepting his kind friend Bartlemon, the singer, who was said to recite passages from "Paradise Lost," in a style superior to that of any of his contemporaries. As a teacher of singing, Arrowsmith was eminently clever. Before allowing his pupils to attempt to sing the air, he enforced the reading of the parts until they could express them with proper emphasis and due pathos. This was the practice of Dr. Arne, a method, which, with deference to our present school, might well be followed—indeed, which never should be departed from.

Arrowsmith had a sound tenor voice, and was famed, in convivial parties, for imitating all the principal singers who had flourished for many years: but what gave zest to his copies was his lively aptitude to caricature their peculiarities or defects.

In the musical profession, in his day, were

many men of singular habits and strange humours, the eccentricities of whom he burlesqued with extreme liveliness, and being a man of agreeable manners, his society was sought by many persons in the city of London, much above him in rank. After quitting the stage, he took an inn at his native town, somewhere in Berkshire, and died several years since.

About this period there were several musical societies and concerts, held at certain taverns on the east of Temple-bar. I remember one, at the Old Queen's-Arms tavern, situated on the north side of Newgate-street, to which, on Thursday nights, admission was obtained by tickets at two shillings each. The performers at this time were in part professional, and others were amateurs. Here Shore, the renowned trumpet, used to perform, and Fischer occasionally gave them a solo on his oboe—two such players as may not be heard again for a hundred years. Here, as I have been informed, at one period, Corelli's quartets were played in genuine style; latterly, the society sunk into second and third-rate performers, and I believe the concerts ceased about thirty years ago.

Those, the remaining few of the old school of citizens, who, like myself, delight in the reminiscences of these past days, may remember the social groups, who took their suppers in the antiquated parlour, after the concert had closed.

This place had long been the favourite rendezvous of those who loved to talk of the musicians of yore; for, it should be remembered, that it was in the city of London that the first concerts were given—then designated *consorts*. Old Thomas Britton, the musical small-coal man, established the first over his shed, near St. John's-gate, Clerkenwell, which drew all the fine ladies and gentlemen thither in the days of good Queen Anne. The success attending the scheme of this ingenious worthy, induced some rival projectors to establish others; hence, up to within the last half century, there were, perhaps, ten or a dozen musical meetings, private and public, held weekly "within the sound of Bow-bells." Arrowsmith, I should not neglect to add, frequently took a part in these, either on the violin, violoncello, or the German flute, on which he was an excellent solo performer. He was a poet, too, and wrote complimentary verses on Handel and Arne, when he was a young man. His little poem on *sol fa-ing*, which he used to deliver in manuscript to his pupils, I have heard Bache say, was, notwithstanding its doggrel rhymes, one of the best pieces ever written on that essential part of the musical art.

The two Thompsons, bachelors, brothers, and music sellers, who so long resided on the north side of St. Paul's, were great patrons of the Queen's-Arms concerts. At this time, all the

favourite old songs, set to music, were printed on a sheet, price three half-pence. They were publishers, too; and those who sought in vain elsewhere for any popular song, catch, glee, or cantata of past time, might almost certainly procure it there.

One of the brothers was remarkable for his taciturnity, and the other for his everlasting loquacity.—"He is always talking," said Michael Arne, "excepting when he is whistling," both of which operations, it would seem, he performed through the nose. He was a most obliging man, though hasty as a Welshman, and hot as an Hibernian, when played upon; which he was cruelly subject to be, by the wags who knew of his eccentricities. His voice, from some natural impediment, gave utterance to his thoughts as though he spoke through the reed of a clarionet. His manner of squeaking, indeed, was not unlike the oratory of Punch.

Knowing his desire to accommodate his customers, for he would untie a hundred parcels of music to sell a three-halfpenny song, the mischievous young men of the city would go to inquire for some piece that had no existence but in their roguish imaginations. "Pray, Mr. Thompson, do you happen to have a song—I do not exactly recollect its title—but—it is a hunting song?—I wish to purchase it to send to my aunt in the country."

"Can you not remember the title, Sir?" "No, Mr. Thompson, I have forgotten."

"Should you know the tune, Sir?" "I think I should;" when the good-natured music seller would look about on his shelves, and, whilst unpacking a miscellaneous collection, would hum,—"The dusky night ides ound e skies—and usher in e mor-or-orn," then whistling the remainder of the air, he would ask, "Is that it, Sir?" "No, Mister Thompson."

"No trouble, Sir—I'll endeavour to think of another.—'When Auoah peeps at er dawn o day, er ounds begin to ky-i-i-i.' Is at like er tune, Sir?" "No, Mister Thompson;" and so on, whistling and singing by turns; when it not unfrequently happened that the mischievous sparks, betraying their hoax by laughing, Thompson, discovering their intention, would let fly a volley of execrations, and, at the same time, a half ream of songs at their heads, when the young dogs would run for their lives.

There was another Thompson, who used to take a part in the concerts at the Queen's-arms, Newgate-street, who, strange as the coincidence may appear, was not only a music-seller, but also spoke and sang like that comical fellow Punch.

This worthy, who was an excellent musician, and was organist to St. Michael's, Cornhill, kept a music shop under Exeter-Change. He, though

no relation, made a friendly triumvirate with the two Thompsons of St. Paul's, and they used frequently to take a mutton-chop together, at the late well-known chop-house, in Bow Church-yard. This was the favourite resort of some of the most remarkable characters among the old citizens of the last century. It was here that the first-named Thompson created so much mirth, by his misnomer, in ordering two pork chops, for two poached eggs; a tale which was thus dramatised by George Saville Carey, and related by him to the amusement of the guests at many a tavern dinner.

Thompson one evening, taking his usual seat, at the corner table by the fire, after reading the Public Ledger, called to the waiter, who happened to be a new comer on that day, "Waiter, bring me two *postach*." "Yes, Sir," replied the waiter; and carrying the order to the cook, returned to spread the table cloth. Other guests had already called for various viands, and the greater part were at their respective suppers. In his turn, Thompson was served with two nicely cooked pork-steaks.

"Wha the devin do you mean, sirrah! I ordered two *postach*" (meaning two poached eggs). "Well, Sir," said the new waiter, rather flippantly, "there are two pork-steaks." "Confound er impurence! Do I not speak plain English? I told er, two—post—ach; send er master, o-o,

puppy, o!" The master came, when Thompson, not perceiving that all the company were convulsed with laughter, had the man brought before him, and commenced an examination as follows: "O-o, puppy, o! Do o know a cock from a hen?—Well, Sir, what is a cock's wife?" "Why, a hen, Sir." "Well, and what is er chiltern of a cock and a hen? (answering himself) Why ickens, Sir. And what are ickens, Sir, before they are ickens, you arrant foon?" (fool) "O! why eggs, Sir," replied the waiter. "Eggs, Sir! en post me two ickens, Sir, before ey are ickens, you ass!"

Thompson of St. Paul's, and Thompson of Exeter Change, used frequently to go together at night to the organ loft at St. Michael's, and seated at the instrument there, sing snuffling duettos; and not unfrequently, certain wags would bribe the beadle to let them into the church privately, where they would sit, with their handkerchiefs stuffed into their mouths, to stifle that risibility which exceeded all that had ever been excited, at the tricks of the clown and pantaloon, at any one of Rich's pantomimes.

"The most delectable vocal treats I ever heard," said Asperne, "which beat all that ever occurred at the Quizzical Club, was the old duetto of 'Go, false Damon go,' performed by the two Thompsons, one Christmas-eve, at the chop-house in Bow-lane." Asperne, be it known, was no

mean authority, being president of the aforenamed club, which was held at a tavern, somewhere in the city.

Asperne, the well known publisher of the "European Magazine," one of the last of the old school of city quidnuncs, was acquainted with all the odd-fellows within the twenty-six wards. I had the honour of being voted a member of the said club, paid my fees; but, as it happened, I might, speaking in the usual modest phrase, conscientiously declare myself an *unworthy* member, for I never attended.

Not so with reference to the once celebrated Jacob's-well, so named from its sign, which was at a tavern in Barbican. There, the amateurs of fun and frolic, might obtain a rich treat, for the accustomed price of a broil, a Welch rabbit, and a glass of wine, or spirits and water; and waste the night in glorious independence.

At this renowned receptacle for stage-stricken heroes, for the aspirants for speechifying honours, or for those who courted the plaudits that awaited the emulous of fame, in the arena of sing-song, I once, in my gay days, entered the lists. At the remembrance of this evening's frolic, I have often smiled at my success, and as often, all but blushed at my folly.

In no period of our domestic history has so universal a change in the manners and habits of the people generally, taken place, as within the

last half-century. Even up to the period of which I am now speaking, about the year 1790, there were clubs and societies of humourists, of a cast and character so dissimilar to modern habits, that, with reference to their frequency then, we may be said to be no longer the same people. Whether the aggregate of moral feeling may be greater or less at the present epoch, is a question which I leave for the moral philosopher to decide; but, doubtless, the manners of the middle class, in their evening amusements at least, are marked by a mighty change, in favour of general decorum.

At this period, the famed Dog and Duck, in St. George's-fields, was the evening resort of youth of both sexes, for purposes not at all tending to the practice of virtue, or good manners. This wholesale receptacle for vice, having had its full tide of success, at length was outrivalled in depravity, by the opening of the Apollo-gardens, the existence of which was a disgrace to the metropolitan police. At the same time existed in the plenitude of its fame, that rendezvous of thoughtless young men, and worthless young women, Bagnigge-wells, and many other similar evening resorts, for the same class of thoughtless profligates of each sex.

The society, however, which met at Jacob's-well, was harmless in its pursuits, and only to be ranked amongst the multifarious clubs, ycleped

Choice-spirits, Humdrums, Good-fellows, Free-and-easys, and a catalogue of others, where spouting, speechifying, singing, drolling, mimicking, and sing-song, kept the parties perhaps from worse amusements—and good-natured mothers from their natural rest, who were wont to sit up for Harry and Tom, some three or four hours after midnight. The old Jacob's-well, at the worst, was only a school that fitted its merry disciples to become such sparks, as that city apprentice, whom my friend Bannister so ably personated, when he made his *début* as an amateur on the stage. In short, it was the most renowned seminary for forming that strange animal, a *city buck!*

The late Lord Barrymore, a buck of a higher order, at that time was seeking life in all its grades, even from the palace at Carlton-house, down to the *Finish* in Covent-garden. With this eccentric nobleman, I was on the free and easy list, and many a frolic have I, as well as more discreet men than myself, been betrayed into, by his irresistible manners.

Dining one day, *tête-à-tête* with his lordship, and partaking of his bottle of claret, for want of better amusement, he started up, and ringing the bell, ordered his carriage, saying, "Come, Harry Angelo, you and I will go and see the gay doings at Jacob's-well."

We drove off, and arrived there about half-past

nine, his lordship, to avoid being known as a *great man*, alighting at some distance. The long room, if I may depend on my memory, was on the ground floor, and all the benches were filled with motley groups, eating, drinking, and smoking. It appeared at once a scene of true conviviality. Lord Barrymore whispered, "This clatter and clangor of knives, forks, glasses, and tankards, is quite exhilarating; I suppose we must do like our neighbours," when he vociferated, "Waiter, let us have something for supper." We were served with a Welch rabbit, took our pipes, and were as noisy as the youngest, and as cosey as the oldest stagers in the smoking conclave.

It would spin my narrative to an unreasonable length, were I to describe the various amusements of this evening. There was a president, who from a rostrum, knocking with his ivory mallet, hoarsely bawled, "Will any gentleman favour the company with a speech, a recitation, an imitation, or a song?" Half-a-dozen candidates for fame, in each department proposed, started up; when the moderator, from his lofty seat, decided who was first on his legs. The parties then retired, a bell was rung, the curtain was raised at the end of the room, and the spouter or singer making his bow, commenced his part.

Among other exhibitions of tom-foolery, two stock-broker's clerks, the one six feet two in

height; the other, a stunty Jew, performed the parts of Pierre and Jaffier. The laughter excited by these sworn friends, was only equalled by the representation of Othello, *solus*, by a man of colour, the son of a West Indian planter, newly imported, whose thick speech and phraseology might have better fitted him for *Massa Mungo*, in the Padlock. The singing was equally choice, and what was most admirable, as is usual at such heterogeneous assemblies, those whom nature seemed to have qualified least, were those who volunteered to figure in the most difficult pieces. The entertainment, as Lord Barrymore often said, was the most prolific of fun, that his lordship, whose very being was to seek frolic, had ever witnessed in all his peregrinations.

The night was waning fast, and we sat until exhilarated by copious draughts, and urged by his lordship, I yielded to my vanity, and undertook the part of Mother Cole, from Foote's celebrated farce of the *Minor*.

To dress in character, I was obliged to pay my court to the hostess, who being a lusty dame, accommodated me with gown and petticoat, cap and shawl, and I equipped myself for the character in the bar. When, all things being prepared, the curtain drew up, and I sat the grey old hypocrite, so ably drawn by that lively dramatist. I should observe, vanity apart, that having performed Mother Cole before his Ma-

jesty and a brilliant audience, with applause, it may easily be supposed that I made a mighty figure in this comical school of Thespis, where the most serious parts were the most burlesque. There was no end to the plaudits; the young admired, and the old, shaking the ashes from their pipes, exclaimed, "Here is Samuel Foote come to life again."

Lord Barrymore entering heartily into the mirth which surrounded us, obeyed the general call for a song, a speech, or a recitation, and gave them a convivial strain with great glee; when, a member who had come in late, having seen an earl's coronet on his coach in waiting, smoked my lord, although he had put on a coloured handkerchief, and was otherwise disguised, which put an end to this night's frolic. The discovery happened as the hilarity and good fellowship was at the height, and we stole away, as the watchman cried "past one," not a little provoked that this *Paul Pry* had thus cut us off, with only a portion of our anticipated night's revelry, at the joyous Jacob's-well.

The Pic-Nic Society, so celebrated as the resort of fashion, about twenty-five years ago, affords a sort of antipodeal contrast to these smoking tavern clubs of the old city of Trinobantes. Here, spouting, music, and sing-song, were practised in that superior style which suited the more refined ears of the accomplished gentlemen and

ladies at the court end. This famed society, too, originated for the purpose of affording an opportunity for amateur performers to enter the lists for the prize of fame: such a coterie may not meet again, for a thousand years.

Lady Albina Buckinghamshire, "mighty mover" of festive fame, was the nucleus of such a circle as the annals of fashion cannot match. The love of society grew with her growth, which fructified in the rich soil of fêtes and banquetting, until she were a model of *carnation* to another Rubens; her ladyship indubitably shining the *greatest* star in the hemisphere of fashion.

Three nights' entertainments were experimented at Monsieur Le Texier's, when, the amusements lacking variety, notwithstanding the versatile powers of this incomparable reader, and the recitations from Racine and Molière, by certain ladies and gentlemen amateurs, it was determined to remove the assembly to the old Tottenham Rooms, where arrangements were made for private plays, balls, and suppers, on a well-regulated plan.

It was during the three winters of the Pic-Nic, at this place, that I had the honour to continue a member, being voted one of the dramatic corps, soon after its commencement.

Such was the eagerness of those who wished to make a figure in the company of these gay personages, that the lady managers were as much

perplexed to know whom not to admit of their proud coterie, as the hanging committee at Somerset House, in their thankless office, of rejecting the pictures of the unfortunate candidates for exhibition honours, whose pretensions rose not to the prescribed standard of taste.

The *éclat* of the Pic-Nic Society afforded subject for lampoon in every other society. Hence the writers for the daily press, pamphleteers, and other waspish scribblers, garreteers, dipped their picked-pointed pens in gall, and attacked the Pic-Nics *pêle-mêle*. Every day, during the season of their mighty doings, as many literary crackers and squibs were played off against these harmless *players*, as would have furnished ammunition for a fifth of November, to blow up that old offender, the tatterdemalion Guy Fawkes. Jealousy excited some to attack this fashionable assembly, and the alarm was sounded in the green-rooms of the two great metropolitan theatres, lest the rage for these pic-nic dramas might leave the legitimate dramatic corps to play to empty boxes.

Others attacked the lords and ladies, for the sheer love of sporting in a field of such high game.

Gillray let fly at the mighty covey with his double-barrelled gun, charged at pic-nickery, with his crayon and etching tool. Siddons and Kemble appeared more than usually solemn on the occasion; even the comic performers looked grave at their gay rivals, and the professional musicians

were sadly out of tune, at the harmony of the *dilletanti* band; for be it known to the posterity of the present great, that the lords and ladies in the ebullition of their out-doings, determining to do all things for themselves, formed a Pic-Nic orchestra. Here, some descendant from the great and the mighty baron of old, instead of being cased in armour, drew forth the fiddle-case; and he, whose redoubtable ancestor wielded the battle axe at Cressy, here figured with the long-bow, on a larger fiddle still; whilst one, whose blood flowed through his thrice-noble veins, transmitted from the days of the Conqueror, conquered all hearts, by his soft strains upon the flageolet. Here too, quoting the audacious caricaturist, a *giant* lord warbled on the tiny flute, and a *tiny* lordling thundered on the double-bass. The gorgeous Lady Albina's dimpled fingers pressed the ivory keys of the grand piano, and Lady S*******, according to the authority of this wicked satirist, delighted the patrician auditory with a flourish on the French-horn.

This celebrated *Pic-Nic* thus originated, at a party at Lady Albina Buckinghamshire's. The plan was derived from a friendly custom, prevalent among our gay neighbours, the French, who formed little societies, wherein the feasts were supplied by a general subscription of viands, pastry, fruit, wines, and liqueurs—each contributing according to the dictates of their own libe-

rality; but, as Sterne says, "these things are better managed in France." At any rate, it is much easier to regulate such matters in a little, than a great party. Her ladyship's scheme was to establish a *Pic-Nic* on a mighty scale; so vast, indeed, that the Christmas larder at the famed Bush Inn, at Bristol, would scarcely suffice to furnish forth a single supper for these polite gourmands.

There was one main difficulty opposed at the very threshold of the scheme, arising out of that ancient impediment to human society—selfishness, which nought but female wit could surmount. Her ladyship proposed tickets, or lots, which were inscribed each with some article for the supper-table; and these were to be put into a silken bag, and drawn by the members of the society. Colonel Greville was appointed *arbiter elegantiarum;* and under this most accomplished master of the ceremonies, the first meeting was convened, and the lots were drawn for the furnishing a supper.

Nothing could exceed the amusement which this lottery gastronomic produced; for that hoodwinked duchess, *Fortune,* played her tricks with her wonted ill-nature. Those who had the least to spare, were the first to draw the most expensive lots; and those, on the contrary, to whom money was of little import, drew the cheapest. Some luckless fair, whose beauty was her sole

dowry, drew a *perigord pie*, value three guineas at least, whilst her rich neighbour drew a *pound cake*, value half a crown. Then some needy sprig of fashion, a younger brother, drew his lot of misery, in a ticket for a *dozen* of champagne; and a wealthy nabob, another for *half a dozen* China oranges. The mirth, however, was not entirely at the expense of those whose high sensitive feelings might be measured by the lowness of the purse; for Fortune gave the silken bag a shake, and a new scene ensued. Many a rich, grudging visage was woefully elongated, on drawing a dish, the mere cooking of which would amount to more than the board wages of their starving establishments for a month. Then the laugh was long and loud.

The three earliest meetings were held at the before-named Le Texier's, celebrated for his French recitations in Leicester-square. The first was numerously attended, indeed crowded to excess, by rank and fashion; when the embarrassment caused by the want of a rehearsal of the scheme, produced still greater amusement than on the preceding evening, when the drawing of the lots took place.

Lady C**** sent her quota of delicate chickens, and Lord **** his quarter of house-lamb, *undressed;* and this woeful dilemma occurred at nine o'clock — the pragmatical poulterer, and the bouncing butcher, judging it "*all in good time*"

for a supper at one; when, as the spiteful fates contrived it, there was no cook, and, what was still worse, no culinary apparatus; for the worthy Monsieur Le Texier never dining at home, not a *casserole* could be found wherein to stew a sprat.

Fortunately, however, there was abundant *matériel*, which, though cold, was well cooked. Perigord-pies, pasties, and game, with a profusion of fruit and confectionary; so that, on the *exposé* of the dessert, the well-read Monsieur le Texier aptly addressed the company in the words of Shakspeare, "*Over and beside Signior Baptista's liberality, I'll mend it with a largess.*" "Which was verily *taming of the shrew*," said Colonel Greville, "for Lady Albina was *forte enragée* at these *mal-à-propos* arrangements."

It were well for society, however, *malgré* the moral feeling of the satirical phalanx, in their merciless scourgation of fashionable follies, if the fooleries of the fashionable world were generally as harmless as those which were played off under the banners of the Pic-Nic. The society was select, all things duly considered, as the patronesses were ladies of rank; the amusements were refined and elegant; and as gaming formed no part of the plan, the age derived much more good than harm from these evening entertainments. Indeed, considering the rank of the members, and the habits of the *beau monde*, no public assembly in high life could possibly enjoy more rational,

not to say intellectual, pleasure, at less expense than under the directors of the Pic-Nic.

It should be observed, that in the private theatricals, excepting at the commencement, the female parts were performed by the ladies from the public theatres. Miss Morton, from Covent-garden, and Miss Sydney, frequently played on the stage at the Tottenham-street room; a young lady whose death soon after deprived the regular drama of a most promising actress.

As the memory of this once fashionable assembly is already nearly obscured in the mist of oblivion, it may help to perpetuate the remembrance of the gaieties of past time, to insert in this idle page, a copy of one of the dramatic documents, which were circulated to the members by the honorary secretary, Colonel Greville.

THIS EVENING

WILL BE PERFORMED

THE GENTLEMAN AUTHOR;

OR,

THE BEDLAMITES.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Duke of Dilly.....Mr. GREVILLE.
Mr. Discord.....Mr. CARLETON.
Mr. Lyrick ....Mr. METHVEN.
Dubois .....Mr. ANGELO.

Mr. Caper .....Mr. OGHERTI.
Mr. Contest.....Mr. SOWDEN.
Waiter.....Mr. WALSH PORTER.
Cabry .....Mr. LE TEXIER, Jun.

A BALLET by Mr. GIROUX'S Children.

CADET, FRENCH PROVERB.

Mr. Simond.....Mr. DE MONMORENCI.
Madame Simond.....Mr. LE TEXIER.
Du Commerce.....Mr. D'IGNORON.
Cadet .....Mr. OGHERTI.
Dubois .....Mr. NOGENT.

EPILOGUE on PIC-NIC.

When the Proverbs are ended, SUPPER will be served in the Rooms above Stairs, and in the Boxes; after which, or before, as the Company pleases, will be a DANCE.

Poor Colonel Greville! I cannot dismiss this subject without a friendly apostrophe to his manes. This gentleman's sole ambition led him to become the *primum mobile* of the gay world—a master of the revels in high life. Certainly his elegant manners, and superior tact for marshalling the corps of fashion, entitle his memory to similar honours, with those so universally accorded to his illustrious predecessor, Beau Nash.

Educated at the court, as may be said—for he was in his youth page of honour to his late Majesty—he obtained, through that appointment, a commission in the Guards, and subsequently *rode*, to use the Walpolean phrase, in the gallant Enniskillen dragoons. He possessed a fine person, and, as I have heard a sculptor say, had the most perfectly modelled cranium that he had seen. Whether the colonel had the organ of ideality developed in a remarkable degree, I know not; but his passion for scheming was incurable, though, like that of most other projectors, it produced benefit to others, and left him with the empty reward of "his labour for his pains."

After essaying a scheme for new entertainments at the Pantheon, the Pic-Nic having nearly expired on the termination of the third year, and encountering a thousand difficulties and mortifications in his endeavours to please as many different tastes, his affairs became embarrassed and his health declined. One of the *haut ton*, the lady of a great gunpowder manufacturer, aptly observed, on beholding the altered person of the colonel, "Alas! the elegant ruin!"

The colonel at length obtained an appointment in the Isle of France, where, as I am informed, he soon fell a victim to that incurable disease, an enlargement of the heart. I have been assured, that the last letter he wrote, was to a friend in England, which concludes with—"O! my heart!

—my heart!" and that he died within a few hours after the exclamation.

Wargrave theatricals made another feature in the annals of fashion in the reign of George the Third, a sketch of which may possibly amuse the reader, as I and many an old friend were marshalled in the dramatic phalanx of amateurs, who strutted their hour on the stage at this once celebrated place.

The late Lord Barrymore, so conspicuous for his eccentricities, like myself, had early imbibed a *penchant* for the drama. The scene of his youthful *début* as an actor, I have now forgotten; though I can never cease to remember my own, which occurred in the year 1767. I was then a scholar at Eton, and had the honour to take a part in the tragedy of Cato, at the dowager Lady Townsend's, all the *dramatis personæ* being Etonians. The following year I was permitted to take a character in Venice Preserved, which was performed at the Earl of Mulgrave's, in Harley-street, where I came off with applause.

I, however, had an advantage over these, my juvenile compeers, for the elder Sheridan, who was constantly at my father's, drilled me for the parts which I occasionally performed. The manner of this celebrated teacher of elocution, however, was not quite so bland as that of his illustrious son, the late Richard Brinsley, who, I have said before, was the friend of my youth. He

undertook to teach me to read with propriety, which advantage, like many another, I lament to say, I did not sufficiently profit by, from that levity of disposition, which too early proved that I was not destined by the fates to become other than I am. I was allowed to go and receive my lesson from him three mornings in each week, at his father's house, the family then residing in Frith-street, Soho, within a hundred yards of my father's. Nothing could be more dissimilar, I was about to observe, than the temper and manner of my two instructors; with the elder Sheridan all was pomposity and impatience. He had a trick of hemming, to clear his throat, and, as I was not apt, he urged me on with—"Hem—hem heiugh—em, boy, you mumble like a bee in a tar-bottle; why do you not catch your tone from me?—Heugh—heium—exalt your voice—up with it. "*Cæsar sends health to Cato.*" Cannot you deliver your words, hem—hem—heiugh—m-m-m, with a perspicuous pronunciation, Sir?"

With his son Richard it was, "Bravo, Harry; now again; courage, my boy.—Well said, my young Trojan."

The elder Sheridan had many oddities, humours, and little peculiarities, which, I recollect, even in my boyhood used to excite my notice. Our families, as I have before observed, were almost inseparable. Miss Betsy Sheridan, the youngest of the daughters, and I being nearly of

an age, were friends and playmates. I frequently dined there. Their own family circle were papa and mamma Sheridan, as I was allowed to call them when a little boy, Mr. Charles, the elder son, my friend Richard Brinsley, and the elder daughter, afterwards Mrs. Lefanu.

When alone, the father, who had great faith in the virtue of cogniac and water as a digestive, used, after the dinner-cloth was removed, to pour a certain quantity of *aqua pura* into a pint decanter, to which was added two glasses of *aqua vita*, and some lumps of sugar. This compound, after giving it a good shake, he poured into a wine-glass, and the bottle was handed round, each in turn shaking it also, and taking toll, *ad libitum*. He called it his grand panacea. The elder Mr. Sheridan, however, for all his petulance and little oddities, was an excellent man and highly esteemed. Mrs. Sheridan I have almost forgotten, as the good lady died whilst I was at school.

But to return from my digression, and pursue my recollections of that most eccentric nobleman the Earl of Barrymore. I shall re-commence my narrative from the period of my first acquaintance with his lordship during his minority, when he became my scholar. At this time he resided in Piccadilly, where I attended to teach him the art of fencing. I found his lordship affable, condescending, and remarkably good tempered. We became intimate at the first meeting. I had not

made three visits before I discovered a trait of that extravagant humour and love of frolic, which governed all his actions during his short career.

This spoiled child of Fortune, could do nothing that he did not contrive to burlesque. There was so much cleverness of tact in his manner of seducing people to fall into his whims, whatever resolutions they might have formed to the contrary, that even the starched gravity of a quaker would have yielded to them.

As an instance of this, on our third set-to, he was provided with two new white kerseymere jackets, one for himself, and another for me; when, after the *coup d'essai*, he rang the bell, and desired Trebby, his valet, to bring him the blacking-pot. This was placed on the floor, and his lordship, dipping the end of the foil in the liquid, and inviting me to do the same, with his usual exclamation, "Fair play's a jewel," we re-commenced, and after thrusting at each other for an hour, left off, spotted all over like the skin of the leopard. This extravagant folly, which cost him new jackets each lesson, continued for some time, in spite of all my remonstrances; he swearing he would never cease until he had made the Angel-o as black as the devil-o.

To attempt a description of the revelries at Wargrave, as one scene succeeded another, even for a month, would demand a twelvemonth's labour, and, at least, a dozen reams of paper.

All the recorded pranks of Rochester, Ogle, the Duke of Buckingham, and the other *roysters* of the days of the merry monarch, were far outdone by Lord Barrymore and his brothers, a family triumvirate, whose notoriety for dissipation has no parallel in the voluminous annals of folly.

About thirty-five years since, the theatre of Wargrave, may be said to have been in the zenith of its glory. The residence of his lordship at this village, was little more, in appearance, than a cottage. The dining-room was on the same floor with his dormitory. The first-floor was divided also by sleeping rooms, one of which was a spacious apartment called the *barrack*, in which were several beds, for the accommodation of single gentlemen, when the house was surcharged with guests, which was no uncommon event about this period.

In this barrack, I more than once took up my quarters, though I usually slept solus in a bed-chamber on the ground floor. This general rendezvous above, had more the character of a club-room than a dormitory—for sleep was commonly banished. It was, indeed, rather the hall of *Momus*, than the chamber of *Morpheus;* though, whatever watching there might be therein, there was no praying; and certainly the *blue devils* kept none of its inmates awake.

The revels were maintained under this joyous roof considerably beyond the silence of midnight;

and that rest, which was deducted from regular hours, was added to the next morning's account, when the sober inhabitants of the village had accomplished the first half of their daily occupations. A sleepy guest, a new comer, demanded of Denis, his lordship's Irish footman, what time the company retired? "'Is it *slape* (sleep) you mean, your honour? By the powèrs! when Mister Phe—a—ton drives the morrow's sun through the meridian turnpike, sure!"

The whole establishment, indeed, might aptly be designated the Court of Comus, where day was turned into night, and night supplied the place of day.

I have known this cottage crowded with at least five-and-twenty inmates, most of them men eminent for talent, either as poets, players, singers, or celebrated as *bons vivans*, and promoters of conviviality, in that dashing society which patrician bucks and bloods of that day were wont to patronise. Twelve or fourteen selected from these, commonly sat round his lordship's dinner table; the others were accommodated in another room, as well as the servants in the general confusion that prevailed in the establishment, could provide the means. There was little system in the economy of the stewardship at Wargrave, either in or out of the house; all was ruinous extravagance, waste, and disorder.

His lordship's love of the drama induced him to cultivate the acquaintance of the principal comedians, and ultimately to build a small theatre adjacent to his house, which was neatly fitted up, and provided with scenery, a wardrobe, and all the arcana for getting up a play. If I can depend upon my recollection, the scene painter was Scot, the son-in-law of John Raffael Smith, who was much employed in painting decorations for private theatricals.

The pieces selected for performance, were chiefly lively comedies, or broad farces; nothing of a serious cast being admissible within the pale of his lordship's government. The audience was composed of the principal families of the neighbourhood, and not unfrequently from London.

The most memorable night of these dramatic entertainments, was that which occurred in the year 1788, when his present Majesty, then Prince of Wales, honoured Wargrave by his royal presence at the theatre.

On this occasion, his lordship's cottage being considered too small to entertain so great a personage, his neighbour, Mr. Hill, who resided about half a mile from Wargrave, in a spacious mansion, offered to accommodate the prince and his retinue. Lord Barrymore provided the dinner and the wines, and his kitchen establishment attended to cook the banquet. That the feast was delightful, may readily be believed, when it

is remembered, that the Prince of Wales, the most elegant gentleman in the world, then shone resplendent in the zenith of his convivial glory.

The play on this occasion did not commence until nine o'clock. All the rank and fashion of the county were present The prologue to the piece was written by Harry Blackstone, a great crony of his lordship's (and, I think, son of the late Judge Blackstone), who wrote it on the spur of the moment, in his bed in the barrack-room, with a wet napkin bound round his fore-head, to counteract the excesses of the preceding midnight orgies.

This prologue I had the presumption to speak in the presence of the Prince, and, being inspired by his lordship's champagne, I had the good fortune, once more to acquit myself sufficiently to obtain the plaudits of the audience.

As to these stage exhibitions, it would have been well, had his lordship confined his pleasures to other pursuits, equally amusing and respectable; but, impelled by that insatiable love of noise and boisterous merriment, which knew no bounds, nor yielded to any restraints, and being urged on by his two brothers, and the many dependents upon his bounty, his whims and follies were ever varying, and such as no other mortal had, perhaps, ever conceived. I know not how many clubs of eccentric character succeeded each other about this period, all originat-

ing in his own wayward fancy, and all held under his own roof.

One of these was termed the Bothering Club, which was instituted for the purpose of playing off a confederate annoyance upon some stranger guest, invited for the purpose: suppose a resident at the house, for instance, sent an invitation, by the connivance of his lordship, to some tavern companion, a grave, topping shopkeeper in London, to come and pass a few days as a guest at his lordship's table, and to partake of the festivities at Wargrave. The person invited was received with great ceremony, and treated in the most courteous manner throughout the first day. On the second, some one, perhaps Anthony Pasquin, or the younger Edwin, two wicked, witty ministers of his lordship's waggeries, would hatch up some fallacious charge against him, to place him in a ridiculous point of view to the other guests, most of whom were confederates in the hoax. One present would begin, "Pray, Mr. Higginbottom, will you allow me to take wine with you?" "Sir, with great pleasure, but my name is Benson." "You are a wag, Sir," was the reply. "Come, let us hob and nob, Sir; but, 'pon my soul, you are so like Mr. Higginbottom, my neighbour, in Elbow-lane, that—excuse me—I could have almost sworn—" "No, Sir, I assure you I know no gentleman of that name."

At this moment a confederate enters, and, after

bowing, and apologising for being so late at dinner, begins to tell his lordship the cause of his delay on the road, when he suddenly exclaims, "Ah, my old friend Higginbottom! Well, this is a pleasure, indeed!"

"Indeed, Sir, you have the advantage of me; I am not Mr. Hig—hig—what's his name?" Then a loud laugh at Mr. Benson's expense; when he appeals to his friend, who invited him thither: but he has purposely left the table. He then throws himself upon the protection of his lordship, who gravely observes, "Sir, appearances are against you; your friend has disappeared, and —I know not what to think." Benson, bewildered, begins to asseverate, that he is identically "John—Jabus—Ben—son;" when another adds to his embarrassment, by declaring, "Why, Higginbottom, you are smoked." "What do you mean, Sir?" "Why, Sir, ha, ha, ha—that you are Isaac Higginbottom, mousetrap and nutmeg-grater manufacturer in Elbow-lane, and the greatest wag in all London." And these confederate jokers continue their play upon the worthy cit, artfully plying him with wine, until the fumes of the grape, working with his confusion, bemuddles his brain, so that he ultimately forgets whether he is Benson—or Higginbottom.

Another common frolic at the table, when strangers were present, was, for one of the prime wits of the waggish *coterie*, to assume the office of public

accuser; when, in the midst of the banquet, some ludicrous or preposterous charge was preferred with mock gravity against some one of the guests. The accused, not dreaming of the roguish confederacy by which he is surrounded, indignant at the accusation, flies into a rage, talks of his honour and reputation, when that arch-traitor to decorum, Anthony Pasquin, exclaims, "Sir, I can believe any thing against a man of your taste." "What do you mean, Sir, by your daring insinuation?" —"Nay, do not bounce, Sir," retorts Pasquin, with insufferable calmness. "What!—and I will appeal to the company—what is that gentleman not capable of, who shaves himself with the razor with which his wife cut her own throat?"

Enraged past endurance, the gentleman would leave the room, when the door is locked, and every one vociferates—"Put it to the ballot." The ballotting-box is brought, and the black and white evidences are produced, when the black being found more than the white balls, it is decided that the charge is made out. The verdict is recorded and read, namely, "That a man capable of such an offence against good taste, must be sent to Coventry;" and the confusion and brawling that ensued, left the accused no alternative but to quit the house at midnight, or to enter into the frolic and ribaldry in self-defence, and brave it out, by becoming as noisy and as inebriated as the rest of the roaring madcaps.

These are specimens of the daily habits and manners that prevailed at this thoughtless nobleman's. Fortunately, my visits at Wargrave were confined to the days of his dramatic exhibitions, my professional engagements not affording me that leisure, which might have exposed me to the temptation of drinking deeper of his seducing cup of folly.

There was another circumstance that kept me aloof from the friendly invitations of his lordship —I say friendly, for whatever tricks were played off upon others, I owe it to his memory to declare, that he neither attempted to practise these impositions upon me himself, nor would he connive at, or permit them to be tried upon me by his brothers, who were ten times more mischievous than his lordship; and were, moreover, I regret to add, totally destitute of any one of his many redeeming qualities.

Lord Barrymore, I believe it may be averred, owed more of his bad reputation to his yielding to the malignant spell, by which his affection to these graceless young men bound him, than to his own propensities, even had his follies and his vices been tenfold what they were.

About this period, now nearly forty years ago, every morning at breakfast a council was held, for the purpose of devising some new entertainment for the day. It was during the sultry season of July, August, and September, that, in general

conclave, it was unanimously voted, that the scene of revelry should be transferred from the house to an adjacent wood. The cooks were instantly put in requisition, and the *avant-courier*, Jack Edwin, preceded a retinue of servants with a small waggon laden with provisions, wines, and other choice materials for feasting. The guests were to fancy themselves in the Forest of Arden. Here, from "under the shade of melancholy boughs," to drive the scarecrow Care, and make the woods ring with mirth and revelry. Trebby, his lordship's valet, contrived these *al fresco* dinners with great tact; and they, perhaps, were conducted with less riot, and were more pleasureable, than any other entertainments that I ever witnessed under the conduct of the noble host.

I may here perpetuate what has now become a sort of literary curiosity, by copying the printed bill of a splendid ball which he gave at the Town-hall at Maidenhead, in the winter of 1790, as this will serve to show that his pursuits were not always of the same riotous character.

WARGRAVE THEATRICAL CLUB BALL.

At a meeting of the above club, on Saturday December 18, 1790, it was unanimously agreed to give a ball, for which purpose twenty-six gentlemen, members of the club, here set their names. This document will show who were of his coterie.

Earl of Barrymore	Mr. J. Collins
Hon. Mr. Carey	Mr. Edwin

Capt. Wathen	Rev. Mr. Totty
Hon. Mr. Barry	Capt. Hatton
Hon. A. Barry	Capt. J. Davis
Mr. Wade	Lord Viscount Falkland
Mons. de Villiers	Mr. East
Mr. Dore	Mr. A. East
Capt. T. Davis	Mr. Disney
Mr. Angelo	Mr. Littlehales
Mr. Collins	Mr. Quarme
Mr. Davis	Mr. Delphini
Mr. Stone	

Resolved, that three of the above gentlemen be appointed to direct the ball.

	Lady Directresses.
The Earl of Barrymore	Mrs. Bertie
Capt. Wathen	Mrs. Clayton
Mr. Augustus East.	Mrs. ****

Resolved, that the said ball be at the Town-hall at Maidenhead, on Thursday December 30th.

Resolved, that the three Lady Patronesses have six tickets each, besides their admission; and the three Gentleman Managers the same number; and that every member has two tickets, besides his admission.

By order of the Club,

C. DELPHINI,

Deputy Manager.

This ball was attended by all the *noblesse* and others, persons of rank and fashion for many miles round, who were invited by tickets presented by his lordship. Few fortunes were equal to meet the prodigality of his expences on these occasions.

Subsequently to this, on a certain night, after

one of the plays at Wargrave, at which he mustered all the strength of his dramatic corps, he gave a masquerade, to which he invited a most numerous company.

Such was his determination to fill up all the dramatic parts, and so regardless was his lordship of money, that he sent to London, to an amateur performer, a professional man in another art, whom I could name, a fifty pound bank-note, requesting him to come down to Wargrave in style. The receiver, to verify the adage, "Light come, light go," travelled post with four horses, and in going and coming, melted at least half the amount of the munificent present.

For this masquerade, besides other temporary conveniences, one grand booth was erected for the fete, the cost of which must have been very great; for, to provide for the entertainment, upholsterers, carpenters, cooks, confectioners, fruiterers, florists, waiters, and others, tradesmen and attendants, were brought from London, and supported during their operations abundantly, with every thing they called for. Indeed, the tables that were provided for supernumeraries of every class, on these gay occasions, required the attendance of all the servants and assistants that could be procured. Hence, his lordship was plundered in all directions.

The servants of the household had little repose, being constantly on the *qui vive* during these fre-

quent banquettings and revellings. To strengthen his dramatic corps for those performances which demanded a great variety of characters, he occasionally procured the attendance of the performers from Thornton's company of the theatre at Reading. For these ladies and gentlemen a separate table was provided; and, as it sometimes happened, that his lordship's claret and champagne, which were liberally supplied, made certain of these professional guests commit little aberrations from good breeding, the servants were apt to take their imperious commands in dudgeon. I have before observed, that his lordship had a favourite servant, an Irishman, a most adroit attendant, who would do the service of half a dozen Vauxhall waiters. This choice son of Erin, would sometimes refresh himself with a bumper *covertly* at the sideboard; when, thus primed, he felt as great as these mimic Alexanders and Cleopatras. Once, as I was informed by the manager Thornton, poor Dennis, worried by his attendance on this motley group, who were imperiously calling about them without mercy, he exclaimed, bouncing out of the door, and loud enough to be heard by them all, "Och! what would the father of Denis O'Flyn say, could he peep from the grave and see Denis—the son of a gentleman—waiting upon these precious swapings of hell?"

Captain Wathen, so eminent as an amateur comedian for several years, who often took a pro-

minent part in the theatricals at Wargrave, had, early in life, exhibited his comic powers. The captain owed his introduction to Lord Barrymore, to the kind offices of *gentleman* Smith, so designated, from the elegance of his manners, off, as well as on that stage, to which he was so long an ornament. The captain being represented by this veteran of the histrionic art, as the best amateur performer of his day, was invited by his lordship, and during the many exhibitions for which this theatre was renowned, shone a principal star among the *dramatis personæ*.

The captain had served meritoriously at the famous defence of Gibraltar, under the renowned Lord Heathfield; and had distinguished himself in subsequent service.

There is a print to one of Bell's plays, of Lord Barrymore and Captain Wathen, in the characters of Archer and Aimwell, which they were said to personate as well as many of the best of the provincial performers.

Anthony Pasquin, of satirical memory, was almost a constant inmate at his lordship's, where, among other distinctions created by the noble host, he held that of poet-laureat of Wargrave. This appointment commenced with a salary greater than that received by Mr. Southey, from the royal purse, though not paid with equal punctuality from the Wargrave exchequer. The yearly fee of the butt of sack, was not included, however, in

the patent; though, there is reason for believing, that it was more than compensated, by at least an annual hogshead of his lordship's claret taken to his individual share.

The name of this dependent upon the earl was Williams. He was originally brought up to the profession of an engraver; but making no progress in calcography, threw aside the sand-bag, copper, and graving tool, and taking up the pen, commenced the more idle, and far less reputable, profession of a satirical scribbler.

The first time I met with Pasquin was at the Shakspeare, at a supper-party, given by Edwin to a few select friends, after the end of the play in which he had performed.

Pasquin, it was observed, "called about him," as though he had been the founder of the entertainment, which induced Johnstone, who was of the party, to make some remark on his obtrusive manners, which highly offended the satirist. Barrymore was there too, and Pasquin, reviving the subject with great personal rudeness, the party resented his behaviour in so marked a manner, that he was obliged to walk off—supperless. A privation, which he was the last man to relish, as he was an universal intruder upon the hospitalities of all whom he knew.

Edwin, was one of the few of the dramatic *corps*, who escaped the malignancy of this satirist's pen; and he was well entitled to this mark of his

forbearance, for, during the period of this favourite actor's highest popularity, he was a *passè partout* for the needy poet, at the tables of those, who, but for this, would certainly have dispensed with his company.

Old Parsons, who also escaped his lash, on hearing that Pasquin wept over the grave of his patron, remarked, "Well he might, for the opening of that grave was the shutting of his mouth."

Another wag, on the evening of the day of poor Edwin's funeral, seeing Pasquin sitting alone in moody melancholy, in the corner of a box at the Bedford, said, in allusion to his speaking ill of every one, and living at every other man's table, "That fellow never opens his mouth but at another man's expence."

Pasquin, as I have already observed, was brought up to the profession of an engraver, and I have heard that he studied under Bartolozzi. For the fact, however, I cannot vouch; for although I have attempted to determine the point, by inquiries among many who knew him, no one could satisfy me on the question. There is some apparent evidence of the fact, however, to be derived from certain vignettes appended to his writings, which are the work of his own hand; satirical etchings, which are obviously in the style of the school of Bartolozzi, particularly that in the title page, as a frontispiece, to his *Children of Thespis*, a poem in which he has satirised, with great ma-

lice and ill-nature, many of the actors, both in their professional and private capacities. This represents a satyr, scourging a top, headed with Folly, which is designed and etched with considerable spirit.

About forty years ago, a work, entitled the DEVIL, appeared in weekly numbers, at two-pence halfpenny each. To this satirical periodical, Pasquin lent his aid; the very essence of its plan being congenial to his malignant spirit. This work, like many another ephemeral production, now having become a great literary curiosity, I venture to think that a parody upon the *Deserted Village*, printed therein, and written by Pasquin, may amuse by insertion in these pages.

It has ever been the delight of satirists, I believe, to praise the last, at the expense of the present age; and, in the true spirit of this feeling, the writer has made the subject of his dramatic parody turn upon the superiority of the actors who were the immediate predecessors of his coevals.

The numbers of the *Devil* from which I copied the following, were the property of Lord Barrymore; and I regret to say, that I have lost the concluding part. I, however, offer the reader all that I possess, and trust that the *jeu d'esprit* will amuse. The piece was entitled—

INNOVATION.

Sweet Playhouse! best amusement of the town,
Where often, at half-price, for half-a-crown,
I've with such glee thy opening visit paid,
When oysters first are sold, and farces play'd:
Dear boxes! where I scarce my nose could squeeze,
Where play, and dance, and song were sure to please;
How often happier than a king or queen,
While loud applause has marked the well-play'd scene.
How often have I paus'd on ev'ry charm,
The speaking silence, the expression warm,
The never-failing start, the gushing tear,
The broken accents trembling on the ear;
The moon that vainly tried to pierce the shade,
Impervious scene for love or murder made;
How often have I bless'd the parting day,
When, tea remov'd, I hurried to the play;
And both the galleries, from labour free,
Wept at the actor's woe, or shar'd his glee;
While many a first appearance has been made,
The young contending as the old survey'd,
And many a gentleman walk'd o'er the ground,
While hisses, catcalls, off! and groans, went round;
And still as each repeated effort tir'd,
The stage-struck wight became still more inspir'd.
The rival Romeos that sought renown,
By holding out, to tire each other down;
The Scrub, right conscious of his well-chalk'd face;
While bursts of laughter echo'd round the place;
The timid Juliet's side-long looks of love,
The critic's glance, who would those looks reprove:
These were thy charms, sweet playhouse, joys like these,
With quick succession taught e'en Rich to please.

These round the theatre alternate shed
Laughter and tears—but all these charms are fled!
Joy-giving playhouse! best delight in town,
Thy merit's fled, and any stuff goes down.
'Midst thy bays the pruning knife is seen,
And critic fury tears away the green;
Monopoly now grasps the whole domain,
And authors, actors, starve, nor dare complain.
No wit or humour marks the lively play,
But puns and quibbles make their saucy way;
Along thy tragedies, a sleepy guest,
Dull Declamation snores herself to rest.
The place of elegance a stare supplies,
And affectation that nor laughs nor cries.
Ease, nature, grace, are now neglected all,
For he acts best who can the loudest bawl;
Or by a squint, or grin, or squeak engage,
To fright astonish'd reason from the stage.
Ill fares the town to vicious tastes a prey,
Where op'ras multiply, and plays decay;
Pageants and shows may flourish or may fade,
A puff can make them, as a puff has made,
But well-writ plays, the stage's noblest pride,
When once destroy'd, can never be supply'd.
Time has been, ere monopoly began,
An author has been treated like a man:
For him attentive managers could feel,
And public wounds by private kindness heal:
His consolation (failing of success)
That rudeness would not aggravate distress;
But times are alter'd—taste shall curse th' event,
Managers members are of parliament.
Behind the scenes no studying actor goes,
But 'gainst some lounging lord he runs his nose;
And actresses close watch'd from side to side,
Their parts resign to vanity and pride.

Those sallies which were wont to shake the place,
Filling between each scene the ling'ring space;
Those jests that set the green-room in a roar,
And they that made 'em are, alas! no more.
Of polite gravity the green-room's full,
And actors are *almost* as patriots dull.
Poor stage, best parent of the moral hour,
Thy scenes confess the innovator's pow'r.
Here, if perchance a modest woman goes,
'Midst ranks of prostitutes and lobby beaus;
If haply she unpilfer'd 'scape, to view
That stage to fame which under Garrick grew;
While as from box to box the puppies range,
She hears the veteran renter curse the change,
Remembrance waking with her busy train,
He thus laments his pleasure turn'd to pain.

"In all my counter-marching here and there,
In all I've seen—and I have had my share—
In all the riots, when th' offended town
Have broke the sconces, and pull'd benches down,
When plays have been hiss'd off before the close,
The author robb'd of profit and repose,
I still had hopes—for men are foolish still,
This patriot manager with cunning skill,
If not in *parliament*, might *here* in peace
Display his vacant system of police;
And as those squires, who the sly fox pursue,
Snore off their bumpers in the parish pew;
I too might sleep—all care left in the lurch,
As safely here as in a country church.
Oh, peaceful corner, friend to life's decline,
Retreat from riots that can ne'er be mine!
How blest is he, employment growing scarce,
Who cries the play, and laughs throughout the farce!
Who sees unmov'd the flirt her ogles try,
And calmly can the wanton danger fly;

For him no wretch her loss of virtue weeps,
He all his stock of love for Betty keeps;
No surly husband (madam's honour gone)
Breaks on his peace with actions of *crim. con.*
But on he jogs—to meet his latter end,
Wisely content with his domestic friend;
Sinks into second childhood's kind decay,
And, babbling still old stories, the old way,
His fleeting intellects impair so fast,
'Tis hard to say what moment was his last."

Sweet was the sound when at the music's close,
Obedient to the bell, the curtain rose;
There Garrick as he sadly stepp'd, and slow,
In Hamlet—looked unutterable woe!
There, torn with jealous rage 'gainst her he lov'd,
Barry grew agoniz'd in—" not much mov'd."
There noisy bacchanals from Comus' court,
Milton and Arne taught how to laugh and sport.
There Boyce and Dryden wak'd with hound the morn,
Or vocal Johnny Beard, with early horn.
There the apt tune in timely moment play'd,
To fill each pause the *exeunt* had made.
But now Simplicity's soft accents fail,
And Irish jigs th' insulted ear assail.
No friends to nature on the boards now tread,
But all truth's faithful portraiture is fled!
All but yon hearty iron-muscled thing,
Who feels in advanc'd age life's second spring;
He, healthy vet'ran, who his boyish tricks
Can play at th' Shakspeare turn'd of eighty-six;
Can roaring patriots' meetings well adorn,
Sing all the night, and burn his wig at morn;
He only left, sense strengthening with his age,
The faithful Mentor of the sinking stage.
Near yonder church, where once the *garden* smil'd,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild,

There, where the opening shops the place disclose,
The little manager's snug mansion rose.
A man he was to all the playhouse dear,
And passing rich—for he was close and near.
Envy and wonder of the strolling race,
At Hampton, he'd a very pretty place;
Disdainful he to fawn—so great his pow'r,
He must himself be flatter'd by the hour;
And still his heart indulg'd the worthy whim,
Raising their salaries who stoop'd to him.
His house was known to all the vagrant train,
He chid their freaks, but ne'er reliev'd their pain;
The Romeos and the Hamlets—not his guests,
But in the garden—heav'd and thump'd their breasts;
The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,
A trial claim'd, and had his claim allow'd;
The country Roscius civilly ask in,
For all work fit—could any where begin;
Call up a look, grin, start, or force a tear;
At will be drunk in Brute, or mad in Lear;
Pleas'd with the terms, the little man would glow,
And yield—*like drops of blood*—ten pounds or so;
But, careful every prospect still to scan,
The engagement made ere charity began.
Thus to relieve the wretch was his delight,
Could his own interest be advantag'd by 't?
To fill the house, still prompt at every call,
To cry, and laugh, and start, he taught them all;
And as an aged horse tries every pace,
To lure the colts and fillies of the race,
He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
Pointed to Roscius' chair, and led the way.
Beside the tomb, entranc'd, where Juliet laid—
Mute sorrow, frantic love, by turns display'd—
The WONDROUS ACTOR stood! At his control,
Despair and anguish chill'd the harrow'd soul.

While, as a contrast to each whisper'd pause,
The thund'ring house re-echo'd with applause.
Upon the stage, blest with each native grace,
His looks did what he pleas'd throughout the place;
Truth from his lips the enraptur'd hearers aw'd,
And those who came to scoff, stay'd to applaud.
The curtain dropt—around the little man
The actors all with honest pleasure ran,
E'en scene-men follow'd with quaint vulgar wile,
And praise him up—to share the good man's smile;
The smile a master's consequence express'd:
The flattery pleas'd, but not the sly request;
He'd laugh—but, 'gainst their wants as firm as rocks,
His serious thoughts had rest in his strong box;
As some rich nabob, with pagodas stor'd,
Massacres nations, and comes home a lord.
Though scorn'd and branded with the public curse,
Smiles at the thousands glittering in his purse.
Beside Charles-street, where hackney-coaches meet,
Where two blue posts adorn fam'd Russell-street,
There, in an ale-house, taught to play the fool,
Good master Shuter first was put to school.
Nature's adopted son, though mean and low,
Alas! "I knew him well, Horatio."
Well did the tittering audience love to trace
The miser's thrift, depicted in his face;
Well would the busy whisper circle round,
When, in Corbaccio, at Volpone he frown'd;
Yet he was kind—but if absurd in aught,
The love he bore to blackguards was in fault.
The chimney-sweeper swore how much he knew,
'Twas certain he could act, and mimic too;
Could tip the London cries—nay, it was said,
He—for his benefit—King Richard play'd.
In guzzling, too, the landlord own'd his skill,
For, though as drunk as muck—he'd guzzle still.

While Quaker's sermons, given in drawling sound,
Amazed the prigs, and kiddies rang'd around:
And still they gap'd, and still the wonder grew,
That one droll head could carry all he knew.
But past is all his fame—the Rose and Crown,
Where he so oft got tipsy—is burnt down.
Near to the wardrobe stairs, one story high,
Where ermin'd robes and jewels caught the eye;
Dull is that dressing-room—by Quin inspir'd,
Where, once, choice wits after the play retir'd;
When playhouse statesmen talk'd, with looks profound,
And apt quotations—meant for wit—went round:
Imagination fondly stoops to trace,
The tinsell'd splendours of the motley place;
The warlike truncheon, prone upon the floor,
The herald's coat, that hung behind the door:
The clothes—their different duties made to pay,
To deck the stage by night, the street by day;
The pictures, slyly drawn on Hogarth's plan,
Garrick i' th' lanthorn—Quin in the sedan;
The toilet stock'd to decorate the play,
Paint, Indian ink, burnt cork, and whiting gay;
While on the clothes-pins rang'd in gaudy show,
Robes deck'd with foil stones, glittered in a row.
Vain transitory splendours could not all
Reprieve the mimic monarch from his fall.
Obscure he sinks, forgot his worth and name,
For S——— forbids the smallest fame;
To paltry players, no more shall he impart
An hour's delight to the convivial heart:
Thither no more shall witty lords repair,
To sweet oblivion of the senate's care!
No more the anecdote, the luscious tale,
The mirth-inspiring *good thing*, shall prevail;
No more the fop his cobwebb'd sconce shall cheer,
Padlock his flippant tongue, and learn—to hear;

Fat Quin himself no longer shall be found,
Careful to see the chuckling fun go round;
Nor the young actress, anxious to be tried,
Shall blush to speak a *smutty speech aside.*

. The subsequent part of the parody I have lost. I think it was the younger Edwin who informed me that Williams was its author. Edwin and he were inmates at Wargrave.

There is a scarce print, a small oval, the portrait of Williams, alias Anthony Pasquin, engraved from a miniature picture, by Bartolozzi, which is like the man.

The veritable author of the Children of Thespis, however, is preserved in a fine half-length, the size of life, painted about thirty-five years since, by Martin Archer Shee, R.A., which was engraved by the late J. Wright, a miniature painter of surpassing excellence. This print, on a larger scale, is now become still more scarce than that by Bartolozzi, and is sedulously sought by the illustrators, as it is one of the only two engravings of portraits, executed by this eminent miniature painter.

Jack Edwin and Pasquin were the two principal ministers of this court of folly, during the reign of the Lord of Wargrave.

I remember this Edwin the younger, when he was a child. He was a scholar at the Rev. John Dick's, in Hart-street, Covent-garden, and the pet of his master; for, at the age of eight or ten

years, he was an excellent spouter, and used to delight the old gentleman and his scholars, with his "Tom Thumb."

A more promising youth, I do not remember to have known. He was handsome, well formed, and of most engaging manners; had a fine talent for acting, and would have been an ornament to the stage, had he not been spoiled, by the dissolute habits of his friend and patron, Lord Barrymore. I say this, with the greater sorrow, having unfortunately been the cause of his fatal intimacy with this dissipated nobleman.

At the request of the elder Edwin, who was a friendly, good-hearted, careless man, I taught his son to fence. His desire to perform at Wargrave was so ardent, that, yielding to his wishes, I introduced him to that house; where, being received on the footing of a friend, and indulged to excess by his lordship, he caught the vices of him and his brothers, and became as great a reprobate as the most reckless of that trio. Indeed, he was designated "fourth, *shaven-brother-bottleorum*" of that *confraternity.*

Whilst under the auspices of his lordship he made a principal figure in the drama at Wargrave. I have before observed, that to fill up the female parts, recourse was had to Thornton, the manager of the theatre at Reading. Among other ladies from this company, who used to attend the summons of his lordship, was Miss Richards, who

performed several characters, and particularly the part of *Corinna,* in "The Confederacy," at Wargrave. Here it was Edwin became enamoured of her charms; and, subsequently entering the dramatic corps, at Bath, in which she also performed, he married her in that gay city.

After this marriage, he superadded to his profession of a player that of a teacher of the science of fencing; and, opening a fencing academy at Bath, he obtained a sufficient patronage by his new occupation, to add more than triple to his income, as he still followed both professions. He might have increased his practice, and have acquired a fortune, had he been prudent; but, success only rendered him still more careless. His name alone, with those who admired the talent of the father, was of no small value to him: the whole public were his friends.

Even the present King, when Prince of Wales, favoured his views, and he had the honour to exhibit, *fleuret à la main,* in a professional contest, with the Chevalier St. George, Monsieur Sainville, and other celebrated foreigners, at a fencing match, held before this royal personage, at the Pavilion at Brighton; when he received personal and substantial marks of royal favour.

I had many lively letters from him whilst he resided at Wargrave. I received the following, when he had become one of the Reading company, and wished me to perform there, for his

benefit. It was written whilst he was a very young man.

"*Wargrave, Sept.* 8, 1789.

"DEAR ANGELO,

"[*Longevity.*] I sincerely hope, since I saw you last, that no destructive fever, nor nervous paroxysms, have succeeded to check your merriment, or deprive you of your good humour. We all lamented, that you *would* not remain here longer.*

"[*Poetry.*]

You certainly must know,
My old friend Angelo,
That doubtless, altho,

I obtained two *medals,* I would not *meddle* with every trifling affair:

"[*News.*] Yet, most true it is, I am about meddling with a benefit at Reading, on Saturday next, the 12th.

"[*Compliment.*] I saw you once rehearse *Mother Cole,* and never did I see such acting! such gesture!! Such expression!!! Such a voice!!!! Ye Gods! that if you were to play in Berkshire, it would fill my coffers, and raise me to the skies.

"[*Plain Matter of Fact.*] Dear Angelo, if you could by any means in the world contrive to con-

* There had been so much outrageous revelry, and incessant hard drinking, that I was obliged to abscond privately from the scene.

descend to play for me, you would oblige me *seculum seculorum.*

"Your most faithful servant,

"J. Edwin, Junr.

"P. S. I should feel much obliged by your answer, as soon as convenient, on account of arranging the play-bill."

In the month of March 1792, my friend John Bannister had a benefit at the Italian Opera-house, Haymarket; Drury-lane Theatre having been burnt, the company of that favourite old house were permitted by the proprietors to perform from English dramas there.

The pieces on this occasion, as the bills announced, were, "The Surrender of Calais," and "The Minor," the part of *Mrs. Cole* by Mr. Angelo, being his first and only appearance.

Though, from a boy, I had been in the habit of occasionally acting in private parties, yet I was not so far stage-stricken as to venture to expose myself on the boards of a London theatre, without the dreadful anticipations common to all those who are not absolute stoics.

It is true, that I could not consider myself an entire novice, having played the same part at Brighton, for the benefit of Miss Bannister, who, participating in the profits of two nights, Lord Barrymore performed the character of *Captain*

Bobadil, in "Every Man in his Humour," on the first; and myself *Mother Cole* on the second, when his present Majesty honoured each performance with his royal presence; I need not add we played to full houses. These events happened in 1788.

I fortunately acquitted myself on this great metropolitan stage with credit, though I never shall forget the "fever of spirits," with which I looked into the theatre. Happily, however, on advancing, the audience appeared to be all enveloped in a mist. I may add, that I knew not whether this appearance was the same to others, or whether it arose from a film that dimmed my optics.

Bensley, the veteran comedian, previously to my strutting forth from the side-scene, gave me an encouraging slap upon the shoulder, saying, "Never mind the audience—look upon the critics and the other blockheads in the pit, as so many cabbage-stalks."

On this occasion, George Colman (the younger), on the spur of the moment, wrote for his friend Bannister an occasional prologue, to be spoken by him, though covertly, to furnish my presumption with an extenuating pretext, if not for murdering, at least for attempting the life of *Mother Cole*. In fact, his witty pen was pressed into this service at my instance; and the readiness with which it supplied the literary boon, I still

remember, with all due respect for the first dramatic writer of the age.

Bannister delivered it in the character of a fencing-master. As this has never been in print, I may hope to be forgiven for inserting it here.

OCCASIONAL PROLOGUE,

Spoken by Mr. Bannister, jun., in the character of a Fencing-Master.

First I salute ye all—I'm fighting Jackey;
And now ye're all saluted, I'll attack ye.
I come to shield a brother of the art,
Who, skilled in prime, second, quinte, tierce, and carte,
Mere novice here, for once, but *once* advances;
And hopes, tho' somewhat off his guard, to hit your fancies,
While I stalk on to parry off disaster—
A kind of mongrel, mental Fencing-Master.
Tempers, not bodies, I assault; *my* sallies,
To-night, shall be 'gainst Sneers; I lunge at Malice:
Loud Criticism I'll deprive of breath;
Pert, lively Sarcasm, I'll put to death—
Foil blunt Ill-Nature's hacks, keen Satire's cuts,
And run the very soul of Slander through the guts.
My weapon 's charmed, 'tis whetted with the rage
Of authors damned by witlings of the age,
And actors who were pelted off the stage.
Its virtue such, where'er some noisy elf
The cat-call plays, it will unsheath itself;
And, wielded skilfully, it rarely misses
To slaughter all the hostile groans and hisses.
But oh! to-night, may no occasion rise,
There cannot sure, to prove its qualities.
Rosy Good-humour here each feature graces—
I never saw a set of better tempered faces.

Smile then on him who covets your applause;
Laugh is his aim, and Friendship is his cause.
No tragedy he means, no scenes of death
Essays—the Fencer comes not, like Macbeth,
With murderous intent, your minds to stagger,
By starting after Duncan's air-drawn dagger.
Had we in Denmark's Prince, resolved to drill him,
And make the young Laertes pink and kill him;
Or had he, in Macduff, revengeful roar'd,
"I have no words—my voice is in my sword:"
In tilt and tournament, to prove his force,
Had he in Cymon mounted the black horse,
These had been bold manœuvres. Humbler, he
Makes his parade, in broad low comedy;
And hopes no guilt will lye upon his soul,
Unswordsman-like, for murdering Mother Cole.

Foote, in his preface to "The Minor," foreseeing, no doubt, that his satire being directed against the prevalence of Methodism, and proceeding thus, from the mouth of a procuress, would be likely to offend a number of seriously disposed persons, pretended that his drama was intended to serve the cause of genuine religion and morality, by exposing puritanical cant and hypocrisy; but the licentiousness of some of the scenes, even qualified as they might be, was thought to have a different effect; hence, the parish priest of Brighton, on the Sunday following the representation of "The Minor," adverted to it in his sermon, and expatiated with such powerful eloquence upon the profanation of the stage, that it was

thought prudent to play the naughty farce there no more.

Of Mr. Whitfield, the founder of, and celebrated preacher at the Tabernacle chapel, in Moorfields, whose followers were satirized in this audacious farce, a thousand stories have been told.

Foote's fame as a mimic, however augmented by his imitation of this popular preacher, was eclipsed by the mimicry of his rival, Tate Wilkinson.

> "Doth any direful ill portend,
> No enemy can match a friend,"

said some lively author. So it happened with regard to Mr. Whitfield and this dramatic Proteus, who, having been one of the sect denominated *Whitfieldites*, and a constant listener to his pulpit oratory, he could touch him off to the life. Foote saw the preacher but once. Tate (the wolf in sheep's clothing) was one of his disciples.

That Whitfield was a man of talent, there can be no doubt; he frequently addressed his auditory with energy, feeling, and pathos; but, as Foote used to say, "like the cow, after giving a good pailful of milk, he was apt to kick it down again;" or, in other words, that good sense which, at one period of his discourse, would please the most gravely orthodox, would be suddenly succeeded by such extravagant ravings, and pious rhodo-

montade, that its effect reversed the line of Goldsmith, which refers to the pious parson Primrose :—

"And those who came to scoff—remained to pray;"

for many who went with the serious intention to benefit by Whitfield's pious exhortations, on listening to the freedom, not to say levity, with which he handled scripture, and the indecorous familiarity with which he frequently spoke of sacred things, thinking the preacher more of the zany than the priest, quitted the Tabernacle in disgust.

The portrait of this reverend gent. was thus sketched by the pen of the mimic. He describes him as the first actor in his walk, and not without humour, here—and—there. His dialect was not only "very particular," he says, but certainly very affected. *Lurd* instead of Lord, and *Gud*, as the other pronunciation of the Deity.

One of his favourite texts was, *May we all work the harder*, continues the wag, which text he illustrated thus :—

"There was a poor woman, and she was a long while before she was converted: she was three score years and ten.—Yes, she was;—she was three score years and ten.—'Sir, (says she, to the good man that converted her,) Sir, (says she) I am three score years and ten. I have been a long time about it; but, Sir, (says she) I will work

the harder;—yes, Sir, (says she) I will work the harder!' And O! may you all—all—all—like that dear, good woman—all work the harder!"

"What, (looking down from his desk in a sudden rhapsody) What—you young ones! You are some of you twelve, some fourteen years of age, yet you do not think of going to hell! What! twelve and fourteen years of age, and not think of going to hell! O ye little brats, you!" And then he shook his white wig, and growled exactly like my performance of *Squintum*, says the wicked actor. And so it seems it was—for the portrait was scarcely a caricature likeness of the master, drawn by a disciple of his own school.

Whitfield proceeded—at least, so says the mimic—

"You go to plays—and what do you see there? Why, if you will not tell me, I will tell you what you see there. When you see the players on the stage, you see the devil's children grinning at you!

"When you go to the play-house, I suppose you go in ruffles—I wonder whether *Paul* wore ruffles? No; there were no ruffles in Paul's days.

"I am told that people say I *bawl*—Well, I allow it, I *do* bawl, and I *will* bawl—I will not be a velvet-mouthed preacher. I *will not* speak the word of *God* in a drowsy manner, like your

church preachers—your *steeple-house* preachers—I'll tell you a story.

"The Archbishop of Canterbury, in the last age, was acquainted with Betterton the player. You all have heard of Betterton. One day the Archbishop of Canterbury said to Betterton the player, 'Pray inform me, Mr. Betterton, what is the reason you actors on the stage can affect your congregation with things imaginary as if they were real, while we of the church speak of things real, which our congregations only receive as if they were imaginary?' 'Why, my Lord Archbishop (says Betterton the player), the reason is very plain. We actors on the stage speak of things imaginary as if they were real, and you in the pulpit speak of things real as if they were imaginary.' Therefore, I will bawl," said Whitfield, "I will bawl—I will not be a velvet-mouthed preacher."

His contemporary labourer in the vineyard, a man of parts also, used commonly to address his auditors in the same whimsical strain, as though he and his pious colleague would really interpret serious texts in a merry mood. "*If ye be merry—sing psalms,* and why not hymns?" quoth Whitfield, which begot that *divine mirth,* which, whatever might be its operation upon the pious ignorant, nevertheless, was too likely, in spite of decorum, to set all sensible persons upon the

titter. Singing sacred hymns to the airs of Bacchanalian songs and Scottish reels, is divine mirth indeed!

The said Mr. Wesley, as well as Whitfield, notwithstanding their having received an university education, became field-preachers. That the intentions of those celebrated holders-forth were pious, there is no apparent reason for doubting—that they were learned in the sacred scriptures there can be no doubt at all; and few, perhaps, will be found to dispute what has been asserted, namely, that they were men of good understanding; but there can be no slander in asserting, that however they might boast of *grace*, they were not abounding in *taste*. The following *to wit*:—

"When I was at college," said this rival of Whitfield, "when I was at college, I was fond of the *devil's pops* (cards), and every Saturday I was one at a party at *whist*—not only of an afternoon, but an evening. After this I became acquainted with the Lord. On my first acquaintance I used to talk with him once a week, then every day, then twice a-day; then, on better acquaintance, as our intimacy increased, he appointed a meeting every four hours.

"Now, my dear friends! if you think there is no harm in the devil's pops, play with them. So with other things, hunting the hare, and going to assemblies, there staying till two or three o'clock,

and dancing," as the pious old gentleman delicately expressed it, "'belly to belly, and back to back.'—Why—if you think there is no harm in these things, go—and do as you list. But better to get into conversation with the Lord."

It surely cannot surprise, that preaching of this "*cast and character,*" even admitting that the audacious mimic quoted "not always upon oath," exposed such in-door and out-of-door holders-forth, as *fair game* to those who had procured a licence from Wit to sport in the field of Satire.

But enough of this, or I may become amenable to the scourge for my moral ravings; so, courteous reader, I will proceed with the history of my dramatic adventures.

In the year 1800, I again volunteered my services for my friend Bannister, and had the presumption to appear in the character of *Papillon,* in "The Lyar," which was played at the theatre royal at Windsor, before their late Majesties and the Royal Family.

The play-bill, printed on this *memorable occasion,* I have carefully preserved, not entirely as a vain record of my dramatic honours, but, as a valuable relic, it having been in the hands of our revered late Sovereign, for whom it was expressly printed on white satin.

BY COMMAND

OF THEIR

MAJESTIES.

For the Benefit of

Mr. BANNISTER,

THEATRE-ROYAL, WINDSOR.

ON MONDAY, JUNE 23rd, 1800,

Will be presented, a favourite Comedy, in 3 Acts, called,

THE LYAR,

The Part of YOUNG WILDING,

By Mr. BANNISTER,

From the Theatre-Royal, Drury-Lane.

Old Wilding .....Mr. THORNTON,
Sir James Elliot .....Mr. CARLTON,
Waiter .....Mr. WOODLEY,

And the Part of PAPILLON, (for this night only, and expressly on this Occasion,)

By Mr. HENRY ANGELO.

Miss Godfrey .....Mrs. WAKEMAN,
Kitty .....Miss BROOKS,
And Miss Grantham, Mrs. St. LEDGER,
From the Theatre Royal, Covent-Garden.

END OF THE PLAY,

BY PARTICULAR DESIRE,

A Solo Duet, or Ballad Singers in Cranbourn Alley,

By Mr. H. ANGELO.

After which, the Interlude of

SYLVESTER DAGGERWOOD.

Sylvester Daggerwood, with a Song called "The Country Club,"
By Mr. BANNISTER,

Fustian ..... Mr. OWEN.

To which will be added a favourite Piece called

WAYS AND MEANS.

The Part of Sir David Dunder, by Mr. BANNISTER,

Tiptoe ..... Mr. BARNETT,
Paul Peery ..... Mr. HEMLEY,
Scruple ..... Mr. WOODLEY,
And Randum ..... Mr. BRISTOW,
Lady Dunder ..... Miss BROOKS,
Kitty ..... Miss THORNTON,
And Harriot, by Mrs. St. LEDGER.

VIVANT REX ET REGINA.

Stage Boxes, 5*s*. First and Second Boxes, 3*s*. Upper Box Slips, 2*s*. 6*d*. Pit, 2*s*. Gallery, 1*s*.

Doors to be opened at Six, and begin at Seven o'Clock precisely.

Tickets may be had, and Places taken, of Mr. CROCKFORD, at the Theatre, from Ten till Two.

N. B. Part of the Pit, on this occasion, will be laid into the Boxes.

The recollections of Foote, and his rival mimic Tate Wilkinson, reminds me of a comic actor, whose fame stands recorded among the most renowned sons of Momus; I mean Edward Shuter who, for singular humour, has never been equalled, perhaps—certainly, never surpassed.

Shuter, as one of the followers of Whitfield, verified the saying, the *greater the sinner, the greater the saint:* no comedian of his day being a greater reprobate, and no one of his dissolute habits, by fits and starts, being a more fanatical conventiclist.

The same veritable mimic whom I have quoted, and who was for a long period *hand in glove* with Ned, has made a very comic *exposé* of their piety, whilst attendants at the tabernacle in Moorfields, and at another meeting-house erected by Whitfield, in Tottenham-Court-road.

This celebrated place was supported, as I have been informed, by the voluntary contributions of the followers of the preacher; and Shuter being a liberal contributor to its funds, Whitfield, who had, it seems, been a player himself at one period of his life, very strangely, as his congregation thought, not only permitted, but actually recommended, in his pulpit discourse, that they should attend Shuter's benefit; but for that night only. No doubt, with such a licence, Ned played to a crowded house.

Shuter divided his leisure hours alternately in drinking and praying. He really fancied (to use the phrase of certain sectarians) that he had *a call:* and could, whilst under this strange, and, with one of his habits, still more inconsistent delusion, scarcely be restrained, when half drunk

at least, from going out into the fields, to hold forth on sin, regeneration, and the like.

Tate, who, as regarded his pious sincerity, was a very wolf in sheep's clothing, according to his own declaration, used to go with Shuter, at six in the morning of a Sunday, to Tottenham-Court-road chapel (Whitfield's), and at ten proceed to Wesley's meeting-house, Long-acre; at eleven again to Whitfield's; dined near Bedlam in Moorfields (a very proper place for both, as he observed), with a party of the holy ones; went at three to Mr. Wesley's *theatre* there (the tabernacle); from that to Whitfield's other meeting-house in the same place (Moorfields), till eight; and then shut themselves up to commune with the *family compact*.

Little did *Dr. Squintum*, as he is dubbed in "The Minor," suspect that one of these constant attendants was there to *take him off*.

If a comment were wanting to show the temper of certain among the canting gentry of that period, it were only necessary to mention one more trait of inconsistency in the habits of these two co-medians, or rather *actors*.

In the year 1758, Tate, the mimic, had, among other originals, stolen a *copy* of his brother in the Lord, and jolly *convive*, Ned Shuter, which he exhibited in his mimicry on the stage, to the great delight of the audience, and to the sore

displeasure of the prototype: so much so, that Shuter *cut* him at all the *meeting-houses* and *ale-houses, taverns* and *tabernacles*.

Some time after this, they met at Whitfield's, however, whilst he was in the pulpit; and the sermon, preached *at* them, perhaps, touching upon charity and mutual forgiveness, they were moved to reconciliation; and being so *moved*, they *adjourned* to the Rose Tavern, and by three the next morning were sworn pious friends again; and remained so, drunk and sober, until Death (who cut off Shuter in the midst of life,) put an end to their acquaintance.

Poor Ned Shuter, with all his follies, and with all his errors, like many another clever, careless fellow, possessed so kind and generous a heart, that he was universally regarded, and as universally pitied. Never was the common axiom, "*He was no one's enemy but his own*," more generally applied to any one than to him.

I saw him perform the last time for his own benefit, at Colman's theatre in the Haymarket. I think the piece was "The Miser." He was then literally on his last legs; so feeble, indeed, that he stood before the audience an *imbécille*, and, finding himself unequal to go through with his character (the *Miser*), he drivelled out an apology, which the audience yielding to, the latter part of his performance was kindly dispensed with.

He was to have spoken an epilogue, seated upon an ass.

Shuter was so genuine a humourist, that he was noticed by many persons of the highest rank. Some of these were permitted behind the scenes at the theatre, by a special privilege of the manager; though, until a certain period of the last century, this was pretty general; so much so, indeed, that these amateur visitors were occasionally sufficiently numerous to impede the actors in their lawful occupation.

Two illustrious personages, members of the royal family, one evening being behind the scenes at Covent-garden theatre, disposed for a little humour, went to have a chat with Shuter in his dressing-room. He, having an arduous part to perform, was anxious to be left alone, for in their gay mood they were following him about. He had to dress for two characters; so, having a ready wit, and knowing their princely condescension, he said to one, "By Jupiter! the prompter has got my book, I must fetch it; will you be so obliging to hold my skull-cap to the fire, your royal highness?" and to the other prince, "Perhaps you will condescend to air my breeches?" yielding to his humour, they good-naturedly did as they were required. Away he flew, shut the door, and relating in the green-room what he had done, several of the performers

and others following up stairs, they peeped through the key-hole, and, to their astonishment, beheld the royal brothers thus employed.

I have heard Zoffany say, that this lively actor, however, was a very dull fellow off the stage, unless half tipsy; but in that state he was the most amusing of all the dramatic fraternity. Zoffany's portrait of him, in the character of *Justice Woodcock*, was pronounced an incomparable likeness; indeed, my own recollection of him is sufficiently strong to vouch for this; for having repeatedly seen him in that character, in the favourite piece, "Love in a Village," though I was then but a boy, a recent view of the print brought this old favourite to my imagination, at once to life again.

Every one quotes the adage, "*There is nothing new under the sun.*" Our contemporary, Liston, for his own benefit, if I mistake not, made his appearance on the stage, seated upon an ass. This, it may be presumed, was in imitation of Ned Shuter. How the audience received the joke, I know not; and living in a retired village, it would be vain to inquire. I think, however, that the donkey somehow misbehaved himself; and a wag called out, apologetically for the ass, "that being his first appearance, he was entitled to the indulgence of the audience." "*Love me—love my dog:*" doubtless the apology was accepted, and the actor's favourite ass was excused by the

public, for the sake of that prime public favourite, the rider.

Ned Shuter's assmanship, however, was not an *unique* performance, exhibited in this double character; for the celebrated *Joe Haines*, a comedian, in the reign of Queen Anne, spoke an epilogue on *assback*, at Lincoln's-Inn-fields theatre; which will serve to show, what liberties a favourite actor might presume to take with an audience a hundred and twenty years ago :—

Epilogue, written by TOM BROWN, *and spoken by* JO. HAINES, *in the Habit of an Horse-Officer, mounted on an Ass.*

You have seen (before now) since this *shape-showing* age,
More asses than *mine*, on a *beau-crowded* stage;*
Wherefore by *th' example* of fam'd *Dogget*,† my *Brother*,
To shew *our* stage has *asses*, as well as the other,
Thus mounted I'm come, to invite ye oft hither,
To Beaumont and Fletcher, thus coupled together;
My fancy, *his* judgment, *my* person, *his* face,
With the *mighty good* interest *he* has in *this* place;
For *indeed*, as *I'm told*, pray let me not *wrong* ye,
My *ass* has *relations*, and *great* ones *among ye;*
In the *galleries*, *side-boxes*, on the *stage*, in the *pit*,
What's your *critick*, your *beau*, your *keeper*, your *wit?*

* This alludes to the custom before mentioned, when the stage was crowded with gallants, to the cruel annoyance of the actresses, and the inconvenience of the actors. Colley Cibber first successfully opposed this obtrusive custom; from whence may be dated the reformation of the stage.

† Dogget, a celebrated comedian, at Drury-lane, who left a fund to furnish a *coat and badge*, annually to be rowed for on the first of August.

Your fighting ass is a bully,
Your sneaking *ass* is a *cit*;
Your keeping *ass*, he is *silly*,
But your *top*, prime *ass*, is your *wit*.
They all fool *Cit* of his *wife*,
He fools 'em all of their pelf;
But your *wit's* so d—d an *ass*,
He only fools himself!
Writing one play a year for a wit he'd pass,
His *lean* third day *makes out* to him *he's* an *ass*.
Ben't I an *ass* now, thus to mount my brother?
But *he* that's *pleas'd with it* too,—is he not *another?*
Are we not *asses* all ('twixt me and you)
To part with our *old money* 'till we are sure of new?
Since, then, so many *asses here* abound,
Where an *eternal* link of *wit* goes round;
No *poet* sure will *think* it a *disgrace*,
To be *allied* to this *accomplished ass*,
For he's a *critick*,—you may *read* it in his *face*.
As for his *courage*, truly I can't say *much*,
Yet he might serve for a *trooper* among the *Dutch*.
Though of *their side* I'm sure he'd *never fight*,*
His *passive obedience* shows I'm in the right—

[*The player here whips the beast, who, by reason of his innate dulness, never flinches.*

He's a *courtier*, fit to appear before a *queen*.
Advance, *Bucephalus!*—view but his mien:
Ladies, I'm sure *you* like his *spruce behaviour*;
I ne'er knew aught but *asses* in your *favour*.
Fair *ones*, at what I say take not offence,
For * * * *
When his *degree* a *lover* does commence,
You coin an *ass* out of a *man* of *sense*.

* This, and the above observation on the *coin*, allude to political circumstances in the reign of Queen Anne, when this epilogue was spoken.

Your *Beaux*, that *soften* to your *flinty hearts*;
They are *asses*—*taylors* make them men of parts.
Now, some have told me, this might give offence,
That riding my *ass* thus, is *riding* the *audience*;
But what of that? The *brother* rides the *brother*;
The *son* the father; we *all ride* one *another*.
Then for a *jest*, for this time let it pass,
For he that takes it ill—I'm sure's an ass.

My appearance on the theatrical boards at Windsor is only one, among many circumstances connected with my reminiscences of this ancient town. By almost numberless pleasing associations, it has been familiar to me from the period of my infancy; and, were it not too vain and egotistical, I might fill many a page by recounting instances of personal condescensions which I have been honoured with, by certain members of the illustrious family who inhabited the royal residence there. Many of the nobility too, who formed the court of their late Majesties, had been the friends and patrons of my father and myself.

Who among the septuagenarians, coequal with Harry Angelo, have not once in their lives taken a trip to this venerable seat of our Sovereigns, in the days of the good old King? and how cheerful was the journey from London thence! How congenial to the metropolitan! how exciting to the provincialist, during his sojourn here! and how interesting to the foreigner, to behold Britain's

King, of whose good report all distant nations had heard.

Remembering his Majesty from my boyhood, his living portrait is still present to my imagination. I yet seem to see that open, frank countenance, which won the instant respect of gazing foreigners, and that smile of benevolence, which went at once to the hearts of his loving subjects. Healthy, temperate, and active, how many of my old friends must remember to have seen him early walking abroad, in this delightful region!

Aptly, indeed, was his Majesty designated by Gainsborough—"England's Morning Star."

Once, in company with this original painter, and my old friend Abel, I made a trip to Windsor, where we passed the afternoon and evening at the Swan, near Eton-bridge. This evening is the more memorable, from the circumstance of having met that eccentric and inscrutable humourist, Fischer, the musician, there; who, as I before observed, was son-in-law to Gainsborough, having married his eldest daughter.

It was said, and has been almost generally believed, that scarcely any professional man, distinguished for genius or great abilities, could be six hours in Windsor without its being known to some member of the royal family, if the King and Queen were then residing there.

Fischer was a favourite of both their Majesties.

The King, in particular, was greatly amused by his *bonhommie*; for though he was sparing of his speech, yet the few things he uttered were generally so original, and so entirely to his Majesty's taste, that he usually reported the good sayings of Fischer to the Queen and Princesses, which were sure to excite their risibility.

Gainsborough, afraid of his wife, and consequently ill at ease at home, was not entirely comfortable abroad, lest his Xantippe should discover what he expended on his rambles. It is true, that he was no economist of his cash; but the parsimony of his lady was beyond the endurance of any man possessing the least spirit of liberality, and Gainsborough was liberal to excess.

Fischer, who, on the contrary, was any thing rather than an uxorious spouse, used to banter his father-in-law for this submission; particularly as Gainsborough's income was large, and he was known to be so eminently bounteous to his wife; for, excepting the ready cash, which he kept in his purse, she was, as Fischer said, "receiver-general, paymaster-general, and auditor of her own accompts."

It is known, that at the castle the families of the parties who were honoured with royal notice, not unfrequently became objects of minute inquiry: not from any unwarrantable motive, of course, but rather, as Dr. Johnson was wont to

say, from that laudable curiosity which delights in the development of character. However this might have been, certain it is, that many domestic family traits, little supposed by the actors themselves to be heard without their own walls, were whispered within the walls of the royal residence.

It were vain, after all, to moralize severely on this propensity—for, with princes, as with their subjects, whispering ever was, and ever will be, perhaps, in spite of *charity*, one of the most delectable of all mental occupations, particularly as it relates to the private movements of those we know most intimately, or those whom we care the most about.

"Mr. Gainsborough is a very liberal man, is he not, Mr. Fischer?" observed a great personage, whom Gainsborough once painted in a lace cap, lappets, and hoop.

"Yes, and please your Majesty;" replied Fischer.

"Which is not *entirely* agreeable to his lady;" added the same royal personage, with an inquiring smile.

"Nod at all so—nod at all, may it blease you, Madam. Mine moder-in-law is twin sister of the old lady of Threadneedle-street." Her Majesty smiled, which emboldened the humourist to subjoin—"She shall not be gontent, not if mine fader-in-law pour into her lap the amoundt of the whole national tebdt!"

Gainsborough, during this trip, was as usual in tip-top spirits. Every thing which presented itself on the road, from our passing the gate at Hyde-park-corner, all the way right and left to Windsor, begot an anecdote, a pithy remark, or some humorous observation. We agreed to club expenses, and travelled in a glass-coach, for which he however had, unknown to us, previously paid; observing, when we remonstrated, "Nay, it is but fair, we were to have *posted* it; but, Abel (who was very corpulent) would have taken more than his *share* of the chaise; the coach, mark you, is mine own *affair*." On this delightful excursion I enjoyed his company three entire days.

It forms not the least part of the pleasure in looking back to this trip, to remember walking with this original genius through the state apartments at the castle. I shall never forget the rapture which he appeared to feel, on gazing from the window of Queen Anne's china closet, upon the magnificent prospect which suddenly burst upon his sight. "Claude," said he, "could find no study in Italy comparable with this. Look, *Abel*—what say you to this, mine ancient shepherd? the cattle grazing down there, in the home park, appear so many gems pinned on a cushion of green velvet: it is, verily, part of dame Nature's old fashioned toilet!"

If my memory may be trusted, he did not ap-

pear to think very highly of the pictures in the royal collection, generally. Some of the Vandykes, however, rivetted his attention. The portrait of Queen Henrietta, in white satin, delighted him. "That woman had taste," said he: "why do not the French women dress with that elegant simplicity now? But, she was the daughter of Henry the Fourth! Ye gods! how the French have degenerated!"

"Yes," said Abel, who was a man of observation; "but, howsomdever dat may be, vot a strange degeneracy of your gountryvomans for to imidade all the drumpberry fashions from France!"

"True," replied Gainsborough; "I once, in conversing with his Majesty upon the subject of modern fashions, took the liberty to say, your painters should be employed to design the costumes."

"Vell; and I should tesire to know vot observations his Majesty redurned, as he is a brince of gultivaded daste."

"What observation, man! Why, the king said, 'you are right, Mister Gainsborough, I am entirely of your opinion. Why do not you and Sir Joshua set about it?' adding, 'but they are bewitching enough as it is—hey, Gainsborough! hey!'"

"And what did you rebly to dat?"

" Why, like a saucy dog as I am—what our gracious King listened to—and only answered with a smile. I said (faith I am ashamed to repeat it), ' Yes, and please your Majesty—it were as well to leave the dowdy angels alone.' "

Gainsborough was fond of relating the conversations which he had the honour of holding with the King. He always professed an esteem for his Majesty's judgment, in the affairs of his own art. " The King," said he, " is a good connoisseur, and conversant in the works of the old masters; much more so, indeed, than many of his courtiers, who hold their heads so high upon the advantage of foreign travel; lordlings, who, for all their prate about contour, carnations, and gusto, prefer a racer to a Raffael, and a stud to the studio of Michael Angelo himself."

I remember Gainsborough relating to Sir George Beaumont, that one morning, whilst waiting upon the Queen at Buckingham-house, his Majesty entered the apartment, and whilst looking at one of the heads, which Gainsborough had just completed, he turned suddenly, and observed, " I hope you have not entirely relinquished the study of landscape, Mr. Gainsborough?"

" Not entirely, Sire," replied Gainsborough; " I have been honoured with commissions to paint several composition pieces of late; but my portraits must be completed—for, I have received of my sitters sums in advance."

"Aye, aye—a good custom that—first set on foot, by Sir Joshua—hey! an excellent custom. Yes, I respect your integrity; I am sorry to say, however, that there are some members of your profession, who are not very conscientious upon that point. Yes—you are right—professional men cannot be too punctilious on these matters."

"Not, your Majesty, but what I prefer landscape painting."

"Doubtless," replied the king, "portraiture is a tantalizing art—no pleasing your sitters, hey! all wanting to be Venuses and Adonises, hey! Well, Mr. Gainsborough, since you have taken to portraiture, I suppose every one wants your landscapes, hey! Is it not so?"

"Entirely so, your Majesty."

"Aye, aye! that is the way of the world. I knew it would be so;" rejoined the King.

The remarks of this painter were no less original than the style of his art. No doubt his observations were interesting to the King, as his Majesty's perception was too quick and lively, not to feel and enjoy the points which they conveyed. Gainsborough used to observe, "that the King uttered more original *petits jeux-de-mots*, and in a playful style, purely his own, than any person of rank whom he had ever known; but, as they were usually applied to the localities of the moment, they lost half their *naïveté* by every attempt at repetition."

The King, as I have always understood, was not only conversant with the paintings of the old masters, but more intimately acquainted with the ingenious labours of modern artists, than any one could suppose, who did not know the habits of his Majesty.

From the period of the opening of the exhibitions of pictures, sculptures, &c. of the incorporated artists, first, in the great room, Spring-gardens, and subsequently, at the old Royal Academy rooms, in Pall-mall, his Majesty, with the Queen and the other branches of the royal family, annually attended the private view. It was the custom with his Majesty to cast a glance at the catalogue from No. 1, onwards, and from the catalogue to the picture described; and as it is universally known that the King's memory was singularly retentive, he remembered, and could expatiate upon almost every picture worthy notice, which he had seen, from the first year of his reign.

Cosway, of eccentric renown, used to relate numberless instances corroborative of this fact. The remarks, which sometimes escaped his Majesty on these visits, whilst beholding some of those strange caricatures of nature, designated portraits, which occasionally stared from the walls, were lively and apposite to the extreme. These comments, however, were generally communicated in an under voice; for the good King,

careful not to wound any one's feelings, confined his observations to the Queen, or the courtiers in attendance. But, Cosway, who knew every body, and being not over-scrupulous of thrusting his inquisitive noddle amongst his betters—and being moreover, quick of hearing—caught many a good thing, which was lost to those, whose modesty kept them from elbowing majesty.

The royal family were not regardless of this prying spirit of the great painter in little, and frequently enjoyed a laugh at his expense, on their return from these visits to the Royal Academy exhibition.

His present Majesty, who in his meridian gaiety, honoured Cosway with more than common patronage, according to the *on dits* of the day, is said to have been much amused with the superlative politeness and courtier-like address of this celebrated miniature painter; and, on one particular occasion, to have enjoyed a hearty laugh at his expense.

Cosway was certainly the greatest fop of all who ever were dubbed R. A. and esquire, by the royal sign manual.

It happened, that his present Majesty, then Prince of Wales, in consequence of the indisposition of his royal sire, paid the royal academicians a visit on the day of the private view of the exhibition, as the representative of the King. The

president of the academy being at this time confined by a fit of the gout, Cosway, on the important occasion, acted as his *locum tenens.*

Determined to pay all due honour to the royal visitor, and his suite, he received the Prince at the gate of the Royal Academy, attired in a dove-coloured, silver-embroidered court dress, with the concomitants—sword, bag, and *chapeau bras.*

He followed his royal highness through all the apartments, uttered a hundred high-flown compliments, and strutted, on his scarlet heels, as important in his own estimation, as any newly created lord, making his way through a vista of gazers in the passage to the court.

When the Prince retired, the grand little man attended his royal highness to the carriage, and in the presence of the huzzaing crowd, retreated backwards, with measured steps, making at each step a profound obeisance. The mischievous fates, looked *on,* and the Prince looked *out* of the carriage; his royal highness could not refrain,—for the representative of the Royal Academy bent himself with such magnificent circumflexion of his little body, that, his sword getting between his legs, tripped him up, and he was suddenly prostrate in the mud.—"Just as I had anticipated, ye gods!" exclaimed the Prince; when the royal carriage flew away, as on the wings of the wind.

Poor *Tiny Cosmetic!* as the satirist dubbed him;

the giant porter carried him into the Royal Academy, in his arms; the great doors were closed upon the laughing rabble, and the motherly housekeeper tenderly wiped away his misfortune, with a scented damask napkin.

My old friend Cosway, though a distinguished artist, and a very intelligent, loquacious, entertaining little man, was certainly a mighty *macaroni*, which rendered him the more remarkable among his old colleagues at Somerset-house; for though cynics may aver, that every society can muster its *quota* of coxcombs, the King himself used to say, "Among *my* painters, there are no fops;" and the King knew them well, royal academicians and associates, even to a man.

Reynolds, for example, the first president of the Royal Academy, was not even a courtier. It is not likely then, that he was either a *macaroni*, a fribble, or a fop. He was only a philosopher, and thereby "hangs a tale."

When Reynolds waited upon their late Majesties, to paint, from them, those two dignified portraits, in their coronation robes, which still adorn the council chamber of the Royal Academy, it was said, that his manner was not quite so courtly as that of some others, who were subsequently favoured with the royal smiles. This great painter, entirely absorbed in his art, probably, viewed the august personages only as

models for his graphic imitation; and, regardless of that homage which is necessarily exacted by the awful ceremony of courts, when his task was accomplished, felt not eagerly emulous to fill that space in the royal regard, for which less noble minds are everlastingly struggling, as the highest prize of their ambition.

Reynolds, devoted to his art, sought independence, and lived at ease. The King, on his visits to the Royal Academy, always conversed with the president with the kindest condescension, and not unfrequently complimented him on his progress in the art; but never once honoured him with the most distant offer of his royal patronage. Reynolds, however, became illustrious, without royal favour, lived universally honoured, acquired riches, and, dying, left a mighty name!

Neither was West, who succeeded to the president's chair, a *macaroni*. The memory of this distinguished artist may appear too recent, to fill a page in these reminiscences; yet, in looking back to the period of this great painter's early career, as amalgamated with the coeval events of the last reign, his history is sufficiently remote.

I well remember, though then but a youngster, the delight with which Garrick spoke of his picture of *Regulus*, which was the first historical composition he was commissioned to paint for his munificent patron, the late king. Zuccarelli, who

used to visit at my father's, exclaimed, "Here is a painter who promises to rival Nicolas Poussin." Zoffany, who was not very friendly with Zuccarelli, tauntingly replied—"A figo for Poussin, West has already beaten him out of the field." At length, these two irritable foreigners got into such a heat with each other, that my father was obliged to interpose. Garrick, who enjoyed their petulance, in relating the dispute, said, the irritable phizzes of these knights of the palette, changed hues, like the throttles of two choleric turkey-cocks.

Mr. West, from my earliest recollections, appeared to be remarkable for gravity of deportment. With reference to his personal appearance, a peculiar circumstance had, for the last twenty years, possessed my mind; one, indeed, which appears to have equally suggested itself to the observation of others; namely, that my earlier recollection made him appear tall; when, of late years, on the contrary, he scarcely reached the stature of a middle-sized man: this is the more unaccountable, as Mr. West did not stoop even to the last.

I have already said, that Mr. West frequently made studies from certain horses, at the *manége* of the elder Angelo. The characteristic expression of some of his various sketches of that noble animal, delighted my father; and I recollect the

rapture with which he spoke of the action of the prostrate horse, as curbed down by the Scottish peasant, in his grand picture of Alexander King of Scotland being rescued, by Fitzgerald, from the fury of a stag. "It is motion—it is alive, and please your Majesty," said my father to his munificent patron, the King. "I think with you, Mr. Angelo," replied his Majesty; adding, "This is the more admirable, for though painters and sculptors have given a noble and pictorial air to the horse, it would seem that they did not understand his action." My father respectfully bowed assent. Stubbs, who studied the animal with recondite and successful inquiry, taught the painters, upon scientific principles, how to avoid the errors of those who had gone before.

The King's recollection of persons' faces, was no less remarkable, than his faculty of remembering their actions. "It was highly interesting," said Cosway, "to observe with what perception he discerned, even at a single glance at a portrait, the resemblance of the person from whom it was painted, provided his Majesty knew the party."

A manuscript list of the portraits was prepared for their Majesties on these royal visits to the exhibition. The King, however, used to take pleasure in discovering the names of the persons represented without referring to the list. When his Majesty happened to fail, then, amidst the

surrounding courtiers, it was the painter, and not the royal connoisseur, who was in the wrong. It is due to his Majesty's candour, however, to add, that he would address whoever was nearest, and qualify those censures upon the painter, by saying, "Lord B**** or Lady C***** is difficult—very difficult to paint. Yes! your portrait-painters have endless difficulties to surmount. Vandyke often failed in his resemblances. Kneller's men's mouths are all alike, and so are Lely's ladies' eyes. English faces are the most difficult to paint of any faces in the world."

The year in which Sir Joshua Reynolds' portrait of the Right Honourable Charles James Fox was exhibited at the Royal Academy, had some particular political feature connected with that great statesman, which I cannot bring to my recollection. Some allusion to the circumstance, which led to observations upon the resemblance, several years afterwards, by the late Lord M——y, his Majesty observed—"Yes—yes, very like, very like. Sir Joshua's picture is finely painted—a fine specimen of art;—but Gillray is the better limner. Nobody hits off Mr. Fox like him—Gillray is the man—for the *man of the people.* Hey! my Lord—hey! Like as my profile on a tower halfpenny—hey!"

With reference to Gillray, the most powerful and the most audacious of caricaturists, I have been assured, that the late King derived as much

amusement from certain of his satirical prints, as any of his laughter-loving subjects. That potent graphic satire upon "All the Talents," entitled, "More Pigs than Teats," is said to have excited in the patriot King a most hearty fit of risibility. No less amused was his Majesty, with that well-pointed compliment to his own weight in the political scale of nations, as represented in the "King of Brobdignag." It may be remembered, that this represented his Majesty, as the giant sovereign, holding Napoleon on the palm of his hand; and regarding, with no common expression of astonishment, the threatening invader through his spy-glass. Even the Emperor of the great nation himself, his dream of ambition over, might well have smiled at the aptitude of this graphic hyperbole.

That subject, however, which most sensibly touched the good King, in one of his cheerful moments, was that most capital of all satirical hits —"Billy in the Salt-box!"*

It was whispered, that this satire upon his illustrious friend and colleague, was laid in the way of the Sovereign, by the contrivance of a certain Scottish lord, who, aware of his Majesty's

* This, though not by Gillray, represented Mr. Pitt, as a Lilliputian, popping his head out of the salt-box, as the fat cook of John Bull was opening it, to take a handfull of that purifying mineral. She appears to be no less angry than surprised; and seems to say,—"Od rot you!—What, are you there too?"

penchant for a scrap of graphic humour, rightly guessed that this would exactly suit his taste. This is not unlikely, when it is known, that Mr. Pitt and his lordship, seated over their wine, the day after its publication, produced it at table, and laughed at the wit of the thing until their sides ached.

Pitt was a patriot,—his great mind could not only tolerate these ebullitions of graphic humour, but admire the inventive faculties of the audacious artist, however personal the satire against himself. He was too wise a statesman, moreover, not to know that these political squibs were congenial to the national feeling, which, opposing thus good humouredly, the exactions of state necessity, might be considered merely as one of the harmless popguns of a free press.

Not so, however, with the great and illustrious whig, Duke of Norfolk, the upholder of the liberty of the press. His grace was attacked by the caricaturist—and though he put the affront in his pocket, he did not nobly, like the still more illustrious *premier*, generously "pocket the affront."

Holland, the printseller and publisher, of slanderous notoriety in his day, had been long patronized by the duke, and furnished his grace with the political caricatures as they *came out*. His grace's portfolios, indeed, were filled with all the graphic satires and scurrilities, private as well as public, of which the press was then so prolific.

Holland, knowing the temper of his patron, as well as the temper of the times, took especial care in selecting from the mass, not to supply certain caricatures that were intended to lash the *party*, of which redoubtable phalanx, the duke, as is well known, was one of the mighty chiefs.

It may be remembered, that his late Majesty, during the alarming period of the French revolution, which menaced the overthrow of all ancient dynasties, deprived his Grace the Duke of Norfolk of the high appointment of the lord lieutenancy of the West Riding of Yorkshire, and of his colonelcy in the militia; and, at the same time, his Majesty erased the name of the Right Honourable Charles James Fox from the list of his privy councillors. They had publicly toasted, "The Majesty of the People."

Immediately after this extraordinary instance of royal displeasure, a political caricature appeared, which represented his grace and Mr. Fox meeting in the street, where, regarding each other most ruefully, Fox exclaims, "We are both drummed out of the regiment."

Holland, according to the phrase of the trade, had subscribed for half a hundred copies, shrewdly foreseeing that the print would have a rapid sale. The publisher had despatched his man to deliver them according to order; and they were just counted upon the counter, when the duke entered, addressing the printseller with, "Well,

Holland, what have you got there, hey? Any thing new?"

"Had it been the devil," said Holland (who was a daring wight), "like St. Dunstan, I might have taken him by the nose; but I stood dumb-foundered in the presence of the earl marshal of all England—first peer in the land!" Having his wits about him, however, he rapidly rolled up the parcel, saying, "My Lord Duke, they are—mere—old articles." Unfortunately for Holland, the duke was not to be thus fobbed off; so, with a civil sort of force, the earl marshal of England laid his powerful hand upon the prints, and, drawing one forth, cast his proud eye upon it, and, pressing his firm lips together, he ejaculated, "So, Mr. Holland!" When, deliberately rolling it up, he put it into his capacious pocket, and turned his back upon his astounded *print merchant* and *protégé* for ever.

Mr. Fox met the affair with a bolder front; for, hearing that the said political print was exhibited in the window of the old caricature shop in St. James's-street, he bent his way thither, and, opening the shop door, good humouredly addressed Mrs. Humphreys with, "Well, my good lady, I perceive you have something new in your window;" and, pointing to the very print, paid his eighteen pence for it, received his change out of half a crown, rolled it carefully up, and, putting it in *his* pocket also, smiled a "good morning to

you," and gently shut the shop door on his departure.

Old mother Humphreys, albeit not much given to the melting mood, overcome with the gentle manner of Mr. Fox, the tear glistening in her eye, observed to Betty, as the great statesman passed the window up St. James's-street, "Ah, Betty, there goes the pattern for all gentlemen! Every body loved Mr. Fox."

The Duke of Norfolk, *malgré* this trait of little-mindedness, was affable and condescending in his general deportment. Few noblemen mixed more generally in society; and it would be difficult to name any personage of high rank, with whom men of wit and talent found themselves more at ease, than in the presence of his grace.

As a president, whether in the chair of science, or presiding at the convivial board, he was second to none. His dignity and affability were equally conspicuous, when distributing the prizes awarded to the genius and talent of the rising generation, at the Society of Arts; and nothing could be more engaging than his attentions to those surrounding him at the tavern banquet—where, to use his own phrase, all subscribing alike, were placed on the same footing of social intercourse.

The duke's habits were certainly peculiar to himself. One day he would be the high-bred nobleman, at the magnificent table of his prince; the next, he would take a chop *tête-à-tête* at the

Shakspeare, with any respectable professional man, were he poet, painter, musician, or player, when his manner was as free from ostentation, as it were possible to conceive any great lord's could be. Hence his grace was designated the social duke.

One evening, a few years ago, at this celebrated tavern, a certain editor, whilst seated alone in a snug box, having ordered his steak, the duke came in, and finding the other boxes engaged, he sat him down in this. His grace was not over particular in his attire, and, at this time, it being winter, and a rainy evening, he was wrapped in a common brown great coat, of rough nap, such as is usually worn by master butchers, or others, when attending the markets.

After sitting a short time, and looking about him, his grace accosted the editor with that superior manner and address which at once bespoke him a gentleman; when, after an interchange of a few sentences, the duke, observing that he had a cloth laid for only one, proposed, if not disagreeable, he would have the pleasure to join him, saying, "I do not know how it may be with you, Sir; but I have a great objection to dining alone."

Now, it is well known to all who have been much in the habit of taking their chop at a tavern, that a gentleman may frequent the same

house for weeks, or even months, in succession, and daily dine alone, with very little chance of a stranger making a similar proposition: indeed, such an act, according to English notions, would be considered a breach of good breeding, and the proposal might be most likely met with a disposition—" to decline the honour."

There was so much frankness in his grace's manner, however, that the editor felt no disposition to decline the proposal,—" I should tell you, Sir," said he, " that I have simply ordered a rump steak."

" A most excellent dish, Sir. I know nothing better; so, by permission, we will have a two-pound cut instead of one," calling the waiter and desiring him to provide steaks for two. This being arranged, the waiter inquired, as usual, " what malt liquor would you choose, Sir?" addressing the editor. " A pint of porter," was the reply. " By permission, let it be a pot," said the duke, adding, " a rump steak, and a pint of porter, to my thinking, at least, is a feast which only an Englishman can enjoy; what think you, Sir?"—" I am entirely of your opinion," returned the editor.

The steak was well cooked, and served hot. " It is delicious," said the duke. " And pray, may I ask, what wine do you take?"

" I usually indulge myself with a pint of sherry."

"Let us make it a quart," said the duke. "Waiter, bring a bottle of your old sherry. Sherry, Sir, is the best white wine that is drank."

They ate the steak, drank the porter, and bowing to each other at the first glass, emptied the bottle of sherry. "Now, Sir," said the duke, "as you have been so friendy as to allow me to dine on your cloth, let me beg you to take a half bottle of port at my expence." "With great pleasure," answered the editor, saying to himself,—this is a fine, frank, hearty, old-fashioned, gentlemanly lord of the manor-like specimen of a true Englishman of the old school. The truth is, the editor, like most of his fraternity, was a man of perception; and the duke, who was a nobleman of *nouse*, understood each other to a ten times greater nicety than my pen can describe; and being mutually pleased with each other, they sat and chatted over a second bottle of port, with that glorious social independence, which can only be known to those who thus place their knees under the white damask, upon a shining, narrow, mahogany table, in one of the comfortable recesses of a metropolitan tavern.

They had cracked their walnuts, when the editor, calling the waiter, desired him to inquire at the bar, for a *frank* for the boxes which was to be left there for him. The waiter returned, saying, "Sir, there is no such thing."

"Sir," said the duke, "I have two box places

in keeping for me at Covent Garden, and as we have dined so pleasantly together, perhaps you will accept of one. I expected a friend to accompany me who is otherwise engaged—so, Sir, it is hardly a compliment."

The offer was accepted, the tavern bill was discharged, and they proceeded to the playhouse.

They had not been seated long, before a gentleman, with two ladies, and some others, entered the box, and within a short space of time, the second act having commenced, when, according to the established rule of the theatre, places that are kept being given up, if the parties for whom they are held do not arrive, the duke and the editor, neither having much the exterior garb of people of condition, and occupying the front seat, the gentleman touched the duke on the shoulder, and reminded him that it was time to depart. The duke smiled, and maintained his seat. The next moment, another, somewhat less gently, reminded both these *place-keepers*, as they were supposed to be, to move off; when, the editor answered, "Sir, these are our places," accompanying the information with a resentful frown.

Such things will happen, men are too apt to judge by external appearance, as well in a playhouse, as in the great theatre of the world. This gentleman, the ladies, and the other gentlemen, were incredulous, and calling, "Box-keeper," desired these two men might be turned out. The

officer, who knew the quality of the personage thus suspected, staring at the gentleman with surprise, informed him, in an under voice, that "the gentleman in the brown great coat was the Duke of Norfolk."

This information caused the gentleman to stare in turn; when, with some effort, mustering sufficient courage to offer an apology, he stammered out, "My lord duke, I—humbly—ask pardon of your grace,"—and would have proceeded, but the duke, with great good humour, answered, "My good Sir, I beg you to forbear—we are all liable to mistake;" and, to alleviate the embarrassment of the whole party, who had joined in the peremptory mandate for expulsion, his grace most jocosely told them the following circumstance to the point; first, however, politely offering his seat at the service of either of the ladies, which was as politely declined.

"I am," said his grace, "fond of society, and I seek it according to my humour. I am not, at best, much of a beau; and, perhaps, too regardless of my costume, which sometimes subjects me to little inconveniences, which are not altogether unamusing. For instance, walking in at a cock-pit, a few months since, where they were fighting a match, desirous of doing as others did, I offered to bet upon one of the birds; but, not being so well attired as the company generally, no one heeded me. Presently, however, a

smart young fellow, (a gentleman,) with a generous spirit which I could not but admire, called out, 'Come, my honest butcher—I'll take your bet.'"

It was thus forbearingly the first peer of the realm could endure a taunt; and thus playfully and kindly relieve those, who had unwittingly attacked his consequence, from the unpleasant feelings which would occur under so delicate a dilemma.

A remarkable instance of his grace's eccentricity, and condescending willingness to oblige, was manifested towards an artist whom he patronised, and who is known to fame.

During the extensive alterations projected by his grace for the improvement of Arundel Castle, it was determined to ornament the lofty windows of the Baron's-hall, with painted glass. The magnificent and spacious gothic window, over the *dais*, represented Solomon at the banquet, feasting Queen Sheba, in which his grace's portrait, supplied the place of the great Jewish king. This was executed from an original picture by Hamilton; which picture occupied nearly an acre of canvas, as the critics said, and as his brother royal academicians averred, nearly half the great room of the Royal Academy.

The side windows were also to be of painted glass, the subjects, figures of knights in armour, each occupying one entire window, and of the

stature of giants. All these were to be portraits, and of the illustrious house of Howard, ancient and modern.

Mr. Oliver, then a young man, and rising into fame, was deputed by his grace to provide all these prototypes, which were painted at the artist's apartments in Old Bond-street, where his grace frequently called, to observe the progress of the work.

As Mr. Oliver proceeded, he expatiated to his noble patron upon the majestic appearance of those of the portraits, ancients of the family, who were represented, wearing their beards, in contradistinction to the mean modern portraits, which were represented without that masculine symbol, "Nature's mark of manhood." "Well!" exclaimed the duke, after listening attentively to his remarks, "I infer then, that you would desire to paint my head with the appendage of a beard; be it so."

"But, my lord duke," rejoined the artist, "I know not what colour, form, and shape, to give to a beard that character which nature would have chosen, characteristic of your grace's countenance."

"O! then I perceive—you would like me to make the experiment, and suffer my beard to grow."

"No, your grace, such a presumption had not entered my thoughts."

"Well, but if you are possessed with a notion that the picture would be more fitting with a beard—and your fame, not mine, will be called in question hereafter—and if you cannot substitute a beard from your own perception, why, I suppose it must be, that nature is to be pressed into the service. Pray, as you are so great an advocate for the wearing of beards, how long will it require to go unshaven, to acquire a good, formidable one?"

"That I cannot answer, your grace," replied Oliver.

"I thought as much," returned his grace, with a smile, adding, "well then, Mr. Oliver, inquire of some barber—one who is more learned in beard-ology, and let me know the result."

About ten weeks after this conversation, the artist received a letter, requiring his attendance at Arundel Castle, the duke being there, as it was his grace's wish that he should proceed with the portraits of the barons.

It happened, on Mr. Oliver's arrival, that several visitors were at the castle, and he did not see the duke, until he came into the eating-room, and sat at the head of his dinner-table. To the surprise of the painter, and still more so to the guests, his lordship appeared with a bushy beard, not long, but magnificently curly and full. It was a beard, indeed, worthy the representative of the ancient and illustrious house. Oliver readily

comprehended the cause of the alteration, but every one else of the guests, was astonished at so strange a metamorphosis.

The cloth at length being removed, and his grace perceiving the curiosity which his altered appearance excited, though no one present ventured to interrogate the noble host, his grace relieved them by observing, "Now, gentlemen, I know you are wondering what this means," passing his hand over his beard, "so, whilst I am absent, Mr. Oliver will, I dare say, relieve your curiosity." The duke then, leaning back in his chair, fell into a short doze, his usual custom latterly, after dinner; and the artist communicated to the listening company what he supposed had induced his grace to allow his beard to grow.

It subsequently appeared that after the conversation which passed at the apartments of the painter, his grace being informed eight or ten weeks might suffice for the growth of such a beard, he retired from London to the castle, and such was his constancy in the attainment of the object, that he did not show himself to any but the people of his household, until this particular day, when he had invited several gentlemen of the neighbourhood to partake of a venison dinner.

That his grace, as before observed, was not very particular as to his costume, could be proved in many instances; his dress for many years, as must

be remembered, was a slate-coloured coat, with a black collar, and usually, black waistcoat and breeches.

Some few years since, his grace had promised to attend at a splendid ball, given by one of the great folks in the county. At this time there were several guests at the castle, who were to go with his grace. They had sat long over the wine, and all the party had retired to dress, when returning, the duke was still asleep in his arm chair. His grace's valet roused him, and he made his appearance in the drawing-room. "We shall be very late, my lord duke," said a lady. "Not at all," returned his grace; "what is to delay us?" "Why," replied the lady, "you are not dressed." "Pho!" said the duke gaily, when desiring his valet to bring him his coat, and the order being immediately obeyed, he disrobed himself of that he wore, and being assisted on with the other, and that of the exact same cut and colour, he said, "Now, ladies, I am ready;" and gallantly taking one of his fair visitors by the hand, and placing his *chapeau bras*, he led her to her carriage, and the party drove off to the ball.

Every one acquainted with the habits of his grace knew that he was a libertine. "He had almost as many mistresses," said Lady S*****, "as King Solomon, which, I suppose, induced him to be painted in that character for the

window in his baronial hall." His eccentricities in his amours, perhaps, were as remarkable as any circumstances that marked his strange habits of life. Men of his vast wealth, when uncontrolled by reason, and deaf to the admonitions of conscience, commit numberless extravagant acts, which rather increase than decrease with age. The duke, long addicted to self-indulgence, had an extensive and increasing list of annuities to pay to women of various grades, as the wages of their shame. It was said, that these were paid quarterly, at a certain banker's; the checks being drawn payable on the same day, to all the parties. Such frail pensioners were not likely to postpone their receipts; and aware of this, the duke used to sit in a back parlour, to have a peep at his old acquaintances, the name of whom as each applied, he knew, as a clerk was appointed to bring the cheque as presented, for the duke's inspection. There he would make his comments to a confidential person, at his elbow. Of one he would say, "I'faith, she looks as young as twenty years ago." Of another, "What a dowdy!" and of another, "What an old hag!" Occasionally, however, a feeling of compunction, or perhaps of caprice, would seize him, when he would desire the party to step in, and there, after inquiring of their welfare, strange to say, he would sometimes entertain them with a gratuitous lecture on morality! It is likely the duke, after his

long experience, might exclaim, with the mighty personage represented in the painted glass, "All is vanity and vexation of spirit!"

Gillray, with a few scratches of his creative etching-needle upon copper, gave the veritable likeness of the duke. One of the best of these is in his celebrated satirical print, entitled "Doublures" of distinguished characters; wherein he represented, in profile, the bust of the personage, with a faithful resemblance, and, by its side, the *doublure*, in shadow, which, by a skilful physiognomical exaggeration, was transposed into the resemblance of what he hyperbolically dubbed their great prototypes. The *doublure* of Charles James Fox was thus rendered into Milton's *Satan;* the late Duke of Bedford into a *Jockey;* Sir Francis Burdett, a character in the "Beggar's Opera;" and the Duke of Norfolk into the similitude of *Silenus*. The appositeness of this last is so masterly a hit, that all those who were acquainted with the physiognomy of his grace, associating his expression with his habits, consider it as the *ne plus ultra* of caricature.

The duke, whose person I distinctly recollect when he was Lord Surrey, was inclined to be stout; latterly, without being remarkable for corpulency, was the broadest figure I ever remember to have seen. A few months before his grace's decease, I saw him opposite the Horse Guards in St. James's Park, afflicted with those

involuntary twitches and convulsive motions, which are the effects of an irritability of the nervous system, almost amounting to St. Vitus's dance. He stood still awhile, and then seemed impelled onwards, almost to a trot. His figure, as seen behind, might be likened to a square, elongated into a short proportioned oblong; his shoulders being, I should think, considerably more than two feet in breadth.

The aptitude of Gillray for sketching a likeness by a cursory view of the prototype, induced De Loutherbourg to engage him to join in a professional trip to the continent. This renowned battle painter was employed to produce a large picture of the siege of Valenciennes, the first great military exploit in which the British army participated, in the revolutionary war of France.

In this celebrated composition, portraits of the chiefs, and other distinguished officers of the confederate army were to be introduced, and Gillray was deputed to procure their likeness upon the field.

These confederate artists were furnished by the government with credentials, and being admitted to the presence of the heroes, whilst De Loutherbourg was busied in making his graphic memoranda of the general scene, Gillray was equally on the alert, catching the individual countenance of the actors; a task which none but himself, perhaps, could accomplish; for, as he

observed, "As the bullet *whizzes*, so I caught their *phizzes*—flying."

This interesting *expedition* of the artists being accomplished, and much more *successfully* than those which *succeeded*, with the heroes whom they left behind, returned to London, their portfolios "rich with the spoils of war." Every one was eager to *see* what they had seen. His Majesty, King George the Third, who must be mentioned, *par éminence*, was no less eager than his loyal subjects, to take a peep into the portfolio, which brings me to my tale.

Monsieur De Loutherbourg, and the British limner, were summoned to appear before the King, that his most gracious Majesty might have the gratification of turning over the *matériel* for this uncle Toby like campaign of the siege over again. The view of the ruined steeples, and battered walls of the extensive fortifications, and the lines of circumvallation were faithful, and true to their prototype; but not so the portraits in the opinion of the royal connoisseur. The features of the generals were little more than incoherent scratches—mere technical memoranda, to be worked into form by their author—and certainly incomprehensible to any but an artist, and perhaps that artist, himself.

De Loutherbourg was complimented; whilst the only reward obtained by Gillray, was a look which seemed to express,—Mr. Gillray, you

might as well have remained at home; in short, his Majesty freely confessed, that he could not read the likenesses, as he did not understand the *stenography* of the painter's art. Gillray, not over-pleased with his reception, observed, "I was a fool for going abroad, and a greater fool for going so far out of my way—at home;" but consoled himself with uttering a determination to try whether the great King of the isles would know himself; and immediately sketched out on the copper that most humorous print, "A *Connoisseur* looking at a *Cooper*,"* which, so far from offending, exceedingly amused the King.

Gillray, like his great predecessor, Hogarth, was apprenticed to a writing engraver, and acquired the use of the graving tool under the celebrated Ashby, who then resided at the bottom of Holborn-hill. Many a choice specimen of penmanship was copied by young Gillray, in sweeping flourishes, on the copper, from the incomparable pen of Tomkins, of Sermon-lane. This wag used to say, that "*the early part of his life might be compared to the spider's, busied in spinning of lines.*" Like Hogarth, too, whilst occupied in this

* This caricature represented the King, holding in one hand a miniature likeness of Oliver Cromwell, painted by Cooper; and in the other a candle, to throw a light upon the subject, it may be supposed; which audacity needed no such aid, considering the political feeling which prevailed in England at that revolutionary epoch.

mechanical drudgery, the incipient original artist was discoverable in certain humorous scraps which he sketched on the borders of the examples of round hand and text.

Quitting the *bench* of *Ashby*, he became a pupil of *Bartolozzi*, and here his eccentric humour displayed itself; for during his studies in that school of *super-Italian* softness and elegance, verging on beautiful insipidity, did he display the rudiments of that daring species of dramatic design, that extraordinary graphic hyperbole, which almost met in its highest flights the outposts of the creations of Michael Angelo.

It was not likely that such an original would be content to sit year after year over a sheet of copper, perpetuating the renown of others, whilst, with a restless and ardent mind bent upon exploring unknown regions of taste with the bill of genius in his vigorous grasp, he could open a way through the wilderness of art, and by a short and eccentric cut, reach the Temple of Fame. He set to work, and this labour he achieved to the astonishment of the goddess, who one day beheld this new wild votary unceremoniously scampering up the steps to her altar.

The inventive faculties of such a mind as his—its aptitude to seize upon the most prominent features of passing events; the exhaustless fecundity of thought that occupied the remotest corner of his crowded compositions; his compre-

hensive knowledge of the human visage, its passions and expression; his original perceptions of physiognomy, as exhibited in a never-ending variety of masks, so easily likened to all, and copied individually from none; his characters, like Shakspeare's, though creations of his own brain, yet fitting and consistent in form, action, and attributes. All those faculties surprise the more, centering as they did in such a man—one of his slouching gait and careless habits, who with all his capacity for creation and power of execution, with such apparent energy of thought and deep reading in the living book of human action, appeared scarcely to think at all, and to care no more for the actors in the mighty drama which he depicted, nor for the events which he so wonderfully dramatised, than if he had no participation in the good or evil of his day.

How the phrenologists would have christened the little mountains on the chart of such a cranium as that of Gillray's; or what discoveries the physiognomists might have made in the map of such a face as his, lies beyond the latitude of sober speculation to make out. The mental course of such eccentric characters elude philosophical inquiry; such individuals can only be compared to themselves. He probably never inquired further into motives, than as there was a necessity for doing something to live, to do that which was easiest to accomplish; and if he could

supply the wants of his mouth by the industry of his hand, he was fulfilling all the moral and physical obligations of his nature.

What can be more ludicrous than the grave philosophizings of the learned upon the mental structure of beings, thus eminently endued with the rare gift of originality? How vain to attempt to analyze those extraordinary minds, that know not, nor pretend to know, the spring of their own faculties. Of Butler, his sage commentators have said, that he must certainly have been one of the most deeply read men of his time. Butler, perhaps, would have been the first to laugh at such a complimentary assertion. Shakspeare, say his annotators, must have waded deep into the various streams of science, from the perspicuity of his remarks upon the thousand themes which he treated. He too, perchance, would have smiled at these discoveries of his sapient eulogists. These rare originals have no leisure for recondite research. Genius, winged like the *Fregat*, swiftly sweeps the horizon o'er the sea of science to supply her wants, alights upon a dolphin, or pounces on a pearl, and is suddenly seen again upon her insulated rock.

Gillray was one of those unaffected wights who accomplished what he undertook without scientific parade, and even without the appearance of rule, or preconcerted plan. His best designs were *off-hand* compositions; and although he

knew that these effusions of his graphic skill were superior to those of his compeers, he was so little wrapt in his own conceit, that he supposed another might do as well as himself,—*if he tried.*

He used to smoke his pipe with his early employers, and would exert his faculties more to win a bowl of punch than to gain ten pounds. Holland, a print-seller in Drury-lane, was one of his first encouragers. I have lately seen a plate etched by Gillray for Holland, dated 1779. The subject is discreditable to the taste of the publisher and the artist. In this early work, however, it is discoverable that he benefited by his short residence with Bartolozzi; there is a freedom united with a graceful execution of the needle, that proves he had worked in the school of a master. The drawing too is marked with character and spirit.

The early political caricatures of his prolific hand, were generally directed against the government party. These he was hired to do, usually at a small price, stipulated according to the will of his employers. The acquirement of wealth, however, it seems, on the authority of those who knew him most intimately, was the least object of his consideration. Many stories related of him, too well authenticated to leave a doubt of the facts, declare him to have been a stranger to the feelings of friendship, and sometimes meanly mischievous in his contracted circle.

Few men have been more execrable or contemptible in private life, than those who have lived by satirizing their contemporaries. Churchill, cognomened the *clerical bruiser*, was a disgrace to the church, and, as a satirist, a remorseless savage. Peter Pindar was a mercenary sensualist, and died a hoary reprobate. Anthony Pasquin was a literary ruffian, and a nuisance in society. Of those who have followed in the same track, without a tithe of their originality or their wit, their history would be but a varied record of audacity, treachery, and falsehood, meanness, and infamy.

Gillray, however, must not be mixed with this wicked fraternity. His aberrations were more the result of low habits, and the want of self-esteem, than from malignity, envy, or meanness. He was a careless sort of cynic, one who neither loved, nor hated society. Mrs. Humphreys, and her maid Betty, were all the world to him—they saved him the trouble of thinking of household affairs, and but for that, they too might have walked with other ghosts into the Red Sea, for what he had cared.

For years he occasionally smoked his pipe at the Bell, the Coal-hole, or the Coach and Horses; and although the *convives* whom he met at such dingy rendezvous, knew that he was that *Gillray* who fabricated those comical *cuts*, the very *moral* of *Farmer George*, and *Boney-Party*, of *Billy Pitt*,

and *Black Charly*, he never sought, like that low coxcomb, *Morland*, to become king of the company. He neither exacted, nor were they inclined to pay him, any particular homage. In truth, with his associates, neighbouring shopkeepers and master manufacturers, he passed for no greater *wit* than his neighbours. Rowlandson, his ingenious compeer, and he, sometimes met. They would, perhaps, exchange half-a-dozen questions and answers upon the affairs of copper and aquafortis; swear all the world was one vast masquerade; and then enter into the common chat of the room, smoke their cigars, drink their punch, and sometimes early, sometimes late, shake hands at the door—look up at the stars, say it is a frosty night, and depart, one for the Adelphi, the other to St. James's-street, each to his bachelor's bed.

Gillray's humorous plates on domestic subjects, rarely wounded private feelings. His *Two-penny Whist*, was a *rubber* at the expense of his good friend and kind landlady, the late Mrs. Humphreys, so well known in the little shop in St. James's-street, who was his patroness and publisher for so many years. This *lady* had a party —there was a card-table on the occasion. Something displeased the cynic, and immediately appeared the plate of the *polite group*. One of the guests was a foreigner, now abroad, the others well known in the neighbourhood of Bury-street.

The facility with which he composed his subjects, and the rapidity with which he etched them, astonished those who were eye-witnesses of his powers. This faculty was early developed —he seemed to perform all his operations without an effort. Many years ago, he had an apartment in a court in Holborn. A commercial agent had a commission to get a satirical design etched, but he had repeatedly called in the absence of the artist. He lived westward, and on his way to the city called again, and found Gillray at home. "You have lost a patron," said he; "you are always out." "How—what—what is your object?" said the artist. "I want this subject, drawn and etched," said the commercialist; "but now it is too late." "When is it wanted?" "Why, to-morrow?" "It shall be done." "Impossible, Gillray!" "Where are you going?" "Onward to the Bank." "When do you return?" "At four o'clock." (It was now eleven.) "I'll bet you a bowl of punch it shall be completed, etched, and bitten in, before that time." "Done!" The plate was finished, it contained many figures, the parties were mutually pleased, and the affair ended in a drunken bout at a tavern, at the employer's expense.

Those who at a distance contemplate characters like these, so professedly eminent for invention, wit, and satirical humour, naturally suppose their society must be universally sought;

and that such, must, of necessity, be the life and soul of the convivial board. Men, however, who see much, and speculate but little, know better. Among the dullest in company could be pointed out those who are *wondrous witty* by themselves; and this, not from pride of their superior faculty for invention or humour, or from an unwillingness to please, but from a constitutional shyness, or modest desire to avoid notice or applause; or from indolence, or actually from conscious dulness when absent from the study and the desk, when without the pencil, or the pen.

Peter Pindar was witless, even over his bottle, with his most intimate cronies. Anthony Pasquin was sour, and not prone to converse. Churchill was a sulky sot. Butler was lively, neither drunk nor sober, only a choice companion when *half-gone*; hence, as the witty Duke of Buckingham observed, "he was to be compared to a skittle, little at both ends, but great in the middle." Burton, who had no less humour than Cervantes, and the learning of a whole university, was neither a cheerful companion, nor endurable to himself. A hundred more could be named, whose aptitude and promptness to discover the ridiculous side of human action, has astonished the grave; and yet, these men who have thus exposed folly to the laughter of mankind, have been themselves the dullest dogs alive. Poor

Gillray was always hipped, and at last sunk into that deplorable state of mental aberration, which verifies the *couplet*, so often *quoted*, wherein the consanguinity of wit to madness is so eminently proved, to the comfort of those who thank God for their own stupidity.

It is too old an observation to require enforced repetition, that the art of painting has been acknowledged the last attainment among every civilized people. *Caricature* seems to square with this remarkable fact, in the operations of human invention. Indeed, it appears to have been the very last discovery of all the manifold imaginations of wit. Satire, perhaps, is as old as society; but graphic satire is a modern invention. Yet, when we consider the wonderful aptitude of the pencil in pourtraying the ridiculous and *outré*, the never-ending invention of its capacities to expose and correct vice and folly, we are lost in wonder at the dulness of our predecessors in leaving it to so late a period as the last century, to "*find it out.*"

The monks, however, must be exempted from the full extent of this censure—a class of men, it should ever be remembered, to whom the moderns owe the revival of learning, the sciences, and arts. These, no doubt, were the discoverers of caricature; but they carved their witty reproofs in stone and in wood. Many of the seats in the

stalls of our old monastic institutions, were carved with satire upon certain holy hypocrites; and the scenes of purgatory, found among the ancient fragments of sculptured art, the ingenious labours of these enlightened men, were obviously intended to correct the misdoings of those bad members of the old religion, which provoked state inquiry, and involved their church in the ruin consequent upon the Reformation. These observations, however, are confined to England, from age to age, the land of humour and of humourists.

To trace the origin of caricature would require much time and industrious research. A short sketch of its rise and progress, however, may amuse the readers of these Reminiscences.

There is reason for believing that this amusing species of graphic satire originated in that memorable fraud, the South Sea Bubble, when the whole nation was afflicted with the extravagant mania for becoming rich, without the efforts of industry. "England's fond dream of wealth!" Hogarth was among the first to expose the audacious cupidity of the projectors, and the egregious credulity of his countrymen, by certain political prints, which, in the modern phrase, would be denominated caricatures, though improperly so; for his designs were burlesques upon the inconsistency and absurdity of the times—a sort of political dramas, where the actors were strange men, but

no monsters. His satires, it is true, were occasionally far-fetched and obscure, but others were pointed, and replete with wit.

Sir John Vanbrugh had been satirized by Swift and Pope, and a confederacy of wits, who paid their court to the Earl of Burlington, a nobleman of a munificent spirit, an encourager of the fine arts, in some of which his lordship was no mean professor, particularly in architecture. In those days poets were apt rather to over-flatter their patrons. Pope wrote an essay on Taste. My Lord Burlington was praised at the expense of all his compeers, noble and professional, and his lordship's pretensions were as much over-rated, as the fair fame of others was thought to be unjustly decried. Hogarth took up the cause of the injured party, and in the legitimate spirit of satire, attacked the author of the Dunciad, and assailed Mr. Pope with his own weapons. Thus originated the first satirical attack upon a formidable junto. The print represented Pope *white-washing* Burlington House, and splashing whoever might chance to be passing by.

The effect of this graphic squib was complete, and Hogarth was complimented for his daring spirit in thus attacking the most formidable satirist that England had then, or perhaps has ever yet produced. "*When Greek meets Greek!*"

Pope, who had been a merciless flogger,

writhed under the lash. None are so thin skinned as those who delight in flaying others. The poet drove off to his lawyer, meditating legal revenge: but his friends, after "*salting his back*," helped him on with his clothes, and advised him to let his antagonist alone. He threatened the painter with a niche in a new Dunciad; but his courage cooled, and it was left for Churchill to revenge the injured ghost of the bard of Twickenham.

Hogarth's humour was happily played off on the death of Vannaken. This ingenious foreigner had been employed by old Jonathan Richardson, Jervas, Hudson, and other popular portrait painters of the time, to paint the hands, draperies, back-grounds, and accessories in their pictures. His loss was irreparable, for many were too idle for the operation; and some, as it was said, were incompetent to the task. In our day, we know not who can perform these subordinate parts of a picture so well as the painters themselves. Hogarth, whose pencil no one else could wield, could not resist this tempting opportunity for satirical condolence. He *scratched* out Vannaken's funeral, with the artists whom he had served, following his corpse, mourning with all the solemn externals of grief! This too was felt!

One of the earliest of our caricaturists, if not the first upon graphic record, was *Jack Laguerre*, son of the artist, who, conjointly with Signor

Verrio, painted the *escaliers** and *plafonds* at Windsor castle, for King Charles the Second.

"Where sprawl the saints of *Verrio* and *Laguerre*."
Vide Pope's Dunciad.

Jack Laguerre was a poet, player, musician, and painter; practising as a professor of each art alternately, as his necessities or his caprices prompted, for he was one of the greatest humourists and most unsettled geniuses of the days of George the First.

Many ephemeral satirical productions, some of them by no means deficient in point and humour, designed and engraved by him, were sold about the Stock Exchange during the afore-named South Sea Bubble, and some of which are still to be found amidst the stock of obsolete plates in the old premises of Carrington Bowles, by St. Paul's.

Captain Baillie, the celebrated connoisseur, who knew every body, used to tell many lively

* The walls and the ceiling of the old back staircase at Windsor, which was taken down to afford space for the magnificent gothic ascent to the castle, erected by the late James Wyatt, were painted with subjects from heathen mythology, by these foreign artists, from the bottom to the top. The effect in descending one stair-case was very singular, as well as imposing, as, through a spacious circular opening in the wall of separation, a view of the paintings on the other side was afforded, and considered by the Sunday visitors as one of the wonders of the royal residence.

tales of this choice spark, which he had gathered in conversation with Hogarth, who had worked conjointly with Laguerre when employed by the first of the *dynasty* of the *Bowles's*, at the sign of the Black Horse, in Cornhill.

Jack was a leading man at one of the principal dramatic booths in the former gay doings at Bartholomew-fair, when Bullock, and some other clever comedians, performed there. He painted that famed show-cloth representing the *Siege of Troy*, which makes so conspicuous a feature in Hogarth's admired plate of the *Humours of Southwark Fair*.

Coeval with Laguerre, lived the famous Mrs. Salmon, whose family had resided in one of the old houses near Chancery-lane, in Fleet-street, (that, next door to Izaak Walton's, and represented in John Thomas Smith's admired topographical work of old London,) from the time of Queen Elizabeth.

The ingenious Mrs. Salmon, who also resided here, within the last half century, may fairly be set down among those who contributed to that school of humorous designers, which originated at this period. She, however, exercised her talent in wax-work, and modelled conversational groups in figures of about six inches in height, and dressed them in the costume of the age. Some of these groups were exceedingly humorous, particularly two subjects, one entitled, the

Old Bachelor's Conversazione, and the other, the *Old Maid's Coterie*. The figures in these groups were varied with much character, an evidence of their being modelled from prototypes in nature. Hogarth bore testimeny to their merit, by saying, that when he was an apprentice, "he frequently loitered at old Mother Salmon's, when he was sent of an errand into the city, to take a peep at these humorous pieces." To the curious in these inquiries, it may afford some interest, perhaps, to be informed, that these groups, long since destroyed, are perpetuated by two prints, yet to be seen at Bowles and Carver's in St. Paul's-churchyard; which, although engraved in that inferior style of art which characterizes the graphic productions of that ancient mart, still convey sufficient of the general design of the groups, to intimate the singular humour of the originals.

It was by the ingenious aid of the last Mrs. Salmon, that the memorable hoax upon Count Heidegger was played off so successfully, soon after the Scottish Rebellion of 1745. Heidegger, by birth a Swiss, and joint manager with Handel, in the affairs of the Italian Opera-house in the Hay-market, was considered, although the Beau Nash of London, the ugliest man in England.

This hoax, which has been variously related, was invented and successfully put in practice by that witty and prankish nobleman the Duke of Montague.

Heidegger, one of the most remarkable foreign adventurers of the last century, should have been noticed before, claiming all due honours among the list of those recorded by my wandering pen; but, he dying before my father's arrival, he was known to him only by report. Garrick, who remembered him, frequently amused our family circle by describing his humours and his oddities; he was however, a very old man when Garrick first appeared upon the stage.

John James Heidegger, the son of a clergyman at Zurich in Switzerland, was obliged to leave his native place in consequence of an intrigue, being, when a very young man, addicted to those gaieties, which were not congenial to the exemplary habits of the youth of that once innocent and happy region.

Having thus commenced a wandering sort of life, he visited most of the principal cities in Europe, where, having acquired a taste for elegant and refined pleasures, he became qualified for the management of public amusements. It may be presumed, that he recovered the good opinion of his compatriots; for, he came to England in the early part of the last century, in some official capacity from the Swiss of his native town. His extravagant habits in London reduced his finances, and obliged him to enter as a private in the English King's foot-guards. This, it seems,

was to afford himself protection from the law against debtors.

His manners and superior address soon obtained for him friends among the young sparks of fashion, he procured his discharge, and was dubbed the "Swiss Count," which appellation he retained through the remainder of his long life.

As early as the time of Queen Anne, he presided at the opera of *Thomyris* at the Queen's Theatre in the Haymarket. This he produced by subscription, which obtained for him not only a profit of five hundred pounds, but what was still of greater importance to his future views, the patronage of the great. To him, the British stage, as well as the Italian operas, were indebted for much of that improvement which made our theatres rival those of Paris, or others the most famed in foreign cities.

King George the Second was fond of the *masquerade*, an entertainment, at which Heidegger, above all others, was most fitted to preside; he was, in consequence, appointed manager to those which were given at the Opera House, and appointed master of the revels. These masquerades, which were more splendid, perhaps, than any that have since been produced, were frequently attended by the King, certain members of the royal family, and many of the principal nobility.

It was at one of these that the aforenamed hoax was played off, and as the story is so well told by Sir John Hawkins, if I mistake not, I may well introduce it here.

"The late facetious Duke of Montague (the memorable author of the bottle conjurer at the little theatre, Haymarket) gave an entertainment at the Devil-tavern, Temple-bar, to several nobility and gentry, selecting the most convivial, and a few hard drinkers, who were all in the plot.

"Heidegger was invited, and, in a few hours after dinner, was made so dead drunk that he was carried out of the room and laid insensible upon a bed. A profound sleep ensued; when the late Mrs. *Salmon's* daughter was introduced, who took a mould from his face in plaster of Paris. Upon this, a mask was made, and coloured to the most exact resemblance, and a few days before the next masquerade (at which the King promised to be present, with the Countess of Yarmouth), the duke made application to Heidegger's valet de chambre, and bribed him to discover what suit of clothes he was to wear; and then procuring a similar dress, and a person of the same stature, he gave him his instructions.

"On the evening of the masquerade, as soon as his Majesty was seated, (who was always known by the conductor of the entertainment and the officers of the court, though concealed by his

dress from the company), Heidegger, as usual, ordered the music to play 'God save the King;' but his back was no sooner turned, than the false Heidegger ordered them to strike up, '*Over the Water to Charley.*'* The whole company were instantly thunderstruck, and all the courtiers not in the plot, were thrown into a stupid consternation.

"Heidegger flew to the music-gallery, swore, stamped, and raved, accused the musicians of drunkenness, or of being set on by some secret enemy to ruin him. The King and the Countess laughed so immoderately, that they hazarded a discovery.

"While Heidegger remained in the gallery, 'God save the King' was the tune; but when, after setting matters to rights, he retired to one of the dancing-rooms, to observe if decorum was kept by the company, the counterfeit stepping forward, and placing himself upon the floor of the theatre, just in front of the music-gallery, called out, in a most audible voice, imitating Heidegger, 'D—d them for blockheads,' adding, 'had he not just told them to play 'Over the Water to Charley?'

"A pause ensued; the musicians, who knew

* This was the popular tune among the rebellious party in Scotland, and, consequently, the most insulting air that could be played, either within hearing of royalty, or of the loyal people of the United Kingdom.

his character, in their turn thought him either drunk or mad; but, as he continued his vociferation, '*Charley*' was struck up again.

"At this repetition of the supposed affront, some of the officers of the guards,* who always attended upon these occasions, were for ascending the gallery and kicking the musicians out; but the Duke of Cumberland,† who could hardly contain himself (his royal highness, too, being in the secret), interposed.

"The company were thrown into the greatest confusion. 'Shame! shame!' resounded from all parts, and Heidegger once more flew, in a violent rage, to that part of the theatre facing the gallery.

"Here the mischievous Duke of Montague, artfully addressing himself to him, pretended that 'the King was in a violent passion; and that his best way was to go instantly and make an apology,' for certainly the musicians were mad, and afterwards to discharge them.' Almost at the same instant, he ordered the counterfeit Heidegger to do the same.

"The scene now became truly comic in the circle before the King. Heidegger had no sooner

* The guards had distinguished themselves in the battles against the friends of the Pretender.

† The Duke of Cumberland, son of George II., who commanded the English army, and obtained the victory over the Scotch rebels.

uttered an apology for the insolence of his musicians, but the false Heidegger advanced, and in a plaintive tone, exclaimed, 'Indeed, Sire, it was not my fault, but that devil's in my likeness,' pointing to the true Heidegger, who turned round, staggered, grew pale, and was speechless.

"The Duke of Montague, thinking the hoax had taken a serious turn, now humanely whispered in his ear, the sum of the plot, and the counterfeit was ordered to take off his mask. Here ended the frolic; but Heidegger swore 'he would never attend any public amusement again, unless that witch, the wax-work woman, was made to break the mould, and melt down the mask before his face.'"

Such was his patronage, that from his emoluments he was said to have gained, for a certain period, the annual sum of £5,000. This he spent with much liberality. He kept a splendid table, and gave largely to the poor. His ugliness consisted, judging from his portrait, rather of long and remarkably hard features, than a disagreeable expression. His face, as Quin used to say, was made for the masquerade—for it was verily a mask.

Of the witty Duke of Montague, I had, in my young days, heard many extraordinary tales. Among others (which was related at my father's by Mr. Wilkes, who used to say, that Heidegger

and himself were the two rival favourites among the ladies) was one which must have produced much mirth at his grace's banquets.

The duke used to invite mixed companies to dine at his bachelor parties. Physicians, poets, painters, and others, distinguished professional men, formed part of his guests. At this period, as Hogarth has shewn, every profession and every grade of society might be known by the cut of the wig. The professor's perukes were generally copious of curls, and of magnificent volume.

It was a custom, in these days, for a gentleman, on entering the drawing-room, previously to a dinner, to walk up to the mirror and adjust his wig. The duke, a humourist in every thing, caused glasses to be made to shew things awry; hence, all who regulated these bushy appendages by the false reflection, in setting them right were sure to set them wrong. By this contrivance, a constant fund of amusement was provided for the dinner-table, as a dozen learned professors were pledging each other, bowing their wise noddles, looking so many drunken topers, with their wigs awry.

Another humorous designer of graphic renown, in his day, was *Vandrebank*, who, strange as it may seem, though a very inferior painter, was preferred to Hogarth, by Lord Carteret, for his designs for the illustration of his lordship's Spanish edition of Don Quixote, which was published by Jacob Tonson in 1738.

Hogarth, in common with other contemporary artists, was employed to produce a series of designs for the embellishment of this work; but his compositions were not thought sufficiently meritorious to be engraved. Lord Carteret paid for them, as he did for the others; but, conceiving that Vandrebank's were the best, he had them engraved by Vandergucht. These plates, however, upon consideration, were so wanting in interest, that they were never used. So low was the state of art in England at this period, that no one could be found equal to the task of illustrating this original romance, and the work appeared without any prints. Subsequently these were used for the illustration of Jarvis's translation.

It appears, that Jacob Tonson, who was Lord Carteret's publisher, possessed not only these obsolete plates from Don Quixote, but several specimens of plates, both in quarto and octavo sizes, executed by the designers and engravers of the early part of the last century, all of which were considered by the connoisseurs to be too much below mediocrity to be worthy of publication.

The Countess of Burlington, wife of the celebrated Earl, had a talent for *caricatura*. It is known that the fashionable world were divided into parties concerning the Italian Opera. This lady, who had been celebrated by Swift, Pope, and Gay, had the reputation of designing a satirical

subject, in which *Farinelli* and *Cuzzoni* are singing a duet. Farinelli is in the character of a prisoner chained by the little finger. Heidegger is seen seated in the back of the scene, and is supposed to utter the following lines:—

"Thou tuneful scarecrow, and thou warbling bird,
No shelter for your notes these lands afford.
This town protects no more the sing-song strain,
Whilst balls and masquerades triumphant reign.
Sooner than midnight-revels ere should fail,
And o'er Ridottas, Harmony prevail."

This satirical print was etched by *Monsieur Goupy*, who was a fashionable drawing master, and taught the countess.

Goupy must be included in the list of humorous designers. Handel, who was his friend, and whom he frequently met at the Earl of Burlington's, had the reputation of being *un grand gourmand*. Goupy etched a plate, wherein he is represented with the head of a swine, seated at an organ, from the front of which are suspended turkies, geese, hams, sausages, and other provender for the larder. It was said that Lady B. had a hand in fabricating this satire.

Benoist, another foreign artist, designed and engraved humorous subjects. The print of the *Scald Miserables*, which is nearly four feet long, and full of groups of small figures, is by him, in ridicule of the annual cavalcade and procession of the different lodges of Freemasons.

The contrivers of the mock procession of scald masons, which actually took place in the year 1742, was contrived by Paul Whitehead, the poet laureat, and his intimate friend, christened *Esquire* Carey, of Pall-mall, surgeon to Frederick, Prince of Wales. It is supposed that his royal highness favoured this frolic, as the mock procession cost the projectors no small sum.

This expensive burlesque was thus described in the papers of the day:—"Yesterday, March 20, 1740-1, some mock Free-Masons marched through *Pall-mall* and the *Strand*, as far as *Temple-bar*, in procession; first went fellows on jack-asses, with cow-horns in their hands; then a kettle-drummer on a jack-ass, having two butter-firkins for kettle-drums; then followed two carts, drawn by six jack-asses, having in them the stewards, with several badges of their order; then came a mourning coach, drawn by six horses, each of a different colour and size, in which were the grand master and wardens. Besides these, there were numerous other pageants, with rough music of all kinds, making altogether, perhaps, the most ludicrous procession that ever had appeared within a century of these most humorous times. It seems that ridicule has ever been the most powerful corrective of public, as well as of private, Tom-foolery; for the processions of the real masons, after this burlesque, ceased."

The English had for ages been a procession-

loving people. To afford some notion of this almost last remnant of these public spectacles, it may suffice to observe, that on the same day of this cavalcade of *miserable scald masons*, the *august* body of the learned and enlightened masons, themselves, made a grand procession from Brook-street to Haberdasher's-hall, where they dined magnificently, and passed the night with all the *decorum* so peculiar to all fraternities of *free* and *accepted* masons!

This mock cavalcade failed of one part of its object, however, for it was intended to proceed into the city, and fall into the train of the great and magnificent procession; but the lord mayor of the city of London, himself being a *free*-mason, took care to prevent them from entering Temple-bar, as he sagaciously foreboded, what, most likely, would have occurred, a fray between the redoubtable brotherhood of Free-masons, and the dirty fraternity of dustmen, draymen, and chimney-sweepers.

Leroux, coeval with Benoist, was employed in designing humorous compositions for Bowles, of Cornhill. Many of the oldest prints that are still exposed in the window of the old shop in St. Paul's-church-yard, are of his invention.

The well-known print, Sawney in the B—g-house, which appeared in Churchill's time, and many others, in the same strain of satire, against our fellow-subjects in the north, were designed by

a curious pot-companion of Benoist, namely, the facetious George Bickham, who, besides Vandergucht, Boitard, Gravelot, Collet, and some others, whose names are now nearly forgotten, occasionally published satirical sketches of the *Times*, and employed their various talents in designing and engraving laughable frontispieces for humorous books and pamphlets.

It may be said, that with the death of Hogarth, almost all the old school of humorous designers disappeared. He was the great luminary of this species of art, and when his light went out, all the lesser lights were extinguished.

One of the earliest of the succeeding school of publishers of satirical prints was the famous Matt Darly, who had a shop opposite Hungerford-market, in the Strand. He published two small volumes, containing a series of political caricatures and satires upon the Times, many of which, though not drawn with the spirit of subsequent designers, are yet replete with satirical hits, which may be said to form a graphic history of the political period of the great Earl of Chatham, and the favourite minister of his late majesty, Lord Bute.

From this epoch we may date the rise of that extraordinary new phalanx of graphic satirists and humorous designers whose collective works form the burlesque, political, and domestic history of the reign of George the Third.

Among these, Rowlandson, whose character is

drawn in a former page, will remain conspicuous. His series of designs for the quarto volume of the famous election for Westminster, in the year 1782, when *Fox*, *Hood*, and *Wray*, were rival candidates, will be regarded hereafter as one of the most interesting political publications of the eighteenth century. In this volume all the political squibs, satirical songs, the humours of Sam House, and the fracas of the Irish chairman and the sailors, the squabbles of the whig and tory, and the wit and ribaldry of the mob, form a collection of facts which will mark the habits and customs of society more particularly than any similar work upon record.

The fecundity of invention displayed in the works of Mr. H. Bunbury, entitles him to rank among the first in this class of designers. The happy faculty which he possessed of "reading character at sight," and the rare felicity with which he could embody whatever his observation or fancy suggested, with that scrambling style, which was entirely his own, evince that he was born with a genius to make a figure in this pursuit. This gentleman may be instanced as a proof too, that where there is an original faculty for any peculiar art, it will develop itself, though the possessor be uneducated, and entirely unacquainted with the scientific principles of art. Nothing could be farther removed from legitimate art than the *style* exhibited in the drawings of

Bunbury; yet, no one has hit off the peculiarities of character, or expressed with less exaggeration those traits which constitute the burlesque. Bunbury, indeed, may be said to have steered his humorous course between sterling character and caricature. When he appears to outrage nature, by representing distortion of figure or form, the fault is not intentional. Those who have not properly studied the drawing of the human figure, must occasionally, in spite of themselves, render their objects preternatural.

Bretherton, an engraver and printseller, in Bond-street, for several years was publisher of all Bunbury's humorous prints. It was said, that he alone could engrave from his drawings, or direct those who worked under him to give certain of them "form, which form had not."

"Patience in a Punt," "The Barber's Shop," "The Country Club," "The Propagation of a Lie," and some other subjects, from his prolific crayon, will remain, it is hoped, in the portfolios of the curious, as testimonials, to future times, of the inventive powers of an amateur artist, in the school of burlesque design.

It should be added, in honour to the memory of this gentleman, that he never used his pencil at the expense of personal feeling. His satire upon the French people was not individual, but national; and the characters which he introduced in his humorous designs at home, were

characteristic of a class, but never the individuals of a species.

Another amateur artist, and of no mean talent, was the celebrated Marquis Townshend, whose figures were scarcely less characteristic than those of Bunbury. His lordship, however, did not always confine himself to generalising. The power of caricaturing with the pencil is a no less dangerous faculty to the possessor than that of a talent for satirising with the pen; there are not many, even in an age, who appear to be highly gifted with wit; and among those, too small a proportion have been remarkable for discretion.

It was said that the marquis, indiscreetly indulging his rare talent in sketching characters, made too free with the personal appearance of the great Duke of Cumberland, the hero of Culloden, which naturally giving offence, for many years stood in the way of his lordship's promotion. It is known that the marquis was in the army, and distinguished himself at Quebec.

One most humorous subject, an etching by the marquis, represents a celebrated physician, visiting his patient. The scene describes a bed-chamber, and is supposed to have been designed as a satire upon this old, sage son of Galen, who practised the *warm* system. The bed-curtains are closely drawn entirely round, and the doctor's back is

only seen, his head being thrust between the curtains. The *accessoires* distributed about, mark, most *strikingly*, the sick chamber. From the doctor's wig, and the hat, which he holds behind him, any one, contemporary, who knew the town, might have marked the portrait.

Another, ascribed to the same lively pencil, is entitled "Doctor Spindle and Miss Maria Mince-meat." This was intended, it is said, as a satirical corrective to a certain well known decrepit Irish physician, whose amours rendered him fairly obnoxious to ridicule. He is represented in a bushy wig, of "formal cut," supporting himself on a crutch, and endeavouring to salute the chambermaid; who resists his approaches with scorn, although the old *scaramouch* holds in his hand a tempting purse of gold. To the plate is appended—

"Worn out with folly and disease,
The doctor thinks his purse can please;
But chaste Maria, with disdain,
Laughs at his hopes, and fancied pain,
And says, a warming-pan, instead,
Would better suit his feeble bed!"

There is a very excellent and characteristic likeness, a small whole-length print, of the marquis, scarcely a caricature, though etched by Baron, the caricaturist. He is represented in a general's uniform, pointing to some object with his

port-crayon, his cocked hat worn sideways, the figure a back view, and the face in profile.

> "Arm'd at both points, unless you keep aloof,
> With sword or pencil he can take you off."

Another amateur designer of humorous subjects, whose name, indeed, should have preceded these, according to chronological arrangement, was Collet, who was contemporary with Hogarth. Collet, however, was a painter, as well as a draughtsman, and no mean performer, compared with others of his day. Certain of his best pictures have been taken for some of the earlier works of Hogarth; as indeed had occasionally some few of his humorous prints, being composed very much in the style of that great master of dramatic painting, whom he obviously imitated.

John Collet, the son of a gentleman who held a lucrative public appointment, was pupil of the celebrated scene painter, George Lambert, and still more renowned as the founder of the Beefsteak Club. Collet's compositions, to use the phrase of a late member of the Royal Academy, "were less satirical than narrative, more ludicrous than witty, and oftentimes displeasing, without conveying any moral instruction."

This may be generally true; but, excepting the works of Hogarth, we cannot say much for the *moral instruction* which has been conveyed

through the medium of either the satirical or the burlesque painters, from the period of Jack Laguerre, to that of Tom Rowlandson. The main object of the most forbearing among this class of artists, has been to amuse; and, accordingly, we are content to receive their ingenious labours, which have not been fruitless; for few pleasures are more amusing, less expensive, or more harmless, than those derived from the collecting of these prints, or from exhibiting the portfolios that contain them to a party of friends.

Collet inherited a genteel fortune, lived long at Chelsea, was a man of grave deportment, and died nearly fifty years ago.

Captain Grose, also an amateur professor, in the same school of comic design, was not only an adept with his pencil, but equally lively with his pen; for he wrote a treatise upon comic drawing, and illustrated it so congenially with his pencil, that though little more than a pamphlet, it conveys so much information, as to supersede the necessity for a more copious work. Indeed he is the only writer upon the subject of the burlesque of painting, who has attempted to reduce its principles to scientific rules; and his work, though written obviously in no serious mood, contains some observations, which afford useful hints on expression and character, not unworthy the consideration of the historical painter.

Paul Sandby, though generally recognised as a landscape painter, drew the human figure with character and spirit. He occasionally entered the lists, on the field of graphic satire, and had the presumption to caricature Hogarth himself, and some of his colleagues, pending certain professional feuds, at the establishment of the St. Martin's-lane Academy. He moreover designed and etched some plates of humorous subjects and singular characters of the day: among others, a characteristic sketch of his old friend, and facetious companion, the fat Captain Grose.

Parson Bareblock, as he was designated, made a figure among the graphic satirists of this period. This reverend gentleman, who was a fellow of Brazen-noze, if I mistake not, and held the living of *****, in Essex, designed and etched several humorous plates. It was supposed that the satire upon Justice Button*hole* was the work of his hand, for which a prosecution was commenced against Baldwin, an artist, who had set his name to it, and being found guilty of the offence. he was sentenced to a fine and imprisonment.

He also exercised his satirical pencil on the affairs of Warren Hastings. A characteristic sketch of his, which was engraved and published between thirty and forty years ago, had a great sale. It represented a late illustrious personage in the Windsor uniform, and hunting cap, dashing

over the field, and upsetting the hounds, under the significant title of *Nimrod.*

Another satirical draughtsman, now high in the church, designed several popular subjects, political, humorous, and burlesque. This reverend gentleman, the son of a late celebrated musical composer, and brother of one of the greatest wits of the age, was then a youth. Wit and talent are said to be hereditary in some families. These brothers were famed for their talent at caricaturing whilst at school.

The clerical brother made some very lively sketches whilst at Westminster; among others, a group of his colleagues, who were that year elected off for the universities. This drawing was to be seen at Mother Dawson's, the fruiteress, in whose back parlour many a juvenile genius, as well as himself, had broiled a chop, and swallowed the dainty bit, with a hasty glass of port, and then scampered across Dean's Yard.

He also designed two subjects, "Going with the Wind," and "Going against the Wind." One describes a fat, well-conditioned son of the church, returning with the wind to his vicarage, to enjoy his dinner; the other, a miserable-looking starveling, a curate, riding against the wind, to do duty at a distant church.

One of his witty performances, I remember, was a *topsy-turvy* print of an old woman, and a judge, which is still considered by the col-

lectors to be a choice bit of graphic wit. This is dated 1787.

Another represents a court, with the Lord Chancellor in the legal chair, *Fox* as accuser, and *Law* as the defender of Warren Hastings. Fox, in front, in an attitude of declamation, as *Shylock*, exclaiming, "My deeds upon my head—I crave the *Law*." To which Law replies, "He seeks my life; his reason well I know." Mr. Hastings, a little man, in an Asiatic costume, is seen a few paces towards the left of the chair, on each side of which are seated the leading members, for and against the accused. King George the Third is seen peeping behind the throne.

About this period, this juvenile genius is said to have commenced his *Olla-podrida* (I quote from memory), a work of sketches of eminent characters, by which he deservedly acquired much reputation.

Kingsbury, an artist, who practised with some success, as a caricaturist, worked for the publishers. His designs were political and burlesque. Two of his coloured prints I have before me; one, recording a fracas between George Hanger, who is therein dubbed *Prig Major*—and *Big Bess*, who are engaged in pugilistic battle, the Prince of Wales, and some other distinguished personages looking on.

Another, which had a *run*, as the publishers say, was designated "The Farm Yard," wherein

an illustrious pair were engaged, the master inspecting the pigs, the mistress feeding poultry. In the corner stands a post, on which is a board, inscribed, "Steel-traps and spring-guns." The sign, over the porch, is a *crown* turned *topsy-turvy!*

Captain Tatham, a military officer, designed subjects in this style, and etched them himself with great spirit. His satires were lively, and many of his compositions were burlesques upon stage scenes. He had a private fortune, which he was said to have impaired by his gay habits, and being passionately fond of the drama, at length took up the profession of the stage.

Rushworth, a counsellor, but whether he practised I know not, may be added to the list of amateur designers of the burlesque. It was asserted of this gentleman, that he possessed naturally so singular a faculty for *making faces*, that he would engage, for a wager, to dine with twenty strangers, ladies and gentlemen, and sketch all their likenesses, a month after, so that they should be recognised by their friends.

His humour was principally directed to the burlesqueing the fashions of the day, which, indeed, were subjects fairly obnoxious to every species of satire and ridicule. Ladies, old and young, at this period, wore preposterous pads behind; and, as if this fashion wanted a counterbalance, enormous false bosoms were contrived

of puffed gauze, so that they might be compared to *pouter* pigeons.

Two large caricatures of these fashions appeared, one entitled the *Bum Shop*, the other the *Supplemental Magazine*. The first representing ladies being fitted with the *pads*, the other with the *pouters*. To the first was appended the following *jeu d'esprit*.

"MONSIEUR DERRIÈRE begs leave to submit to the attention of that most indulgent part of the public, the ladies in general, and more especially those to whom nature, in a slovenly moment, has been niggardly of certain lovely endowments, his much improved *aridæ nates* (dried bums), so justly admired for their happy resemblance. Derrière flatters himself that he stands unrivalled in this most fashionable article of female invention, he having spared neither pains nor expense in procuring every possible species of information on the subject, to render himself competent to the artfully supplying this elegant and necessary appendage of female excellence."—July 11, 1785.

Far from being thought to trespass beyond the boundaries of decorum, by printing this satire upon female folly, the author of this lively burlesque was applauded by all who had sufficient taste to prefer the modest simplicity of nature to such an outrage against her sober precepts. Such preposterous exhibitions merited unqualified reprobation.

Another hit at these monstrous, misshapen fashions, succeeded, which was no less humorously conceived. A lady, dressed *à la mode*, with a false bosom, and a false *derrière*, is seated at table, eating soup. The projecting bosom renders it difficult to guide the spoon to her delicate lips; and, to complete the burlesque, her chair is deprived of its stuffed back, to provide an aperture sufficiently capacious for the admission of her *artificial seat*. This print is entitled, "*Inconvenience of Dress*," and subjoined are the following lines:

Rage for dress—bewitching passion!
Who'd not starve to lead the fashion?
Starve! Where's the *beau* so very dull,
To think she'd starve—with crop so full?

Mercer, a military officer, coeval with these, threw a volley of squibs and crackers at the absurdities of fashion, which were too manifestly increasing to an outrageous extent, among the *beaux* as well as the *belles*, forty years since. He designed a series of plates, four figures on each, which appear so entirely *outré*, though actually (with little exaggeration) "drawn from the life," as to astonish the present generation of youth of both sexes, and to lead them to consider these representations as mere fiction. The title to these was applied from a very popular comedy of Mrs. Inchbald's, entitled, "*Such things are!*"

"*Such things are*," we must allow;
But Such Things never were 'till now.

It will scarcely be credited now, that the fops and macaronies of this date actually wore their hair frizzled out on each side the head to more than the breadth of the visage, and that a solid pound of hair powder was wasted in dressing a fool's head!

Mansell, another military officer, also made a figure as a humorous draughtsman and caricaturist, a few years prior to this period. Some of his last works were satires upon Fox and Lord North's memorable coalition. One, however, which preceded this, represents these two celebrated statesmen, stripped in buff, fighting with fists, *à la* Broughton. It may be observed, that Mansell was the first who represented the "man of the people" as a *hairy* man.

One subject from his witty pencil is truly amusing, as it represents, playfully enough, the *matériel* upon which he and his colleagues made their means: it is entitled, "*The Caricaturist's Stock in Trade.*" This exhibits a group of heads, very like their prototypes, being the rulers of politics, fashion, &c.; or, in other words, the prevailing stars of the time, with some significant sign. The King, the Heir-apparent, Fox, North, Pitt, Burke, Sheridan, George Hanger, and the Duke of Richmond. The Queen; Mrs. F———t,

designated Queen Would-be; Mrs. Siddons, as Queen Rant; Mrs. Abington, as Queen Scrub; and the Duchess of D——e, as Queen of Westminster, in allusion to her grace's powerful influence in the memorable election of Fox, Hood, and Wray.

Wicksteed, a celebrated seal engraver in Henrietta-street, Covent-garden, made a figure among the satirists of this epoch of graphic scurrility, the most prolific of witty invention of any upon record. It is true, that no period afforded so rich and diversified a field for this species of sporting, since the days of Charles II. The habits of the people almost generally having evinced a change, from the gravity of old English manners, towards the fopperies and levities of the French.

Wicksteed commenced with a series of designs, upon the topic of general conversation then—the heir apparent's preference for Mrs. Fitzherbert—and produced the popular print of the "Marriage of Figaro." The most absurd fiction has ever passed current with the credulous family of the Bulls. In this piece, Weltjee, with a magnificent royal cork-screw hanging from his pocket, is seen officiating as priest, and George Hanger giving away the bride. This print had so great a sale, that the publisher's premises were crowded with the servants of the *beau monde*, for several days, demanding impressions faster than they could be printed. Many succeeded on the same

subject, which were sought with scarcely less eagerness; all more or less hyperbolical, and all sworn to by Johnny, and his sagacious circle, as veritable facts.

In one, Lord North is represented as asleep in the chapel, a coachman, who has driven the party to the altar; Burke, as the priest; Fox, as door-keeper; and Hanger, as before, bestowing the bride. Twenty other caricaturists worked upon the same theme; and a thick folio volume might be made of the many versions of this particular event.

Byron, a lieutenant in the navy, who was chiefly employed for Holland, designed many humorous plates. Some of his political squibs were charged with more than common wit.

Austin, who had been a celebrated drawing-master, and acquired a genteel fortune, became a political caricaturist. He was a great Foxite, and *convive* of Sam House. Indeed, Austin's political mania became so remarkable, that he was dubbed "Fox's fool;" a designation of which, it seems, he was not a little proud. Such was, and such perhaps will ever be, the love of notoriety among half-witted politicians. Austin, however, was not the only unlucky wight (for he spent his money on the party), who contributed to render Foxite and fool somewhat synonymous. But these things, now long past, may be good humouredly apostrophised in the title of one of Austin's

own titles to one of his best political squibs, "The Follies of a Day!"

A very good hit, by this satirist, which appeared about this time, was entitled "The ROYAL SOCIETY;" designed in the pure spirit of joyous conviviality. An illustrious personage is in the chair, with a *magnum-bonum*, Chinese reservoir, of Champagne punch, and other choice *inspirations*, surrounded by Fox, Sheridan, and that renowned coterie of talent and wit, such as may not be seen again, surrounding a royal personage—equally the hope of a people, and equally accomplished, manly, and social—for a thousand years!

Phillipps, an engraver of no great talent, about five and forty years ago, volunteered his services, and was admitted in the satirical corps. In the year 1784, he published a print, entitled "The Dissolution; or, a Young Grocer making palatable Punch for his Company." The young minister is represented squeezing the heads of Fox and North (as lemons), into a China bowl, the house of commons curiously depicted as a sugar-loaf: the punch-maker exclaiming, "Thus I dissolve ye! thus, thy parts being disunited, the effects will be less pernicious to *my* CONSTITUTION!" Another genius, however, and *he* a clerical wit, has been pointed to as the author of this design.

Edy also, of eccentric memory, must be noticed

in the list of clerical caricaturists. He was author of a few political plates; but his favourite subjects were ludicrous, and highly humorous. His "Putney Disaster," which recorded the upsetting of the gig of a well-known, pious, fat, fellow labourer in the vineyard, and his no less *embonpoint* spouse, and shooting them headlong into the Thames, proved he could "point a joke," as well as "spin a text." His single figures, entitled "In Fashion! and Out of Fashion!" savour too much of the levity of Sterne, to be palatable to that orthodoxy, which will not accept wit as an apology for the want of decorum.

The "Putney Disaster," may be explained by reference to the newspapers of just forty years ago.

The wit of a certain living son of the church, who shall be nameless, perpetuated the memory of a nobleman, well known to the last age, under the cognomen of *Jemmy Twitcher*, in a veritable portrait of his lordship; the subject entitled "A *Sandwich*."

The gallantries of this nobleman were no secret. He is represented between two elegant females, more distinguished by their beauty, than for those superior qualities which adorn the sex. One, the celebrated Miss Gordon; the other, the unfortunate Miss Rae, who was shot under the Piazza, Covent-garden, by the Rev. Mr. Hackman, as she was stepping into his lordship's

carriage, having been to the theatre: these were the ancient gallant's mistresses. The appositeness of the composition could not be misunderstood.

The Rev. James Douglas adds to the list of churchmen caricaturists. One of his comic heads, which is only met with in the portfolio of the curious collector, gave great offence to Mr. Gibbon, whose outer man Nature had not bestowed so much care upon, as that nobler counterpart, the mind. This unpardonable personal satire upon his profile, which needed no exaggeration, is entitled "The Luminous Historian."

The wisest men are not always proof against these attacks: even when Truth looks too keenly into personal deformity, the goddess is taxed with ill breeding. The great Samuel Johnson, painted by his friend Reynolds, peering with his dim single optic, with his nose to a black letter page, was thought by the prototype to have performed no very friendly act. "Why," said he, to a witty lady, who justified the painter, "why should he transmit me to posterity as *blinking Sam?*"

Collins, well known in the regions of Covent-garden, and some time editor of the Public Ledger, was a lively satirist, both with his pencil and his pen. When Boswell's "Tour to the Hebrides" was ushered forth, it was celebrated by as many crackers and squibs as the "*Burning* of the *Boot.*" Among other assailants, the impe-

netrable Bozzy had to expose his front to this lampooner's shafts. A whole series of designs were published by this witty wag, the heroes of which, or rather the knight and the esquire of his drama, were Johnson and Boswell. The knight, it is likely, never saw them; and, as for the 'squire, his love of notoriety rendered him, if not vain of, at least not vulnerable to, these successive attacks.

The laird of Auchinlek, indeed, had a large collection of these satires upon "self and company," as he used facetiously to inscribe them; and boasted at the judge's table, that his *history* would be more copiously illustrated, than even the lord high chancellor Clarendon's!

Collins, a great tavern goer, and known to all the dons of the green-room, kept late hours. His fate was lamented, he being found dead on the steps of an hotel. Collins was known to be no economist: great, then, was the surprise of his *convives*, on discovering that he, scribbler and caricaturist, should die with sixty pounds in his purse, which was found in his pocket.

De Loutherbourg, of whom so much has been already said in these pages, was a very original and able caricaturist. His single figures were highly amusing, and, though burlesqued, singularly characteristic. Four of these, on one sheet, very superior in style to the coeval works of the same class, represent "From the Haymarket," a

signor, a celebrated performer at the Italian Opera-house; "From Warwick-lane," a well-known M. D., the last remaining of the old school; "From Oxford," a fat fellow of Brazen-nose College; "From Soho," a certain well-known *lady abbess*. A series of characteristics of a professional friend of his, a distinguished foreigner, being an old friend of the elder Angelo's, will help to furnish materials for a future page.

Dent, also, claims notice for the point of his political caricatures, which, though ill drawn, and miserably executed on copper, superseded many others, in public estimation, for their sheer humour, and caustic wit.

Conde, another of the satirical phalanx of coeval renown, designed characteristic subjects; among others, several at the expense of the questionable sex of the renowned Chevalier *D'Eon*. His representation of the memorable public fencing match, between this *cavalier* in petticoats, and the celebrated St. George, has become a sort of graphic curiosity.

Biagio Rebecca must not be left out of the list of humorous designers, as his tact for marking down the frivolities and absurdities of certain important personages, of both sexes, about the court, had often excited the royal smile. The sight of his private collection, was a treat to those who knew the prototypes on whom he thus ventured to exercise his playful talent. The higher

the consequence of the subject, the more delectable the *travestie*. Had this comical genius etched a series of his burlesque portraits, posterity might have enjoyed a high treat at the expense of certain characters, of every grade, of the court of the best of kings.

Nixon, whose versatile talents, too, are recorded within the covers of this book, drew characteristics with no mean skill. He could sketch a portrait, with a few scratches of his pencil, of a party whom he had not seen for twenty years, and with such marked traits of resemblance, as to be known at a glance.

The last who shall appear upon this lengthy record of burlesque designers, though not the least in talent—one, indeed, whose inventive humour was exhaustless—is the late George Moutard Woodward, commonly designated by his merry associates, *Mustard* George. This original genius was the son of the steward of a certain wealthy landholder, and resided with his father in a provincial town, where *nothing* was less known than *every thing* pertaining to the arts. He was, as his neighbours said, a "*nateral geni*," for he drew all the comical *gaffers* and *gammers* of the country rounds; and having, to use his own words, *taken off* the bench of justices, wigs and all, *shown up* the mayor and corporation, *dumbfoundered* the parson of the parish, *silenced* the clerk, and made the sexton laugh at his own

grave occupation, he thought it expedient to beat up for new game in the metropolitan city.

"A caricaturist in a country town," said George, "like a mad bull in a china-shop, cannot step without noise; so, having made a little noise in my native place, I persuaded my father to let me seek my fortune in town."

It appears that the caricaturist came not to London, like many another wit, pennyless; his father allowed him an annuity of first fifty, and augmented the sum to a hundred pounds. With this income, and what he obtained by working for the publishers, he was enabled to enjoy life his own way; and might be met, with a tankard of Burton ale before him, seated behind his pipe, nightly at Offley's; or, if not there, smoking the fragrant weed at the cider-cellar, the Blue Posts, or the Hole in the Wall. Latterly, his rendezvous was transferred to the Brown Bear at Bow-street, where he studied those peculiar species of low characters, the inhabitants of the round-house, and the myrmidons of the police. Enamoured with the society of these able physiognomists, he ultimately took up his quarters at the Brown Bear, and there, to the lively grief of these tender-hearted associates, one night died, in character, suddenly, with a glass of brandy in his hand.

The wit and invention of this artist, places him above all others in the personification of low scenes of humour. Among his earliest produc-

tions, were those series of groups, entitled "Effects of Flattery," "Effects of Hope," &c., which were illustrated by scenes of truly dramatic excellence, and upon which might well be built farces for the stage, which could not fail to delight the town. His "Babes in the Wood," "Raffling for a Coffin," and "The Club of Quidnuncs," as pieces of original humour, have never, perhaps, been equalled. Had this low humorist studied drawing, and been temperate in his habits, such was the fecundity of his imagination and perception of character, that he might have rivalled even Hogarth. His style, always sufficiently careless, latterly even outraged the *outré*. Yet there were those, and men of taste too, who insist that the humour of his pieces was augmented by the extravagance of this defect.

It may be thought due to my reader's patience to change the scene, and having exhausted my stock of reminiscences of caricaturists, proceed with my own sketches of characters.

At the commencement of my desultory lucubrations, it may be remembered, that I endeavoured to deprecate censure, on the score of vain glory, in presuming to talk of my acquaintance with my betters.

There is a marked difference between the manners of men of birth, rank, and high breeding, and those whose distinction in society depends merely upon wealth. Among the former, a professional

man is always received with condescension, and treated with respect proportioned to his talents and *private* worth; whilst among the latter, the only passport to consideration depends upon—*what he is worth!* The experience of all professional men, "time out of mind," has proved the truth of this—to the very letter.

Lately, in returning from Florence, I passed a few days at Paris, at the house of an old friend, who had taken a trip to this great city on a visit to his son, who is residing there to afford his sons the advantage of something more than a mere smattering of the French tongue.

"Well, boys," said my old friend, their grandfather, on their return on the Saturday noon, they passing the Sunday at their father's hotel—"Well, boys, and what have you to say now, of your French school-fellows?"

"O! grand-papa," answered both the brothers, one twelve, the other thirteen, "what do you think they say of our country?" "Many strange things, no doubt," replied the grandfather, "Yes, but is all they say true?" rejoined the youths. "The French boys say, that at every dinner-party in England, the master of the house introduces each gentleman by his name, saying, 'Give me leave to introduce Mr. A———, who is worth fifty thousand pounds.' Then, again, 'Let me introduce Mr. B———, who has two thousand a-year,' and so they go on with all the company.'" The old gentleman laughed, as also did the father

and mother of the boys, and so did the writer of this veritable fact; for, gentle reader, this is no fabrication, but an account related in sober truth.

It is an old saying, that you must go to your neighbour's house to discover what is doing at your own. That our lively neighbours across the water may verily believe this to be the fact, no observant man can doubt, whether he resides in London or Westminster, at High-Wycomb or Low-Layton, at Canterbury or York, at Edinborough or Glasgow, or in any city, town, or village, either on this side or that side of the Tweed: the universal qualification, touching the courtesies of neighbourhood, being throughout, How much is he worth? Hence, without doubt, the origin of the sarcastic taunt of the haughty Corsican,—"The nation of shopkeepers!"

The late Marquis of Lansdowne, a nobleman of most condescending demeanour, was easy of access. Mr. C———e, the auctioneer, blending the manners of a gentleman with the habits of his public duty, had been employed by this nobleman. One morning, his lordship called on Mr. C———e, whilst he was giving directions to his clerk, who was correcting a catalogue for a sale of pictures of the old masters, which were nearly arranged on the walls of his sale room. This visit occurred on the day previous to making the collection public; hence, none were present but the porters and the clerks.

After chatting upon the merits of certain pictures with Mr. C., whom his lordship knew to be a connoisseur, and, on the moment of his departure, his lordship said, "I expect a few friends to dine with me to-morrow, and should like you to meet them—May I expect the pleasure of seeing you?" Mr. C. respectfully bowed assent.

The time appointed, on the next day, drawing near, Mr. C., taking his *chapeau-bras*, stepped into a hackney-coach, and was driven to the iron gates in Berkeley-square, where, alighting, he discharged the coachman, and being admitted by the porter, walked up the turn of the road to the entrance of the mansion. His lordship and several of the guests were at the drawing-room window.

Mr. C. was announced, and was courteously received, when his lordship observed—"Why, Mr. C., did you dismiss your coach outside the gate?" "Because, my lord Marquis, I did not think it quite decorous to bring a hackney-coach into your grounds."

Having thus answered the question, his lordship, turning to the noblemen and gentlemen present, observed, "My friend, Mr. C., brings to my recollection a somewhat similar circumstance which happened in this house in my father's time. He had invited a gentleman, who drove up in a hackney-coach, when a certain rich nabob observed,—'What, my lord, do you permit *hacks* to

enter your gates?' to which my father replied,—'Yes, Sir, I do; and if I did not, I should be deprived of the society of many a visitor whom greater men than myself might feel proud to shake by the hand.' So, Mr. C., should you again honour me with your company,—pray drive up to the portico."

Professional men, who, by virtue of their talents, have the *entrée* to the tables of the great, when talking of the condescensions experienced at their hands, in the company of mere purse-proud men, are subject to the stare of incredulity. It is natural to talk of our betters, however, and I shall therefore continue my sketches according to the quality of my sitters.

Lest I should be mistaken with regard to the manners of men of wealth, in contradistinction to men of birth, as subject to no exceptions, I owe it to the memory of many commercialists to say, that, for munificence and many other high qualities, their claims to general respect were as legitimate, as those whose blood could be traced to the period of the conquest. There is, however, generally speaking, a marked difference between the old, respectable mercantile habits, and those of the trading upstarts of a later period.

Among other city worthies, whose memory I cannot recollect but with feelings of respectful regard, was the late Colonel Herries, of the city of London Light-horse Volunteers.

If I mistake not, this gentleman, when a youth, was taught the first rudiments of riding by Mons. Durell, who succeeded the celebrated Major Foubert, whose *manége*, near Regent-street, gave name to the passage leading thither, opposite Conduit-street.

This Durell, I have heard my father say, was a great courtier, and used to be much quizzed at Leicester-house. Prince George (our late sovereign) was taught to ride by Monsieur, who used to call out in his broken English, "O mine star! how se royal youth carry himself as Alesandare on Bucephalus. Now, Sare, advance your pace," cracking his whip. "Hold up your august chins—turn in your royal toe."

During a certain period of the latter part of the late war, whilst the City Light-horse were on effective duty, they had two messes, one held at the Crown and Anchor, the other at the British Coffee-house; to both of which I had a general invitation. Doubtless the tables of such a corps were well served; and the conviviality, which was usually protracted to a late hour, by some of its gay members, was such as no military society that I have yet known could match. It must be remembered that the mess being in the midst of the metropolis, there was a notable sample of choice spirits within reach, from which to fill a spare seat.

The adjutant, *Sandy* Gordon, as he was fami-

liarly called by his comrades, was a joyous convive. Certain Scottish songs, which he sang with peculiar nationality, were delectable to hear; the delight which they afforded to the loyal sons of Scotia (a good sprinkling of whom rode in this wealthy corps,) when they were elevated to the pitch of the second bottle of claret, was truly exhilarating to behold.

At these meetings, after the cloth was removed, a table was placed at the upper end of the room with a bottle and glasses, at which two trumpeters took their seats, and blew tan-ta-ra-ra, between the toasts.

In my way to Dover, about this period, and remaining two days at Chatham, I met with the son of a foreign friend of my father's, who was an officer in a militia regiment. He kindly escorted me to the docks, and invited me to dine with his mess. Here economy was the word. We sat down to broiled herrings and a leg of mutton. Though this fare was the least sumptuous of any military dinner that I had been invited to, the table lacked neither wine, welcome, nor wit. One of the pleasantest days of my life, perhaps, was what was long termed that of the herring-feast at Chatham.

The next day, my lucky star procured me an invite from Colonel Guise, of the guards; a detachment of the regiment was then quartered on the heights at Chatham. How different the ap-

pearance of the table. Here, two tureens of soup, fish, *en bonne manière*, every thing on silver. What a temptation thought I, to a pet son, with a wealthy father and indulgent mother. Who would not be a soldier! I remember this day with the greater pleasure, having breakfasted with Colonel Dive, formerly of the Oxford Blues, a gentleman whom I had known from my boyhood, he having been a patron and friend of my father's.

The Colonel, long before retiring from the service, became a renter of Covent-garden theatre, and being on intimate terms with Mr. Harris, the manager, he was admitted behind the scenes, a privilege granted but to few, and accepted by them as a special favour.

Early in life, I had always understood that the Colonel was generally considered remarkably kind and good tempered. In the green-room, however, he was far differently appreciated; and, behind the scenes, went by the title of "*Cross Dive.*"

One day, the Colonel being present at a rehearsal, and suddenly disappearing from the side-scene, the manager called out to the elder Bannister, "Have you seen Dive *cross* this *way?*"—"Damme," said Bannister, "I never saw him any other *way.*"

Through Colonel Guise's kindness, I can also boast of having dined at the guard's mess in St. James's palace; a circumstance the more

memorable, for its having occurred on the evening when the news arrived of the battle of Corunna. I had left the table between ten and eleven, and passing up St. James's-street, heard a chairman say that Sir John Moore was killed. Immediately I met a friend going into Brookes's, who confirmed the report, with some circumstantial particulars. I returned to the mess-room, and communicated the sad information, and never shall forget the deep sorrow with which these sudden tidings were received by the gallant officers of the third regiment of guards.

The neighbourhood of St. James's-palace, like that of Windsor, has been familiar to my recollections from childhood. It was only a few paces from the palace gate, that the brothers of the late King honoured my father with their visit to his little exhibition, (*Les Ombres Chinoises*) which I remember, when I was under seven years of age. Our house then was in St. James's-place.

At this period, the palace was occupied by at least four times the number of persons at present residing there, as a great part of the old apartments are now pulled down, and those remaining on the ground floor towards the garden, being in the occupation of his present Majesty, when in town.

On this suite were the apartments occupied by the maids of honour, of whom many gossiping accounts were whispered within the precincts of

the palace, particularly relating to their private feuds; for, according to these reports, envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness, by turns, took possession of these spinsters' chaste bosoms, as they advanced in age. Even long after their services in the royal processions, of which they once formed a part, had ceased, and they were no longer rival beauties, still hostilities had not ceased. Two of these ancient damsels, for whom many an old courtier, long since dead, had sighed, resided in neighbouring apartments. Each had her sedan, deposited in a passage contiguous.

"It is very strange," said Miss ****; "there must be some very evil-minded person about the palace. See how my sedan is cut again!" Every one was pressed to witness this new aggression. The leather was cut and scored in every direction; and it was sagely determined in council, that these lacerations could not be performed without hands. "This is the work of no common malice —that is certain," reiterated the irritable lady; "and I would give five guineas to discover the perpetrator."

"Now," thought the footman of the maid of honour, "if I do not discover the matter, and put the five guineas in my pocket, may I be brained!" The scarification was always performed in the night.

John kept his council. No one betrayed the secret of his intention, though it was formed at the

court—no, not by whispering, nor even by inuendo; for John kept it to himself. Hence, when all the card-tables were shut, the wax lights extinguished, the fires clean raked out, and the maids of honour, and all other persons of honour, had taken themselves to bed, then did the faithful John, the footman of Miss ****, wrap himself in his great, warm, winter state *roquelaire*, and betake himself to his snug dormitory—his mistress's sedan.

The third night arrived; all was silent, saving, that the distant tread of the grand round was heard, and the voice of the orderly, challenging the watchful centinel, at the different stations of the palace. It was one hour past midnight, when glided forth a tall, lean, not pale, but highly *rouged* spectre, in a *robe de chambre*, another Lady Macbeth, with lamp in one hand, and holding a naked knife in the other, who, approaching the sedan, the instrument was lifted, and a deep gash was inflicted—which, awful to relate, was answered by as deep a groan. Alas! the maid of honour was thus caught in the fact of cutting and stabbing in the royal palace, in the dead of the night! John got his five guineas, and the lady was designated, "The Spectre Leather Cutter."

Going lately to the palace, by special favour, to see the magnificent alterations which have been made by his present Majesty, I was struck by

the metamorphosis of the old ball room, which, in the late Sovereign's time, was really not superior in appearance to an obsolete auction-room. The grand staircase too, as it was termed, which led to this and the other royal apartments, was dismal, dark, and dingy, and might be likened to the approach to an old county sessions-house.

More than fifty years ago, I can well recollect the then old nobility of the court of George the Second, crowding up and down this circumscribed staircase, to the drawing-room of George the Third; and can fancy that I still hear the crackling of the brocade, displayed six feet wide upon the ancient ladies' hoop petticoats.

When I was at Paris, in the year 1775, I had the honour of being known to Lord Stormont, the English ambassador at the French court, at which I had moreover the honour of being introduced, through the favour of his lordship. Whilst there, I had two court suits made, by a fashionable tailor, one for the summer, and one for the winter; and was afforded, on my return, an opportunity of comparing the splendour of the court of Versailles, with that of St. James's, the inferiority of which was sufficiently manifest.

My father had the honour, for several years, to make his bow at St. James's, at the drawing-room, on the 4th of June, the birth-day of our

late Sovereign. I, too, had the honour of being introduced, when I made my appearance in my fine French suit.

On the day of my first introduction, being near his Majesty as he walked round the circle, conversing with the company, a remark which his Majesty made, whilst the music was performing, made a lasting impression on my memory.

This occurred during a sudden storm of wind, thunder, and lightning. The trumpets were sounding; and at the moment, a tremendously loud clap of thunder, burst, as it were, right over the palace, which seemed to appal many present; when the King, addressing himself to Lord Pembroke, exclaimed, "How sublime! What an accompaniment! How this would have delighted Handel!"

I was present too, at the ball in the evening, and much amused at seeing a group of the most fashionable dancing-masters, who were constant attendants at the birth-day ball, pressing round the tables, and actually scrambling for the French rolls and champaign.

Strange as it may appear, it is nevertheless true, that some of the motley personages whom I saw there, appeared to have procured their court costume from those repositories of finery, the masquerade shops.

Though a greater number of persons, with small pretensions to that honour, got presented at the

drawing-room on these occasions, than of late years, it must not be inferred that the court on the birth-day was not splendidly attended. Reference to the public journals will exhibit the state, and extent of the company. The dancing too, was an interesting sight; and I remember that Lord Morton, who was one of the most elegant horsemen of any of my father's pupils, was also considered one of the most graceful "*walkers of the minuet*" at St. James's.

The last time I saw the venerable pair, the Duke and Duchess of Queensbury, was at the drawing-room; and my father's earliest friend and patron, the Earl of Pembroke, was at the ball-room in the evening.

The Duchess of Queensbury, as I have observed before, was very eccentric. It was not always easy to get into her grace's favour; but, when she had once adopted those who sought it, whoever they might be, she became their steady friend, and munificent patroness.

One of her *protégés* was an African black, a very interesting youth, for whose welfare she manifested an uncommon interest.

This African, who indeed was then but a boy, the son of a female slave at St. Kitts, was brought from Jamaica by Captain Stair Douglas, R.N., who happening, in conversation with the duchess, to mention him as an uncommonly smart and intelligent little *Mungo*, her grace expressed a

desire to see him. Struck with his manner and address, the good old duchess at once felt an interest for the orphan, and, begging him of the captain, promised to provide for him, and faithfully kept her word.

She named him *Soubise*, sent him to school, supported him genteely, and provided him a good education. Her grace's favours, it was hoped, were not ill-bestowed: Soubise was grateful, and affectionate, he soon ingratiated himself into the favour of the duke, as well as the duchess; became the pet of each, and a favourite with the whole household. He grew fast, was engaging in his manners, and soon manifested a disposition for gallantry. He was taught to fence, and talked of becoming a general. The duchess's maids, who had little more to do than read novels, romances, and plays, lacadasically called him the young Othello.

The duke sent him to my father's *manége*, where he soon became one of the most accomplished riders. At the end of the riding-house was a gallery for spectators; hither the old duchess frequently came, accompanied by other ladies, to see her black *protegé* perform his equestrian exercises. He no less distinguished himself by his rapid progress in the science of attack and defence with the sword; and, acquiring other accomplishments, it was said, he was to be sent to one of the universities, to finish his education.

However this might be, this minion, somewhat spoiled by indulgence and flattery, forgetting that he was a chance child, thrown by fortune upon the precarious bounty of strangers, began to assume unbecoming airs, and vain-gloriously boasted being the son of an African prince.

It was well known that the duchess was prompt in mortifying vain assumption. "O! is it so, Master Soubise?" said her grace, "I must lower your crest, I perceive." Vehement in her address, and determined in her object, having made her resolution, she drove to Carlisle-house, and proposed to my father to have him articled to him, as his assistant to teach riding and fencing.

The negociation, however, was not at first successful, although the duchess offered what might have been considered a tempting sum, by way of premium. Subsequently, however, the duchess won my mother over to her views. She owed the duchess a load of gratitude, and promised to use her influence in the negociation. My father consented; but, with that good taste which usually accompanies the act of a man of spirit, yielding against his will, he took Soubise, but firmly resisted the proffered premium.

At this time our house had many inmates, as I have mentioned before, the sons of persons of rank, with all of whom Soubise was a great favourite. Indeed, so far from what my father had feared, that his colour and humble birth

might have made him repulsive to his high-born pupils, on the contrary, these circumstances seemed to excite a greater interest in his favour. His manners were engaging, and his goodnature gained him the affection of every one who came to the house.

He played upon the violin with considerable taste, composed several musical pieces in the Italian style, and sang them with a comic humour that would have fitted him for a *primo buffo* at the Opera-house. At Eton, and other public schools, he attended my father as his usher, and was no less a favourite with all the pupils. Thus regarded by his master and mistress, and well supplied with pocket-money by the duchess, for the first two years he passed his days with our family in an enviable state of happiness, until he suddenly changed his manners, and became one of the most conspicuous fops of the town. He frequented the Opera, and the other theatres; sported a fine horse and groom in Hyde-park; became a member of many fashionable clubs, and made a figure.

As an instance of his dashing spirit, even whilst acting as the usher of the elder Angelo, on the alternate days which he attended Eton, he frequently entered Windsor, with his *chère amie*, in a post-chaise and four. There, *madame*, waiting his return from the college, he would meet her, dine in style at the Castle-inn, take his cham-

pagne and claret, entertain half a dozen hangers on, and return to town by the same expensive conveyance. These extravagancies were at length discovered by my father, who, to his surprise, found that his bills were regularly discharged at the inn, his noble patroness very indiscreetly furnishing him liberally with money, without inquiring into the truth of the pretences which he assigned for his constant draughts upon her bounty.

It was said, and perhaps with some truth, that the reflections which were made upon the duchess for her partiality, made her the more pertinacious in her support of Soubise. Opposition to any of her whims (for many acts of her grace's munificence originated rather in her caprices, than from reflection), was sure to confirm her determination to resistance. Her black *protégé* was satirized at the expence of herself; and, among other instances, Austin, the caricaturist, published a print, with the tall duchess and Soubise engaged, like D'Eon and St. George, in a public fencing match.

Soubise was a great favourite of Garrick's, and the elder Sheridan gave him some lessons on elocution. He studied the speeches of Othello, and declaimed at the spouting clubs, with mighty applause. Mr. Sheridan observed to Foote, when dining at my father's, the conversation being on the duchess and her *protégé*, "that, considering all circumstances, he was the best behaved, unassuming *minion* of the great, that he had ever

known;" "and so modest withal," added Dr. Kennedy, who was of the party. "Yes," replied Foote; "but damme, for all his modesty, I never saw him blush."

This repartee offended the elder Sheridan, who, always pompous and ceremonious, considered his consequence assailed by any sallies of wit, though from Foote, whom every one else—even the *Pomposo* of Churchill (Dr. Johnson)—could endure. Indeed, his humour was so original, so passing rich, that the Lord Chancellor, in his judgment seat, could not refrain from a smile at the mere relating of his wit.

Soubise, even whilst at my father's, had private apartments, unknown to the family, where he assumed the habits of an extravagant man of fashion. He had a constant succession of visitors, and his rooms were supplied with roses, geraniums, and other expensive green-house plants, in the spring. He was equally expensive in perfumes, so that even in the lobbies at the theatres, the fops and the frail fair would exclaim, "I scent Soubise!"

He was no less extravagant in nosegays, and never seen, at any season, without a *bouquet* of the choicest flowers in his bosom. As general a lover as Don Juan, he wrote as many sonnets as Charlotte Smith; but not in that elegant writer's mournful strain—for he was as gay as a butterfly, and his day of sunshine almost as short.

For nearly two years his career had proceeded unchecked, when my father, discovering his excesses, and finding admonition fruitless, he was obliged to dispense with his services, when, by his recommendation, he was sent to India at the expense of his noble patroness, and being an able master of riding and fencing, he established an academy at Bengal.

A gentleman who held a high station in the east, known by the appellation of Memory Middleton, among many other distinguished persons, became his friend and patron. He obtained numerous pupils, and accepted an appointment, with a large salary, to break in horses for the government. Having departed from his former thoughtless habits, his talents and address had placed him in the way to fortune, when lucklessly engaging to subdue a fine *Arabian*, the terror of every one, mounting the unconquerable beast—for he was the boldest of horsemen—he was thrown, and, pitching on his head, was killed on the spot.

Thus ended the *Black Prince*, as he was self-dubbed, and so designated in a portrait, a small whole-length, published by Darling, in Great Newport-street, nearly half a century since.

Gainsborough made a sketch of his head, the size of life, and Zoffany a small whole-length of his person, which, though not tall, was well proportioned, and, what is so rare with the black

sons of Africa, he had well-formed legs. Zoffany painted this picture for Dr. Kennedy, who presented it to the duchess, as it was understood to further the interests of the subsequently unfortunate Dr. Dodd, his intimate friend, whom, in my younger days, I often met at Dr. Kennedy's.

This gentleman, who was a physician, and an old friend of my father's, resided in Nassau-street, Soho, which, as well as the neighbouring Gerrard-street, having several good houses, was well tenanted.

Dr. Kennedy had a very extensive acquaintance; he was most intimate with Sterne, Garrick, and Harris, the manager of Covent-garden Theatre, and was free of the green-rooms; he was no less intimate with Foote, the manager of the little theatre in the Haymarket; personally knew all the principal performers, and, indeed, most of the distinguished professional men of his day.

Foote, whose love of satire rendered him alike suspicious to friend and foe, had intended to bring the doctor on the stage, having sketched his character as one of the *dramatis personæ* for a projected farce; an accident, however, which occurred, endangering the doctor's life, luckily wrought upon Foote's better feelings, and his friend escaped the exposure.

The doctor was very tall and thin. One stormy night, in returning from Drury-lane theatre in a

sedan, following that which bore his friend Garrick, with whom he had engaged to sup at Dr. Goldsmith's, the chairmen, not stepping to time, in getting out of the way of some falling tiles, gave so sudden a jerk of the sedan, that his head, which was bare, coming in contact with the roof, he received so violent a concussion of the brain, that he was taken from the chair in a state of insensibility. For some weeks, in consequence of this accident, his life was despaired of.

Foote, who really had a sincere regard for the doctor, hearing of the accident, called repeatedly to make inquiries, and finding him in so dangerous a state, "felt," as Goldsmith said, "for once, and the only time, compunctious;" and determined, accordingly, to expiate his intended crime, by obliterating the manuscript, and vowing never to indulge in any satire at so worthy a companion's expense.

Foote's ground for the meditated attack, however, was more substantial than that afforded by many of his prototypes; for the doctor, though said to be a skilful practitioner, used occasional charlatanery to increase his *practice*, which laid him open to the censure of the orthodox sons of Hippocrates.

Three nights in the week, at least, during the play-going season, he was to be seen in the boxes at one of the houses; and he was never, for many

years, absent at the performance of a new piece. "His friendly hands were as hard with clapping," said Foote, "as a cobbler's lap-stone."

When thus seated, to affect great business, a confidential agent, in a smart hired livery, who knew at which house he was not, used to obtain admission to call between the acts, "Dr. Kennedy!" Meanwhile another, also in livery, would call at the theatre where he was, seated in a front row, "Dr. Kennedy!" The doctor then arose, and, taking his hat and cane, bowing right and left, would depart. "Bless me!" the lords and ladies would exclaim, "that Dr. Kennedy has half the *patients* in town."

At length the doctor, but not till after finding his success somewhat proportionate to his expectation, was obliged to leave this novel practice to some other who wanted it; for the galleries, who smoked the doctor, used to vociferate, fifty times before the drawing up of the curtain, "Doctor Kennedy! Doctor Kennedy! where is Doctor Kennedy?" Notwithstanding, he always appeared to me to be a worthy, pleasant, and well-bred man.

Never, perhaps, did the history of civilization afford so general an instance of public feeling in behalf of the fate of an unfortunate individual, as in the case of Dr. Dodd. He was a popular preacher, an active promoter of public charities, and had a more extensive acquaintance than any contemporary clergyman. He was seen every

where, and known to every body; and though his habits of dissipation did not square with the moral precepts which he enforced from the pulpit, and recommended with his pen, for he was a voluminous writer, yet his sudden and untimely fate, moved almost every bosom to sorrow or sympathy. The righteous were led to pity for charity's sake, and the irreligious compassionated his fall, from the consciousness of their own errors.

There is, moreover, sometimes, a sort of fashion in feeling, when sorrow, as it were, becomes a national epidemic. The conversation in every circle was of "poor Doctor Dodd!" The press teemed daily with minute descriptions of every act of his sad hours; meetings were held to consult upon measures to avert the severity of justice; and petitions were framed every where, to lay at the foot of the throne, on behalf of the unhappy delinquent, who having been tried for his offence, and found guilty, remained for some months a prisoner, awaiting his dreaded sentence within the dismal walls of Newgate.

Dr. Kennedy, active in benevolence, pressed all his friends into the service of procuring petitions to the throne; and I remember him, and the elder Mr. Sheridan, with the Rev. Bate Dudley, with a long roll of parchment, pens, and ink-bottles in their button-holes, going from house to house in Soho-square, to obtain signatures.

The "*reverend parson,*" Horne Tooke, with his usual discrimination, observed to the party, as they came to solicit his signature, "I think, neighbour Bate, you and I had better let the affair alone; three *such* moral teachers, as the unfortunate one, yourself, and parson Horne, will make no very favourable impression at court."

Bach and Abel, who, as the reader may observe, were intimate at Horne Tooke's, had some little bickerings upon the subject. The two musicians differed in opinion upon the pretensions of the unfortunate prisoner, touching his appeal to mercy. The kind-hearted Abel, who was a libertine in his sentiments, insisted upon it, that a mere act of fraud ought not to be visited with the same dreadful penalty as that of the rascal assassin. He abused the character of the young earl for appearing as prosecutor, and swore, in more than one language, "that gold was the *devil* of English idolatry."

Bach, though no less good hearted, asserted, rather too coldly and pertinaciously for the warm temper of Abel, that fraud was the act of a dirty mind. "What the debbel do you talk of Tocdor Todd being in tebdt, are not you somedimes in tebdt? am nod I always in tebdt? and is it prober and right, pecause of dat, I am to commit forgery? I do insist upon it, mine teare friend, Misder Abel, dat he vot gommits forgery of notes,

ought to be hanged. Such a man is a rogue, and not fit to live in society."

Abel, who was ever addicted to drolling, instantly replied, "O! O! Master Bach! Vell den, *Sir*, you and mineself should be hanged; for have we not both of us forged notes enough in our dimes?"

"Dat is not chendeel of you, mine tear Abel," said Bach; "id is not bolite to hurl the *argumendum ad hominum* at mine head."

"Pote it is nevertheless drue as the Gosbel," said Abel, sticking to his text, "every comboser is a notorious forger of notes; *ergo*, mine tear friend, Bach, you must be hanged." Bach could not forbear smiling at this comical retort. Nothing so soon appeases the disputations of Germans, as a sentence of dry humour; so Bach, smiling again, nodded assent to the truth of the remark, observing, "To be sure, as you say, friend Abel, us gombosers are birates, and blagiarists, and forgers of nodes; pote," adding, with a sly look, "some gombosers forge false nodes, and I only forge true."

Horne Tooke, who was no great *amateur* of taxation, as all the world knows, observed, *en passant*, to the three worthies, Dr. Kennedy, Sheridan, and Parson Bate, "I like your scheme —it is devilish clever."

"Why so?" demanded Sheridan.

"Why," replied Parson Horne, "because you look so like tax-gatherers, and you form so appalling a triumvirate, that, all those who have not paid up their arrears, will be so relieved in discovering that you are *not* what you *seem* to be, they will set down their names as a *scape offering!*"

If I mistake not, more than one hundred thousand signatures were obtained, among which were a large proportion, the sign manual, of persons of rank, wealth, and talent; such a list was never collected, perhaps, in behalf of any individual offender against the laws from the earliest period of society. This extraordinary appeal, this prayer to the throne, was made in vain. Justice, it was held by the highest law authorities, claimed the victim, and the law was left to take its course.

The day of execution at length arrived, and never did so general a sympathy prevail, as on this occasion, throughout the country. In London every visage expressed sadness; it appeared, indeed, a day of universal calamity; yet, strange to say, people of all conditions flocked to town to see the melancholy procession, or rather mournful cavalcade, move onward, from some spot between Newgate and Tyburn. The streets were thronged at an early hour with groups of both sexes hurrying to their different stations; all the windows of every house, for the whole distance, were crowded to see

the passing spectacle. The most unfeeling shuddered, as the mourning-coach which contained the malefactor approached; thousands sobbed aloud, and many women swooned at the sight; yet, such was the prevailing strange taste of that period, that a day of public execution, provided the sufferer was of no common eminence, whether for misfortune or for crime, drew tens of thousands of voluntary spectators to the tragedy.

Customs, however, which may appear to evince obtuseness of feeling, or, at least, very questionable taste at one period, may be tolerated, or even be fashionable, at another; and these different changes of sentiment may be imperceptibly wrought in less than an age, judging by numerous popular feelings and pursuits which were common heretofore.

On the evening preceding the day of execution, I remember my mother being so deeply affected with the approaching fate of Dr. Dodd, that she left the dinner-table, and every one present was sensibly touched with sorrow at his impending fate.

After dinner the conversation, naturally enough, turned upon the severity of the British laws, when some reflections were made upon the sovereign, for not yielding to the prayer of so vast a body of petitioners. One of my father's guests, and I think it was Henderson, observed, "The King's is a difficult predicament; if his Majesty

uses the royal prerogative, and spares the culprit, one-half the world will say that it was because he was a priest; and if he does not, the other half will say, he should have been spared, in respect to his holy profession."

"It is not the forgery which shall hang Tocdor Dodd, my tear friend," said Bach.

"What then?" hastily inquired Henderson.

"Why," replied Bach, "the Tocdor's pad rebudation! and King George, being a good, moral brince, he must be careful for to deter his loving subjects from doing wrong, to hang this false, conniving, unbrincipled* briest; and, when he is hanged, and pote out of his misery, dare vill be an end of the tragigal pusiness, and no more said apoud the matter."

Bach was in the right, perhaps; for it was said, that the private character of Dr. Dodd was so far from that becoming a christian teacher, that his Majesty's integrity, as the chief magistrate, urged him to sacrifice his own private feelings to a conscientious discharge of public duty.

This case certainly imposed a painful duty on

* What was supposed materially to influence the decision on the ultimate fate of Dr. Dodd, was, his having endeavoured to corrupt the integrity of Lady Apsley, the wife of the Lord Chancellor, by an offer of £3,000, to procure, through her private interest, the living of St. George, Hanover-square, then vacated by Dr. Moss, the rector, being preferred to the see of Bath and Wells. In consequence of this being discovered, the King struck his name off the list of his private chaplains.

the sovereign, for the onus lay upon the King. The petitioners were, many of them, even the most active for the unhappy subject of the petition, operated upon by their feelings, rather than governed by their reason.

Dr. Johnson, who, falling in with the tide of popular commiseration for Dr. Dodd, exerted his pen in his behalf, and declaimed loudly meanwhile at the Chapter, the Grecian, and the Rainbow, upon the same side of the question; yet, after the law had taken its course, he admitted, that the King could not, and ought not to have spared him.

During the period of the trial of Dr. Dodd, which occurred on the 24th February, 1777, and the week preceding his execution, which did not take place until the 27th of June, Newgate was the resort of numbers of persons, distinguished for their rank and talents in almost every profession. Some led thither to obtain an interview, by that curiosity which is excited by any real tragedy in the great drama of human life, and others, by a charitable zeal to relieve real calamity. All flattered the prisoner with hopes of royal clemency. Their consolations, though not discreet, were kind; for never did man, in his unhappy state, more anxiously cling to life, or more fearfully deprecate death, than he, who had, both by his preaching and his writing, so eloquently taught others how to die. Many good and sen-

sible men, however, thought he might have been spared.

Among others who exerted themselves for the doctor, was the late Thomas Tomkins, of Sermon-lane, the most celebrated penman that this or any other country had produced.

Tomkins was known to, and esteemed by, a vast circle of distinguished men, notwithstanding his remarkable foible, overweening vanity and conceit touching his art; indeed, he persuaded himself, and endeavoured to persuade others, that fine *penmanship* was, at least, of co-equal importance with fine *writing*, and that the three greatest writers that England could boast were Shakspeare, Milton, and Tomkins!

Richard Wilson, the landscape painter, Henderson, the comedian, Richards, the scene-painter, Wilton, the sculptor, and Michael Moser, with some others, constant evening cronies at the Shakspeare, were discussing the question of the King's prerogative some weeks before Dr. Dodd's execution, in the coffee-room there, when Cipriani, with Mortimer, arm in arm, dropped in. Tomkins was at the moment exhibiting a large sheet of vellum, on which the head to Dr. Dodd's petition was written; in Roman capitals, round-hand, italics, German-text, and all the varieties of which his pen was so prolific; and so wrapt was the good man, with the importance of his handy work, that he insisted, with the addition of a tasteful

allegorical design of Cipriani's or Mortimer's, of Mercy and Justice, with their respective attributes, placed around this superlative specimen of his art, it could not fail to move the Sovereign.

Wilson, though at this time as gloomy, from his own misfortunes, as man could well be, was so involuntarily and suddenly wrought upon by this extravagant self-complaisance of the penman, that he roared with laughter.

The more Wilson thought of what he considered the absurdity of the proposal, the more he laughed.—"To think of moving the King and his council by a pen and a picture!—Ha!—ha!—ha!" Wilson's experience had woefully proved how little influence the arts possessed in "*church or state;*" and, in this cynical mood, he appealed to every one who entered the tavern, all of whom caught his fit of risibility, which caused so strange a metamorphosis from that sorrow, real or affected, which had just before prevailed, as to render the scene truly of the tragi-comic character. Tomkins, however, remained not long an auditor, for, highly offended at this insult to his self-importance, he hastily rolled up the parchment and took himself off.

The motive, however, which led to this, was benevolent on the part of the writing-master, though it was suspected that vanity had, at least, a small share in prompting the service. Tomkins, who had never seen Dr. Dodd, on hearing of the

vast exertions that were making to obtain subscribers' names to the petition, went to Newgate, and introducing himself to the prisoner, offered to write the prologue to the lists to be laid at the feet of the King, which lists were written on several score yards of parchment, and joined together. This offer was gratefully accepted by the doctor, and the penman, as is said, inspired by the importance of the subject, produced, on a large sheet of vellum, the most elegant specimen of caligraphy that ever was seen. Hence, it was said, that though many powerful pens had been exercised in behalf of the unfortunate Dr. Dodd, none could compete with that of Thomas Tomkins, of Sermon-lane.

Several years ago, though it could scarcely be supposed now, such is the better taste of society generally, an execution day at Tyburn was considered by various classes as a public holiday. The malefactors being exposed thus publicly through the main street for three miles, it was supposed, would tend to morality, by deterring many who were witnesses of the agony of the miserable culprits from the perpetration of those vices which had brought them to their pitiable fate. This, however, was at length discovered to be a mistaken policy, for these cruel spectacles drew thousands from their lawful occupations, emptied the manufactories and workshops,

and filled the public houses with drunkenness and riot.

In contradistinction to present notions, the people of that period may appear to have been, if not actually brutal, certainly far from polite. Society generally, indeed, with the exception of the higher classes, wanting refinement, found little interest in pursuits, public or private, wherein the excitements did not savour of coarseness, vulgarity, or sensuality. Bucks and bloods sought renown in play-house fracas; clerks and apprentices, in street riots; and that now obsolete, though heretofore numerous class, grave citizens, could not spare an hour from the tavern once in a month, after the closing of the shop, for the practice of domestic civilities at their own firesides. It was then, that parties were formed at the Shakspeare, the Bedford, the Rainbow, or the Rose, on the eve of a hanging-day, to convene on the morrow, to go and see the sight. Many a one whose fame now makes a figure in biography as an orator, poet, painter, composer, or actor, and some men of rank, philanthropists, and moralists too, are recorded in the list of amateurs of these sad exhibitions.

Conformably with this custom, a party was made at the Shakspeare, to proceed together to Tyburn, to witness the last scene of the tragedy of Dr. Dodd. I could name a dozen, at least, of

our household acquaintance, who had strenuously exerted themselves with others, to procure a mitigation of his sentence, who yet, when the fatal die was cast, could not resist the temptation of going to witness that sentence put in force.

Bach, who honestly maintained his opinion, that the offender, being a preacher and teacher of morality to others, was so much the worse; adding, a time-server, and hypocrite too; staid at home, growling at the strange inconsistency of his friend Abel, who affected to pity the very man whom he was going to see ignominiously put to death.

"Baw, baw! mine friendt," said he, on Abel's return, who wept, on recounting what he had witnessed. "Baw, baw! I am thankful for note being a sentimendalist: I gannot, mineself, boast of mine fine feelings, God help me! Pote, mine dear Misder Abel, excuse me, for though you cry to the amount of a prim-full pail of tears, I gannot admire the man who shall take a front seat in the Tyburn boxes,* to behold a human being die like a dog in a string.".

It need only to be noticed, in proof of the taste of these times, that the "Newgate Calendar,"

* There were extensive temporary erections of seats, one above another, formerly, at Tyburn. These were raised upon a site, belonging to the widow of a cow-keeper, which she let out to spectators at so many shillings per head, according to the quality of her guests, and the consequence of the malefactor. I think her

a publication with *cuts*, experienced a ten times greater sale than either the "Spectator," the "Guardian," or the "Rambler."

A description of one of these days of public execution, before the adoption of the plan of hanging the malefactors in front of Newgate, may not be uninteresting to those who have been born within the last half century; as it will serve to show one among the many improvements in modern police, and help to illustrate what has been observed of the metropolitan customs of the last century.

There have been several epochs in the eventful history of Newgate within the memory of the septegenarian, which have left lasting, and though painful, yet interesting impressions.

Three of these are memorable for the commission of forgery, a crime which, though visited with the severest penalty of the law, yet, strange to say, is one of the most common offences included in the voluminous roll of the British penal code.

The first, which occurred nearly sixty years ago, and excited universal interest, not unmixed with sympathy, was the case of the two brothers,

name was Proctor; and these stands were designated, "Mother Proctor's Pews." It was asserted, that at the execution of the Earl Ferrars, at Tyburn, for shooting his steward, Mr. Johnson, that the sum received for these sittings amounted to more than five hundred pounds.

Robert and Daniel Perreau, who were hanged at Tyburn, and, if I mistake not, were the first who suffered death for this offence.

The elder of these, Robert, was an eminent apothecary, in the parish of St. James, and a man of education and gentlemanly manners, who moved in a genteel circle, and was esteemed and respected by many families of rank. He was married, and had children. His twin brother Daniel, unmarried, cohabited with a beautiful and fascinating woman, Margaret Catherine Rudd, which connection, unhappily, led both, as the brothers were inseparable, into expences much beyond their means; and, to support her extravagance, they were betrayed by her into that crime for which they suffered death. Never perhaps, did fraternal affection so mutually unite in criminality, with circumstances, as in their case, that begot such deep and universal sympathy for their fate.

Mrs. Rudd, too, was tried at the Old Bailey as an accomplice; but, being an artful woman, she escaped. Her counsellors were said to have managed her defence with uncommon exertion and skill.

On the day of her trial, the court was crowded to excess. Being there early, by favour of Mr. Reynolds, the clerk of the arraigns, I obtained a station near her, at the bar. She was in person of the middle size, with small but beautiful fea-

tures, and very fair. She looked pale, and appeared much affected. Such was her address, that no one could have discovered in her manner the least consciousness of that deep-designing wickedness, which had wrought the ruin of these unhappy brothers, and destroyed the peace of a once happy and virtuous family.

During her trial, Mrs. Perreau was placed in the evidence box, to endeavour by circumstances which she knew, to exculpate her husband, and to inculpate the wicked woman at the bar, the seductress of her husband, and his brother, then tried and convicted prisoners in Newgate; but, being cross examined by Counsellor Davy, and, as it was thought, with too little delicacy towards the feelings of a lady in her pitiable condition, she was so entirely overwhelmed that she burst into an agony of tears, and was carried out of court in a state of insensibility.

As the jury returned, the prisoner fixed her fascinating eyes upon the jury-box, when the conduct of the foreman, a well known gay auctioneer, did not escape observation; for by a smile, which he significantly glanced towards her, many anticipated the verdict.—She was acquitted.

Having had the honour to receive an invitation to dine with the judges on that day, I was ushered up stairs accordingly, when, refreshing myself, after enduring for so many hours the intolerable heat of the court, dinner was soon

announced. Here I observed a curious custom, which occurred before the removal of the cloth; a large silver basin, containing rose water, was handed round, in which certain of the judges and counsellors dipped the corners of their napkins, and raising their wigs, cooled their bald pates with the refreshing liquid.

As I have observed, the first victims to the law making forgery a capital offence, was the case of the brothers Perreau. "There were circumstances in their guilt," says an author, who has written upon the subject, "which might have been expected to produce a mitigation of their punishment; and had their crime been any thing less than forgery, would most probably have so operated; but the stern and inflexible councils of Lord Chancellor Thurlow stopped the current of compassion in the breasts of the privy council; and the Sovereign, notwithstanding the mildness of his nature, was prevailed upon to let the law take its course."

The assumed necessity for this severity was opposed to the extraordinary exertions made for the sparing of Dr. Dodd. Hence, the execution of the Perreaus was held to be so irrevocable a precedent, that there was no possibility of departing from it, Lord Thurlow having said, with his accustomed dictum, "If Dr. Dodd be saved, the Perreaus have been murdered."

The third, was the case of William Wynne

Ryland, the celebrated engraver; and it cannot escape observation, that these memorable forgeries succeeded each other so nearly. The Perreaus suffered in 1776; Dr. Dodd, in 1777; and William Wynne Ryland, in 1783.

As these were events the most interesting in their kind, and happening within the period when such sights were among the popular excitements, I was a spectator at each, and with companions whose superior rank, and reputation for taste and good feeling, might well cover me from the imputation of gratifying my curiosity at the expense of these becoming qualities. Being thus qualified to describe one of these scenes, it is proper, without further digression, to return to my promised subject.

At an early hour, on the morning of an execution, thousands of mechanics and others, who had on the previous night agreed upon the making a "*day of it*," met at their proposed stations. It was common, throughout the whole metropolis, for master coachmakers, framemakers, tailors, shoemakers, and others, who had engaged to complete orders within a given time, to bear in mind to observe to their customers, "that will be a hanging-day, and my men will not be at work."

There were various grades of amateurs of these sights, both high and low, whose ardour in the pursuit excited them to know and to see the

whole appertaining to the scene, from the first examination of the prisoner, at Sir John Fielding's office, in Bow-street, to his exit at "fatal Tyburn tree."

On such interesting occasions as the three aforenamed, certain noblemen and gentlemen could be named, well known to fame, who frequented these tragical exhibitions, some of whom would lay aside every engagement, professional, public, or private, for the indulgence of this strange *penchant*. And this coterie, it may be worthy of remark, was composed principally of men of talent and genius, and known, moreover, for being eminently kind and benevolent by nature, as well as by education; of the most elegant manners, and no less refined in all other pursuits. Foote, speaking of some prominent characters of this class, designated them, "The Hanging Committee."

The celebrated Mr. George Selwyn, and another wit, the famed Duke of Montague, were two distinguished members of this coterie; and a much respected nobleman, who frequented my father's *manége*, to gratify this *penchant* was said to have attended at the Tower, in the capacity of a barber, to perform the operation of shaving one of the Scottish rebel lords, during their confinement, a few days previous to their being beheaded on Tower-hill.

Another nobleman, a great patron of the arts, who could be named, was present, by favour, at most of the private examinations in Bow-street, in the memorable days of old Sir John Fielding, and frequently went to Newgate in disguise, to see extraordinary characters, whilst under sentence of death.

It was said of this nobleman, from his attending the condemned sermons, at Newgate, that though he was not remarkable for his attendance at church, yet he was a constant *chapel* goer.

Thomas Warton, the poet, was one of the most ardent amateurs of these spectacles. When he was absent from Trinity, and inquiries were made as for what part of the world he had suddenly departed, those who knew his propensity would refer the inquirer to the public accounts of the progress of the judges. An execution took place after the Oxford assizes, of a man for sheep-stealing, whilst the poet was absent. On his return to college, one of the fellows told him of the event, with exultation, and reminded him of the loss of so interesting a sight. "I knew of it," replied Warton, "but I have been into a neighbouring county, where a man was hanged for murder!"

Those of the lower grade, who were most eager for these sights, early in the morning surrounded the felons'-gate at Newgate, to see

the malefactors brought forth; who received nosegays at St. Sepulchre's. These gloried in their prowess, in keeping their stations through the crowd, from thence to the place of execution.

Others appeared at various stations, and fell into the ranks according to convenience; hence, the crowd accumulating, on the cavalcade reaching St. Giles's, the throng was occasionally so great, as to entirely fill Oxford-street, from house to house, on both sides of the way, when the pressure became tremendous, within half a mile of Tyburn.

The Old Bailey, Newgate-street, from St. Sepulchre's church, Snow-hill, and Holborn, as high as Furnival's-inn, on some of these occasions, were filled with one dense mass of spectators.

Nothing can be conceived more impressing than the solemn manner in which the unhappy criminals were received by the multitude. At the execution of Dr. Dodd, my station, with a late distinguished member of parliament, and a celebrated author, was at a window of the late Mr. Langdale's, the distiller. The unfortunate malefactor was permitted to go in a mourning coach. His corpse-like appearance produced an awful picture of human woe.* Tens of thousands of hats, which formed a black mass, as the coach advanced, were taken off simultaneously, and so many tragic faces, exhibited a spectacle, the effect of which is

beyond the power of words to describe. Thus the procession travelled onwards, through the multitude, whose silence added to the awfulness of the scene.

Hogarth's print of the Tyburn scene, in his moral series of the Idle and Industrious Apprentice, from its characteristic truth, may be viewed now as a faithful picture of one of the customs of the past age.

The two Perreaus, Dr. Dodd, and Ryland, in consequence of their previous respectability, were indulged with mourning coaches, in which they proceeded from Newgate to Tyburn. A hearse, containing the coffin, to receive the body of the malefactor, also formed part of the procession.

The Reverend Mr. Hackman, who shot Miss Rae, for which he was tried and condemned to suffer death, was also permitted to go to the same place of execution in a mourning coach.

It may be thought that this doleful subject has already occupied too many pages; but, as this is a book of my reminiscences, and happening to be acquainted with all the parties, I may be forgiven for mentioning a few circumstances connected with each, as they may serve some future *Granger*, *Noble*, or other illustrator of engraved portraits, with characteristic anecdotes.

Ryland I knew from my boyhood; he and Gwynn, the painter, were frequently at Carlisle-house. My father, more than fifty years ago,

was advised to publish a work on fencing, for which Gwynn made the studies of all the positions from the life. My father stood for one combatant throughout the whole series, and certain noblemen and gentlemen, his pupils, for some of the others; the Earl of Pembroke among the number. Mortimer, the painter, also stood in position: and a late celebrated sculptor offered his services, which produced a comic scene. Mortimer was a tall, elegantly-formed man; the sculptor's elegance was in his mind—certainly not in his person. They fenced before my father, and some other lookers on, when the painter parrying, rushed in, and by his tall and commanding arm, pinked the sculptor upon his hump.

Whilst thus digressing, it may be worth observation, that persons thus formed commonly manifest a disposition to make a *figure* in exercises, for which their own figures certainly were not designed by nature.

A dozen, at least, could be named, of great talent and wit, who have lived within the last age, whose diminutive stature, accompanied with Æsop's deformity, rendered them sufficiently remarkable not to need that notoriety which they sought, by exposing themselves to the gaze of a people who delight in laughing at every thing that even borders upon the ridiculous. Such personages have been observed to ride horses sixteen hands high, and to shew as marked a

preference for tall beauties; hence the facetious observation of Captain Grose, on beholding such a pair—"There is a woman and her husband."

Professor Edwards (of the Royal Academy), as he was erroneously designated, himself a little deformed man, entertained different notions. He was present at a fencing match when Mortimer made a figure. It was said that he was piqued from sympathy, at his pinking the sculptor on his hump. "Painters," said the professor, "have nothing to do with gymnastics; their amusements, like their profession, should be purely mental. Cipriani is musical; and I, for instance, relax my mind by taking up the violin." "There is no pleasing every body," saith the adage; so Hoppner, a notorious cynic, observed: "Yes, Master Edwards *fiddles* like a painter, and *paints* like a fiddler."

Gwynn and Ryland lived in the same house, and frequently studied in the same apartment. The plates for the work on fencing, which were of a folio size, were engraved by Ryland, Grignion, and Hall; Ryland executed the greater part, and they may be numbered among the finest and most masterly line engravings of figures without back-grounds, that have ever been produced by the hand of an English artist. It is due to the reputation of his able coadjutors also to add, that those by Grignion and Hall are scarcely inferior. The work was considered highly cre-

ditable to the arts of the country, and was universally commended by the press at the period of publication.

Gwynn, who in the street communicated to my father the first melancholy tidings of his friend Ryland's having committed the crime for which he suffered, was so much affected that he burst into tears.

My father, who went to offer his condolence to Mrs. Ryland, used to declare, that the scene presented by her and her children on this occasion was so pathetic that he could not sleep for several nights; until his imagination became so entirely possessed with the wretched group, that he feared to retire to his bed.

Poor Ryland! After his condemnation he petitioned for a respite, which was not only granted for the time required, but renewed. The circumstance which urged him to this, excited universal sympathy. He made this request to enable him to finish a very fine engraving which he had begun, the last of a series, from the paintings of Signora Angelica Kauffman, and I believe the subject was Queen Eleanor sucking the poison from the arm of her royal consort, King Edward the First. However that may be, he was indulged with the permission, as he alleged that his object was not to prolong his wretched existence, but to enable his wife, after his decease,

by this addition to his stock of plates, to add to her support, and that of his fatherless children. It is said that he laboured incessantly at this his last work, and that when he received from his printer, *Haddril*, who was the first in his line, the finished proof impression, he calmly said, Mr. Haddril, I thank you, my task is now accomplished; and, resigning himself to his fate, was executed within a week from that day.

Ryland was a man of extraordinary self-command. I recollect, immediately after the discovery of the forgery, large placards being posted all over the town, offering the sum of five hundred pounds for his apprehension. He first secreted himself, as was believed, in the Minories, and though he was cautioned by his friends to remain in his hiding-place, yet, after a few days' confinement, he could not resist his desire to take a walk, after dusk, though he knew of the placards and the reward offered. Thus determined, he put on a seaman's dreadnought, and, otherwise disguised, set off, and wandered about, for a considerable time, when, returning across Little Tower-hill, a man eyed him attentively, passed, and repassed him, and turning short round, exclaimed, "So, you are the very man I am seeking." Ryland, betraying not the least emotion, stopped short, faced him, and returned, "Perhaps you are mistaken in your man—Sir, I

I do not know you." The stranger immediately apologised, owned his mistake, wished the refugee good night, and then they parted.

Another instance of this self-command and presence of mind occurred at the India-house, when he presented his forged bond for payment, for the sum of three or four thousand pounds, on a large sheet of paper, one face of which was nearly covered with signatures. The cashier, on receiving the document, examined it carefully, and referred to the ledger; then, comparing the date, observed, "Here is a mistake, Sir; the bond, as entered, does not become due until to-morrow."

Ryland begging permission to look at the book, on its being handed to him, observed—"So I perceive—there must be an error in your entry of one day;" and offered to leave the bond, not betraying the least disappointment or surprise. The mistake appearing to the cashier to be obviously an error in his office, the bond was paid to Ryland, who departed with the money. The next day the true bond was presented, when the forgery was discovered, of course; and, within a few hours after, the fraud was made public, and steps were taken for the discovery of the perpetrator.

This document, lately in the possession of a gentleman now deceased, I have often seen. It is, perhaps, the most extraordinary piece of deceptive art, in the shape of imitation, that was

ever produced. There are, speaking from recollection, thirty or more signatures, in hands of various styles, and in letters of as various dimensions; some being in a large and flourishing letter, others in a cramped, and some in a small hand, as well as inks of different degrees of blackness; the whole so wonderfully imitated, that it appeared, as well on the trial as subsequently, that not one, whose name was inserted in the bond, could have ventured to swear that it was not his own veritable signature.

Mrs. Ryland, the widow of this unhappy artist, for some years after his decease, kept a print shop in Oxford-street; and subsequently opened another in New Bond-street, where the productions of her husband, certainly one of the best engravers in Europe, were exhibited, and met with an extensive sale.

Ryland was the first who engraved successfully in the dotted style. Those plates which he executed from the designs of Angelica Kauffman, were of a circular form, and printed in a red colour. They were greatly admired, and are still considered among the most beautiful productions of the kind; proof impressions of which, being now very rare, are sought by the collector, and purchased at a considerable price.

Ryland was employed by the Earl of Bute, a nobleman who had a fine taste for the arts, through whose favour he obtained the patronage

of his late Majesty, who rewarded his talent with a pension. It was said, that interest was made to obtain for him that mercy from the throne which had been sought in vain for Dr. Dodd; and that the King discouraged the first overture, on the very ground upon which the petition was built; namely, the extraordinary abilities of the person for whom it was sought: for the King's reply was—"No, a man with such ample means of providing for his wants, could not reasonably plead necessity as an excuse for his crime."

It was asserted, and generally believed, that Lord Thurlow, on giving his opinion to the Privy Council upon the case of Dr. Dodd, had observed, in his emphatic manner, "If he be spared, then were the Perreaus murdered;" a strange species of legal sophistry, if true; by which—without forcing a construction, it may be said—to remedy one act of over severity in the administration of punishment, it is expedient to commit another.

That this species of fraud is highly pernicious to society, no one can doubt; nor can any one deny the necessity for punishing it with severity; but, that a man of such rare genius should be adjudged to death, without a hope of mitigation of the penalty, through the mere dictum of a lawyer, and the whole world for ever prevented the benefit of his talent, seems strange to the eye of philosophy! The prerogative of a wise and just ruler, should never be shackled, as was that

of our venerated late Sovereign, by those who in this, as in many other instances recorded in history, whose mercy is not regulated by the motives which actuate other men; by those, indeed, with whom all things are governed by the narrow notions of expediency. Had a Shakspeare, or a Newton, committed a similar act of fraud, in these iron days of jurisprudence, their fate had doubtless been the same!

The late James Barry, R. A, of eccentric memory, I remember one evening calling in at my father's, where he was upon the free list of professional visitors, and relating a succession of events, which happened to a friend of his on the night of the murder of Miss Rae, which, for curious coincidence, was too remarkable to be forgotten.

This person, an engraver, who had studied with Ryland, but whose name I have forgotten, was crossing from Islington, to call upon a brother artist, in Spa-fields, towards the dusk, when he saw a young woman throw herself into the New River, near Sadler's-wells. He immediately ran to the spot, and plunged in, when she seized him in the struggle of death; and it was not only with difficulty that he saved her, but himself, from drowning. Indeed, he was so exhausted, that he was pulled out by some persons brought to his assistance, by his shouting for help.

From thence, he went to his friend, in Paradise-row, borrowed a change of dress, and procuring a

hackney-coach, desired to be driven home, when, proceeding up Gray's-inn-lane, the vehicle was stopped by a gang of footpads, who robbed him of his watch and money.

Arriving at his house, about ten o'clock, he took off his borrowed attire, and re-dressing, sent for another hack, and desired to be driven to the Shakspeare, Piazza, Covent Garden, where he had engaged to sup with a party who were to meet there after the play. As his coach was drawing up at the corner of Russel-street, a gentleman's carriage whipped furiously in—for the play was just over—and upset him, when he cut his hands and face with the glass. "The devil!—what next?" he exclaimed, as he paid the driver, who "hoped his honour was not seriously hurt." "No," said he, "I am only scratched;" and making his way, his face streaming with blood, at a quick pace, towards the coffee-house, to procure surgical aid, he had only advanced a few yards, when a pistol was exploded close to his ear, and a lady fell at his feet. He stood aghast, when instantly another was fired, by a young man, at his own devoted head. Scared out of his wits at such a succession of strange disasters, he flew to the house of a friend, in King-street, and for some minutes was so overcome with amazement, that he could not collect himself sufficiently to relate to the astonished family, the tragic accidents which had driven him

thither. "By the powers!" exclaimed Barry, "had only half as many strange, extraordinary, tragical concatenations befallen myself in the course of so short a period, I had gone stark mad, and been enrolled, in a giffey, among the incurables in St. Luke's."

It may not now be generally known, that Miss Rae, who has been mentioned before in these pages, as the mistress of Lord Sandwich, had been to Covent Garden, and at the moment of stepping into Lord Sandwich's carriage, which had drawn up by the side of the arcade, she was touched upon the shoulder by a stranger, as she supposed; when, turning round, she was shot dead, by Mr. Hackman, a young clergyman, who immediately placed another pistol to his own head, and shot himself. His wound, however, did not prove mortal, though he survived only to undergo his trial, and shortly after be hanged, at Tyburn, for the murder.

Miss Rae, a very beautiful young woman, had been apprenticed to a fashionable dress maker, Mrs. Fores, and was celebrated, though never a public performer, for the pathos with which she sang the ballad of "Auld Robin Gray." The unfortunate Hackman, who had been a former, and, as was said, favoured admirer of Miss Rae, committed this fatal act, in a frantic fit of jealousy.

Barry, who had known Hackman, used to speak

of his unfortunate fate with great sympathy, and never failed to let loose the most violent epithets against the titled *baist*, as he designated the gay old peer, her protector, the renowned *Jemmy Twitcher*.

Barry, though, of late years, eminently known as a rival, both in his household economy and personal appearance to Dirty Dick, the hardware-man of Leadenhall-street, was nevertheless, when a young man, recognised as a prime macaroni.

Horace Hone, walking with Cosway on the Hammersmith road, hailed the strange mortal, dressed in scarlet, a gold-laced waistcoat, and cocked hat, with paste button and loop, seated between two dashing damsels of King's-place, in a post-chaise and four, on their way to Egham races.

Poor Barry, as it was reported, was tricked by a frail fair one, whom he ardently admired, by her eloping with a worthless peer. It is likely that he thus commiserated the case of Hackman from pure sympathy.

Whether this circumstance, operating upon a natural acerbity of temper, wrought that sudden change which was observable in him, from an extravagant fop, to the miser and misanthrope, is not known; but that hatred and affected contempt for the higher orders of society which he uniformly manifested for many years

previous to his death, may have originated in this disappointment. Indeed, he used to say such things of lords and dukes, to lords and dukes, as never perhaps had been listened to with equal endurance, from any tongue but his, which seemed to have a patent prescription for uttering whatever personalities presented themselves to his disturbed imagination.

The late Earl of Radnor, one of the noblemen to whose liberal exertions the public owe the Society for the Encouragement of the Arts, in the Adelphi, was a patron and friend of Barry.

This nobleman sought the acquaintance of professional men of talent, and invited them to the social intercourse of his table; an honour sufficiently appreciated, by all who participated his favour, excepting Barry; who, on the contrary, considered the honour on such occasions, in his own person at least, rather conferred than received. "What is it you mean?" said the cynic to Mr. Burke, who was speaking of the importance of the royal countenance to men of genius; "honour, forsooth! you'll *plaise* to slip the boot on t'other leg."

One morning, breakfasting at the earl's table, and the conversation bearing upon architecture, a young nobleman present ventured to differ with the painter, upon some question in optics; and the other guests being of the opinion of his opponent, a smart Etonian, Barry flew into a violent

rage, and, by way of supporting his own premises, politely told his noble host, and friendly patron, that all the lords he had ever known, were like that noble chicken, school-boys all through life.

There were redeeming qualities, however, in the breast of this extraordinary genius, for, in spite of himself, he honoured and respected the Earl of Radnor, and continued to hold a place in that worthy nobleman's regard.

Though impatient of contradiction, and no respecter of persons, Barry was occasionally a very pleasant companion; particularly with certain among those of his own grade, for whom he professed a regard.

He was a man of observation, and had studied character with more shrewd perception than the world generally supposed. Polite to the fair sex, even after he had almost ceased to be endured by his own, from the capricious rudeness which he indulged in, to the verge of lunacy, his visits were courted by certain families, where there were young ladies; to whom his conversation and manners were so pleasing, and courteous, that his knock at the door, which was loud, and not unlike the postman's, lighted up each face with cheerfulness.

One evening, at the house of a friend of my father's, who had two lovely daughters, "who," Barry politely told the mamma, "were inferior

to the Graces only in number," and which the mamma did not forget to repeat to the pretty misses, he shone forth, and appeared to me, to be as entertaining a companion as I had ever met at a domestic party, surrounding the "steaming urn."

In the course of the evening, at the supper table, the season being within the merry twelve days of Christmas, the elder son, a youth of sixteen, was seized with one of those irresistible fits of risibility, for which it is difficult to account.

The father expressed his displeasure, lest the cynic should take offence; but, to their surprise, Barry apologised physically for the propensity, and drolled upon the faculty of laughter with more humour and playfulness of philosophical remark, than *Burton*, of *melancholy* renown, or *Democritus* himself.

"Sir," said he, "let the urchin laugh; Sir, it is good for the health, it is a provocative to the appetite, and a friend to digestion; for, give me leave to tell you, and would that I could proclaim in that royal lying periodical, the *Gazette Extraordinary*, what old Docthor Sydenham said, namely, that 'the arrival of a merry-andrew in a town was more beneficial to the health of the inhabitants, than twenty asses loaded with medicine.'"

"I am entirely of your opinion," said Dr.

J*****n, who happened to call in, and was pressed to take part of the broiled leg of a turkey; "I think entirely with you, Mr. Barry." "Yes, docthor, I thank ye for that," returned the painter, with a smile, sarcastically adding, "and a waggon-load of physicians at their tails."

"Speaking upon the subject of laughter," said Barry (who told a story with peculiar felicity), "Sir, I remember being told, that Rysbrack, the celebrated sculptor, was so addicted to laughing, I mean so afflicted with a sort of laughing disease, that he was sometimes, to use his own phrase, afraid of getting kicked.

"Once, whilst engaged in modelling some portrait for the Dowager Duchess of Marlborough, proud old Sarah, the witty baggage, I mean, at the great house there in Pall-Mall, the duchess invited him to dine, an honour which he had frequently experienced at the table of her illustrious consort.

"It happened that the duchess intended to make trial of the capacity of the son of a favourite old servant of the duke's, lately deceased, as a skip-jack, or footman, and he was to wait at her grace's table on this particular day. Fond of chatting familiarly with Rysbrack, her grace told him the story of the old servant, and of the duke's wish that the young man in question might, when arrived at a sufficient age, be retained in her service. The duchess appeared to be much in-

terested in the affair. Any trifle, take ye notice, connected with the whims of the great, assumes an air of importance, when it is their pleasure to make it so. Hence, Rysbrack was bored with tales of the supereminent virtues of the old superannuated favourite footman, the father of this hopeful clown.

"Rysbrack thought to himself, what, if I should laugh, when this chap makes his *dèbut*, saying to the man who attended him, 'If the *lout* who was pointed out to me just now, be he, I never beheld such a sheep-faced looby, such a scare-crow, such a long-legged gilly-hooter, since my arrival in this country. If this fellow makes his appearance, I shall not keep my countenance.'

"The bell rang to prepare for dinner, Rysbrack went to his chamber to dress. In due time the dowager duchess took her seat at the board, and the guests were assembled around. All was in state, the covers were lifted by eight liveried servants as usual, and Rysbrack, who was complimented by a seat near her grace, cast his eye upon the new footman. He would have given a whole year's income that a trap-door had opened under his feet.

"Her grace was in unusual spirits, talked much, and so did the company. Simon, the new footman, held a silver salver, for mere form's sake, on which was a glass. Never having seen so fine a sight, nor been in such company before,

instead of minding his business, though he had nothing to do, he listened to all that was said, and stood, his mouth open, the very personification of Simon of old.

"As for the silver salver, young ladies, did ye ever happen to notice the dancing bear, holding in his paws the bear ward's cocked hat? Only, with not exactly one tithe of master bruin's grace, did this my lady dowager duchess's *protégé* handle the silver plate. Ever and anon did the footmen treat him with an admonitory frown, and gently raise the salver, which assuming the position of an inclined plane, begot in the glass an incipient inclination to slip off, and make a fracture of itself and its bearer's wits.

"Rysbrack, fascinated by the dulness, not the brightness, of this liveried booby's eyes, began to titter. He hemmed, and applied the napkin to his lips—tried to think of any thing, every thing, or nothing at all, rather than the localities of the scene, and heartily wished himself at that place where the wicked dread to go. At length my lady duchess caught the fit, not at all dreaming the cause, and began to titter a duetto, the cue for a general laughing chorus; which, take ye for granted, young ladies, was no small blessing to Rysbrack, who was thus, as it were, relieved from the rack. Yes, the risibility of the dowager duchess was catching; it became a general epidemic.

"Be assured, Sirs, when you put your legs beneath a great lord's aristocratic board, you must take especial care to laugh responsively to my lord's wit.

"Sirs, the table was in a roar, Rysbrack said he could feel every one of his seven true ribs making an effort to escape through his dexter and sinister side; and what made the mirth the more mirthful—yes! behold ye now—was, would you credit it?—no one, saving and excepting this worker in stone, knew any more the subject matter for this sudden burst of risibility, than that marble man, the quondam Jupiter, now holy St. Peter, in the big church at Rome.

"The first course was removed by the eight liveried servants, Madam, (addressing himself to the lady of the house,) all staggering with the epidemic—for, believe me, upon my conscience, Madam, the fellows in the lace laughed, though not so loud, yet inwardly, almost to the dangerous state of the frog in the fable.

"At the *entrée* of the second course, no sooner were the covers placed, nay, before they were well on the cloth, the convulsed servitors retreated, each to his station, and my lady duchess' fit of risibility returned. Thus, off again, the second act commenced, and the laughter was still more long and loud. Madam, it is a story worth the putting in print.

"The dinner was dismissed, for no one could

eat, and the duchess, feeling for the servants, waved her hand, when the table was cleared in confusion. So powerfully had Momus got the ascendency over her grace's risible muscles, that the dessert, which was spread with pantomimic haste, might be compared to a harlequinade after a merry comedy. Strange as it may appear, Rysbrack declared, that no one, no, not even the duchess dowager, nor Simon himself, ever knew to their dying day what was the cause of this involuntary and most extraordinary scene of laughter.

"This story of Rysbrack," said Barry, "is not more remarkable, perhaps, than what I myself remember to have occurred at the castle of a noble earl, whose general deportment savoured of a severe sort of gravity, repulsive not only to strangers, but to those who considered it no agreeable matter to meet his lordship in committees on any public business. Though, to do justice to his memory, God bless his *manes*, I must always declare, that he was a nobleman of no small honour, and of great integrity.

"It was the custom of the castle to have daily morning prayers. On the week days his lordship performed the holy office of chaplain himself; on the sabbath, a neighbouring priest officiated. All the family, visitors, and the household establishment, which alone amounted, including gardeners, coachmen, grooms, with all other in-door

and out-door servants, to little less than fifty; so that a numerous congregation were wont to assemble in the little chapel of the castle.

"Would you dream now, that this worthy earl, thus constituted, could be afflicted with the laughing mania? But really so it was, and I am about to relate what I know to be matter of fact.

"My pretty young ladies, I hope you will never live to be ancient spinsters; but should it be your fate, may ye be as humble and as holy as the good lady of whom I am about to speak, who was a spinster of fifty, and of stature as tall as one of his Majesty's grenadiers. Dear soul! her figure is before me just now.

"Did you never hear of the Princess Anne, daughter of George II., how she walked, for her health, backwards and forwards on the pantiles at Tunbridge, every morning before breakfast, as far as from thence to the town of Seven Oaks? So did this tall spinster, her nose as blue as a bilberry, briskly pace to and fro on the platform before the castle, where she was on a visit; and at the like early season of the day, all to catch an appetite.

"Now, it happened, as you shall hear—yes, this good lady, though the chapel bell, loud and shrill, invited daily at eight o'clock in summer, and in winter at nine, to morning prayers; yet, strange to say, she always contrived to come into chapel after the service was begun, to the sore

annoyance of the grave earl. 'Tell her ladyship, (for a lady the spinster was, being the daughter of a noble lord,) tell her,' said the earl, to the countess, 'to contrive to be in time—or to stay away, for in crossing to her pew, look ye, countess, she disturbs the congregation.' The countess did as instructed, and politely begged her ladyship to attend in time, saying, 'you are aware of my lord's propensity to laugh, when he would be most serious.' 'Madam,' said the lady spinster, 'I would not be the cause of such an event, no—not for the universe!—It would be my death!'

"Unhappily for the spinster lady, dear heart!—too much like myself, perchance, ever wishing to do right, the genius of mischief exciting me to do wrong—she watched the bell the next morning, and lo! was again too late.

"Picture to your young imaginations, Charlotte, and Lucy, dears, the distressing dilemma of this damsel of six feet high. Decorum, on her first step into the chapel, would have pulled her back by the skirt of her *saque;* piety pushed her in by the elbows, when she had crossed the threshold of the holy place.

"The aristocratic pews of the castle were across the chapel, in the largest of which sat the countess and family, who seeing the confusion of the spinster, one beckoned her forward, and another pointed—retire. The servants had benches on

the side next the door. Not knowing whether to advance or recede, behold her right in the middle, standing in dumb suspense, a model for a statue of Hesitation—her will, like the coffin of Mahomet, suspended between heaven and earth.

"She caught the eye of the earl. Judge Thurlow's was meekness compared! She was too sensibly alive to her predicament to move; when, by a pious effort, look ye, she determined to take her station by the side of the servants, putting in practice the humble thought that there should be no distinctions in the house of God. Behold her, then, prostrate on her knees, for all were kneeling at this period of the prayers.

"There was, in the service of the noble earl, take ye notice, Madam, an old John-porter, as big as a beer-butt, who broke his leg scrambling over the poles of the countess's sedan, in the entrance-hall of the earl's town house. How he contrived it, I pretend not to divine, for John-porter's legs were of the capacity of street pavier's wooden rammers.

"My lord earl was benevolent; that kind and considerate master for whom any one of his household ought, and would, if he were not a ruffian and a rascal, have laid down his life. The earl then, after the fractured leg was set to rights, placed a substitute in the great leathern town-house porter's arm-chair, and removed fat John the porter to the castle, for the benefit of the air.

"'John-porter,' his lordship was wont familiarly to say, when chapel was over, and the servants made a long vista or alley, the maids on one side, the men on the other, through which for my lord and his guests to retreat; 'well, John-porter, and how fares it with your leg?'

"'Please you, my lord,' bowing respectfully, and placing both firmly on the floor, 'please you, my lord and my lady, it is better, and a sound leg now; but, my lord, it will never again be so *proper* a leg nor the other.' John-porter's leg, long after poor John was gone to the grave, remained a standing joke at the castle. It was, indeed, one of his lordship's stock stories, which he never related but it excited a merry peal of laughter; for the laughing lord told it with the gravity of a judge.

"The spinster lady (lady Bridget that was) unfortunately, in her humility, fell upon her pious knees, on the left wing of the kneeling household, the extreme rank and file of which was the said John-porter, of ponderous bulk.

"Tall as was my lady spinster on her legs, yet taller still, by comparison, was the excellent lady Bridget on her knees. My lord's eyes were rivetted on her lappets, which flapped like a commodore's pennant on the lofty mast-head. The earl, as ye may foresee, was on the verge of convulsions, the countess was in an agony.

"John-porter felt it incumbent on his humble

station; to remove to the right, as he was literally elbowed by the good lady Bridget, who, conceiving his motive, determined to show that her superior rank owned no such base pride. She shuffled *right*, accordingly, in *close order*; which act produced such sudden *disorder*, as, perhaps, the whole ecclesiastical history of the old or new Christian church could not match. Madam, it beggars all description, for the old fat John-porter, resting upon the least proper of his two legs, lost the centre of gravity, and rolling upon his next neighbour, all in motion, simultaneously jostled one another, when all came down like a pack of tented cards.

"Thus, in the midst, ended the morning service; and I'll take upon myself to say, Madam,—aye, ye may still grin, ye young rogue, (addressing the son,) to say, that the grave earl laughed, over and above, exclusively of the paroxysm in the pulpit, night and day, by fits, for twelve calendar months!"

This laughing mania, than which, to a man of sense and feeling, no propensity could be equally provoking, has frequently afflicted persons remarkable for good sense and gravity of deportment. I could name a venerable nobleman, yet living, who felt so unaccountable a propensity to risibility on occasions demanding every external mark of solemnity and respect, that he dreaded for a certain period of his life, at least, to appear

in public or private, for fear of bursting into a laughing fit.

His lordship was invited, to dine at the table of a neighbouring bishop. An old Prussian field-marshal general, then in England on some important mission, had requested to be introduced to his lordship, and the dinner was proposed for the very purpose of bringing the two distinguished personages together.

It unfortunately happened, that at his own table, his lordship had heard that the ancient hero was paralytic; that his hand shook, and that although thus disqualified for so skilful an operation, he persisted in the custom of shaving himself; so that, to use his lordship's phrase, subsequent to the dinner in question, "his skin was notched in angles, as though he had been drawing military plans with the razor on his own chin."

The day arrived for the meeting—the table was sumptuously spread, and the numerous guests were seated; but, unfortunately for the earl, who had passed the ordeal of previous introduction in the drawing-room, with becoming gravity, the old field-marshal was placed right opposite to him at the banquet.

"I shall have the honour to take some *vines* mid you, mine lordt," said the general. This Anglo-German address, had nearly been enough. The servants having supplied their respective

glasses, the old field-marshal stood up, reached across the wide table, to meet hob-and-nob. It was with difficulty they could make the glasses touch, for the old warrior's hand was so unsteady, that it appeared the glasses were performing a minuet. His lordship had rather met the old field-marshal at the head of his columns with bayonets fixed. The effort was too much, his lordship could not command his muscles, and he burst into a fearful fit of laughter.

Happily, the ancient soldier's imagination was tickled by Momus at the next instant, and though a frown was brooding, he joined in the laugh, and my lord and my lady, the right reverend host, and his guests, were relieved from the dreaded consequences of his lordship's known infirmity.

Not so easily appeased however, was the late Marquess del Campo, who experienced what he conceived an unpardonable insult, whilst here, as ambassador from Spain, from a young man, the son of a certain well known author.

This youngster had recently been appointed lieutenant in the navy; through the interest of his excellency, who was his father's patron; and, dressed in his new uniform, he was sent to thank, to take leave of, and express his duty to, the marquess, for his generous exertions. Now mind, said the father, that you pay his excellency the most profound attention and respect, prompting him with a speech.

The son of Neptune, did not cordially enter upon the mission; for being like these lords addicted to this untimely faculty, he felt a foreboding that he must of necessity laugh in the grave Marquess del Campo's face.

"Well, sare," said the Marquess, as he entered, returning his bow, "and how is your papa?" The term *papa*, to the youngster, who was truly a sailor, striking his fancy as rather *outré*, he answered with a bend, and his cocked hat before his mouth to hide a smile—

"Well sare, and so you are about to depart for your *sheepe*?" Tom could scarcely answer; the thought of a *shepherd*, and how little the inhabitants of the *ward-room* were like those innocent animals, rushed *athwart* his fancy, when he could scarce contain himself.

The patron remained silent, and so did the client; when, rousing his best energies to do as his father had instructed him, he began his speech, which the marquess listening to with condescending attention, the sailor's imagination getting the mastery of his discretion, he began to giggle, and at length burst into a convulsion of laughter, by which he lost (the booby!) not only the favour of the marquess, but unfortunately deprived his father of a most munificent patron.

This disposition to laugh in the presence of one's betters, or on grave and solemn occasions, it seems, is not a very uncommon infirmity. My father

knew a French bishop, who felt so great a propensity to laugh, when in the presence of the king, Louis the Fifteenth, that for some years he kept away from court on certain occasions, under pretence of bodily indisposition. He knew a pious abbé also, who, during a period of his life, felt a like dread of laughing, when about to take the sacrament, or elevate the host.

Sir George Beaumont related of Gainsborough, on that lively genius's own authority, that he felt such occasional fits of this strange propensity stealing over him, when painting grave portraits, that he was obliged to deprecate his sitters from taking offence. He moreover said, that being at the earl of R****'s, where it was the custom to have daily morning prayers, he was loath to attend, for fear of laughing at the chaplain, whose puritanical physiognomy had whimsically wrought upon his imagination.

Gainsborough told the same worthy baronet, who was his intimate friend, that, receiving a hint from his lordship that service was performed at nine, the thought of Mr. Horace Walpole's old lady of fashion *taking coffee and prayers at eleven*, mixed itself so intimately with his lordship's condescension, that he would not have attended, even if the chapel altar-piece had been newly painted by Corregio.

This however was told, as merely prefatory to Gainsborough's odd humour; for, a few days after

this first announcement of the pious custom, the painter not having made his appearance at chapel, his lordship reminded him again, saying, "Perhaps, Mr. Gainsborough, you geniuses having wandering memories, you may have forgotten." "No, my lord," replied the painter, laconically, "I have not." Gainsborough, for all this condescending repetition, did not appear. He *disappeared*, indeed, for as soon as the earl and his household had assembled at their devotions, the *chapel* bell having ceased, Gainsborough rang the *bell* of the apartment in which he was painting, and desired the servant who attended, to inform his lordship, that he was gone to breakfast at Salisbury.

A few days afterwards, the eccentric genius sent a letter from Bath, to inform his lordship that he had returned home; adding, that he knew he had staid *too long* at his noble seat, and taking his lordship's second *hint*, to be off, he had accordingly departed.

Barry and Gainsborough, at one period, were intimate friends. They used to compare notes, and laugh at the affectation and whimsicalities of the higher orders. Gainsborough observed, a lively book might be written, entitled the *Capriccios* of the Great. "Upon my conscience, and a moral one too," said the professor Barry; "and I would lend a willing hand to such a performance. What think you of it, Wilson?"

"Why," answered the cynic, "would not a

work entitled The Whims of the Painters, do quite as well?"

"Indubitably," answered Barry, who was no less candid than blunt, "I thank ye for that, Dick Wilson; it would make a better book. In the one, you would have a history of tom-foolery, polished into artificial refinement; in the other the raw material, independence, worked with a sprinkling of wit."

Much has already been said of Gainsborough, and more might still be said; for the circumstances of his life were as various as the style, manner, and practice of his art. Some of his *humours*, however, were as nearly allied to tom-foolery, as those of his superiors in rank, who were the subject of his sarcastic remarks.

The eccentricities of professional men have furnished matter for many an amusing book. The humours of their employers and patrons, the great, would also supply abundant subjects for a few thick volumes; which collectively would prove, that pride and affectation are sometimes allied to vain vulgarity, as well as to over refinement. Barry would not dine at the table of a private friend, without leaving two shillings upon the cloth, the price, whatever the entertainment, set upon it by his own arbitrary valuation.

One day, being invited to meet a dinner party at Sir William Beechey's, and delighting the guests with his entertaining stories, until nine o'clock,

he deposited his two shillings, as usual, and quitted the table. The lively knight followed him into the hall, leaving the parlour door open; when the following dialogue occurred, sufficiently loud to be heard by all the remaining party.

Sir William took the money, and held it in his hand—

"What is this for?" exhibiting the silver.

"How can you put so preposterous a question? —For my dinner, sure, man!"

"But two shillings is not a sufficient compensation; if you will pay, surely the dinner is worth a crown!"

"Baw, baw! man, you know I never pay more." The servant had then opened the street door, and *Diogenes* was on the threshold.

"But, you have not paid for your wine!"

"Shu, shu! If you can't afford it, why do you give it? Painters have no business with wine!"

Barry, who boasted of making his dinner on a biscuit and an apple, had no mercy for those who lessened their means by self-indulgence. "There is that booby, Lord T********n," said he, "is so devoured by effeminate luxury, that for all his poverty, he cannot take a chop at old Slaughter's, without having half a load of straw laid in the street, because the carts and coaches, forsooth, disturb his lordly meditations.

"Then there is old Lord H******y, who is used to all the luxuries of a cabinet dinner, where

'Nunkey pays for all,' envies a poor man his slice of single Gloucester cheese.

"Sirs, I can vouch for the fact, that half the common dishes would supersede turtle and venison, if your old pampered peers, and mighty patricians, were to peep and peer into their own cook's pot. A case in point. This worthy nobleman, for such in truth he was, one day stepping down from the drawing-room, to proceed through the hall to his carriage in waiting, the coachman was not on his box. His lordship turning back, heard him, at the top of the kitchen stairs, call aloud, 'Cookey, rub me up a Norfolk dumpling;' when, hearing his master's voice, he looked sheepish, and hastened to his coach box.

"No sooner was coachee gone, than his lordship supplied his place, at the kitchen stair-head, when he called too, 'Cookey, and rub me up a Norfolk dumpling.' 'O'd rot you, and who are you?' returned the cook, who, discovering it was my lord, she stammered all sorts of apologies, which were returned with, 'Never mind, Dolly; only do not forget the Norfolk dumpling.' Sirs, his lordship from that time never dined at home, whatever the party, without a Norfolk dumpling, to the day of his death.

"There is no accounting for these things, your worships, as Swift said. This same nobleman, when far advanced in life, one day passing down Park-street, was seen attentively gazing in at a

well-stocked chandler's shop, at the corner of Mount-street. At length, his lordship went in, and the bell tinkling on the opening door, brought the clean, tidy widow Prior from the parlour, behind.

"'Pray, my good dame, a—what cheese is that exposed in your window—a—and why is it so neatly scored?'

"'It is single Gloucester, Sir, and it is scored to cut into penny slices. It is chiefly bought by the soldiers of the barracks, in Hyde-park.'

"'O! it looks very fine cheese—a, could I be permitted to taste it?'

"'Certainly, Sir, by all means;' when the tidy Mrs. Prior taking the cheese-cutter, which was ever clean and bright, she divided a pennyworth, and offered a modicum, as she called it, for the polite stranger to taste.

"'Delicious, indeed, good dame; and, a—what bread is that which is so neatly divided into four parts?'

"'A two-penny loaf, Sir, cut into half-penny-worths, for the soldiers to eat with their cheese.'

"'It appears to be very fine bread—a—let me taste that too.' A clean knife was offered, and his lordship took a corner crust, and ate that with a morsel of the cheese. 'And what have you there?' said his lordship.

"'A barrel of table-beer, Sir; would you please to taste that likewise?'

"'I thank you, by all means. There is no getting these things at a great house!' ejaculated his lordship, with a sigh. 'And pray—a—may I ask your name?' 'Charity Prior, at your service, Sir: I have lived here, married woman and widow, nearly fifty years.'

"'Well then, good Mistress Charity Prior, I pray you send me, daily, at five o'clock, a slice of your Gloucester cheese, one of your nice little loaves, and a jug of your table-beer; my people shall pay you for your civil attentions. I live at the great house there, up the street—over the way.'

"Old dame Prior, putting on her spectacles, for she was getting purblind, recognised the quality of her new customer, and made a good penny of the kind lord; who henceforth never dined without the bread and cheese and small beer of his Majesty's brave grenadiers."

END OF VOL. I.

SHACKELL AND BAYLIS, JOHNSON'S-COURT.

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